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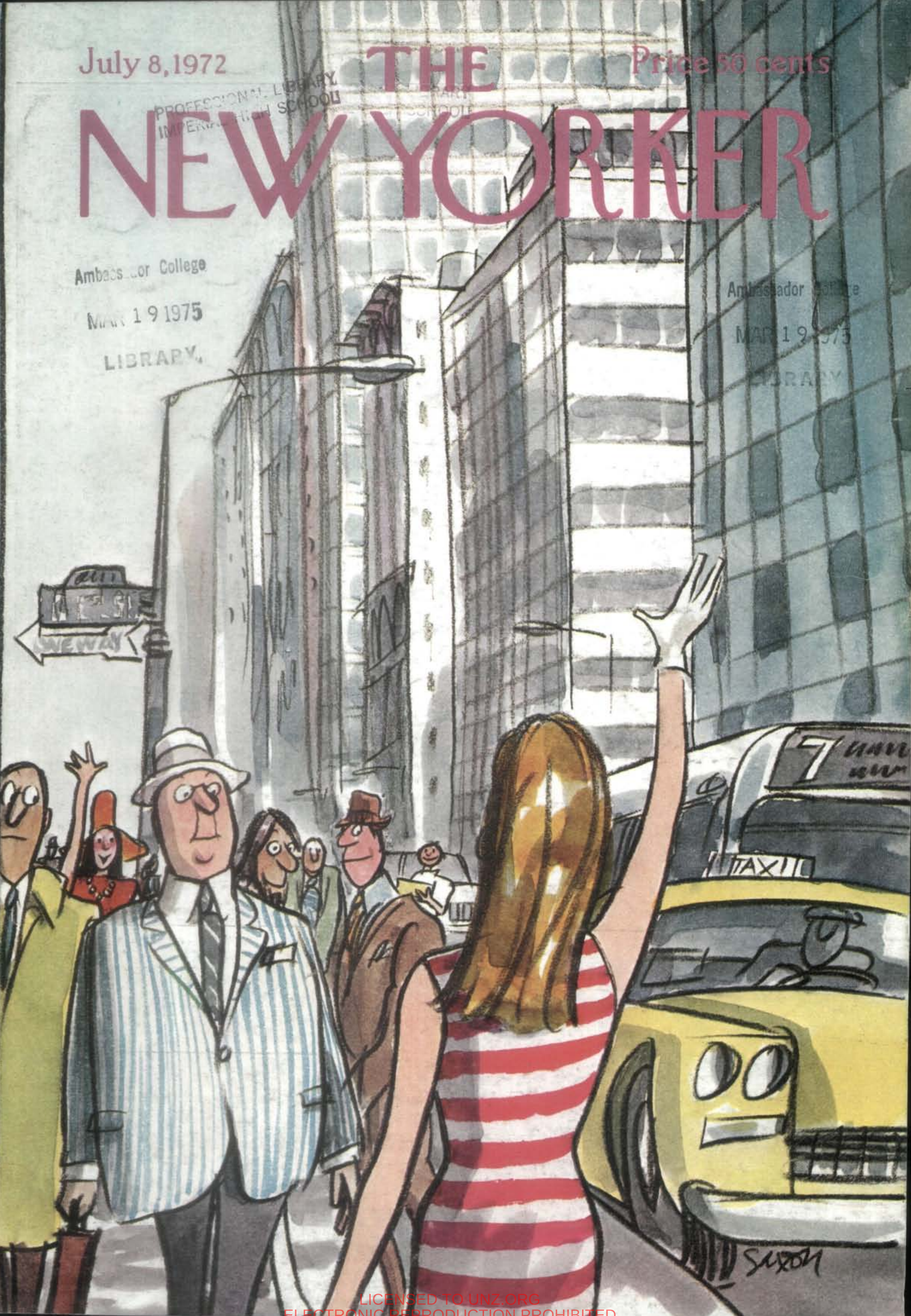
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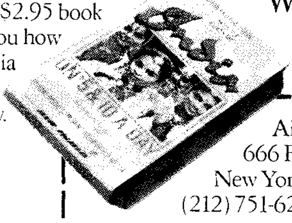

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Ain't Supposed to Die a Natural Death—A bitter, funny, and affecting musical by Melvin Van Peebles. The cast is all black and superb. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

And They Put Handcuffs on the Flowers—A horror play by the Spanish dramatist Fernando Arrabal about the sufferings of political prisoners in Spain. The action is graphic, explicit, and ultimately self-defeating. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30.)

Anna K.—Eugenie Leontovich, an enchantress if ever there was one, here directs and participates in a free-form studio production of "Anna Karenina." It doesn't quite work, but much of it is charming. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-1980. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Beggar's Opera—The beguiling Chelsea Theatre production has now crossed the river from Brooklyn. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Corner—A trio of effective one-acters by black dramatists, and very well performed by a black company. The title play is by Ed Bullins, the two others by comparative newcomers, Clay Goss and Oyamo. Each of them is set on the street of some urban slum, but there is great contrast of mood and style. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope—A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are very good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford and of the captivating Miss Grant herself is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Don't Play Us Cheap!—An all-black musical by Melvin Van Peebles that smells curiously of burnt cork. With an excellent cast. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Phil Silvers and Larry Blyden are superlative in this revival, which, for a wonder, is superior to the original. Ably directed by Burt Shevelove. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Grease—A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. Your attitude toward the show may well depend upon your attitude toward that tiresome decade, or upon the fragility of your eardrums; microphones abound. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Hark!—A dim, plaintive little revue, but with an engaging performance by a young singer and dancer named Sharron Miller. Dan Goggin and Marvin Solley wrote the music; Robert Lorick wrote the words. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except July 5, and Sundays at 3.)

The Hunter—This play is as annoying as it is puzzling. The performances of Michael Hadge and Robert Glaudini as a pair of soldiers, Douglass Watson as an old hunter, and Kathleen Cramer as a girl off the prairies are creditable, though. (Public Theatre Annex, 442 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Jesus Christ Superstar—The New Testament taking its now usual drubbing at the hands of the young, who plainly believe they are making it "relevant." The music is pleasing, and so are the performers. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Joan—St. Joan is a militant revolutionary who spends most of Act I in the East Village and most of Act II in the Women's House of Detention. The show, which falls somewhere between an opera and a musical, was written—words and score—by the gifted Reverend Al Carmines. Lee Guilliatt is impressive in the title role. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—A revival of the Wasserman-Leigh-Darion musical, with Richard Kiley, Joan Diener, Irving Jacobson, and Robert Rounseville. Staged by Albert Marre. David Atkinson and Gerrianne Raphael substitute for Mr. Kiley and Miss Diener at the Wednesday and Saturday matinée performances. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except July 5, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue—Neil Simon writes the funniest lines in the world, and they are being delivered by Art Carney and Barbara Barrie in the leading roles. Directed by Mike Nichols. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Real Inspector Hound and **After Magritte**—Two one-act samples of the British playwright Tom Stoppard's wild, sleight-of-hand comedies. Both are very funny. With Tom Lacy, David Rounds, and Remak Ramsay. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Small Craft Warnings—A nebulous and rather meandering play by Tennessee Williams about a passel of seedy types who assemble each evening at a bar in southern California. There are some good moments amidst a lot of soggy ones, and there are two superior performances by Helena Carroll and William Hickey. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and

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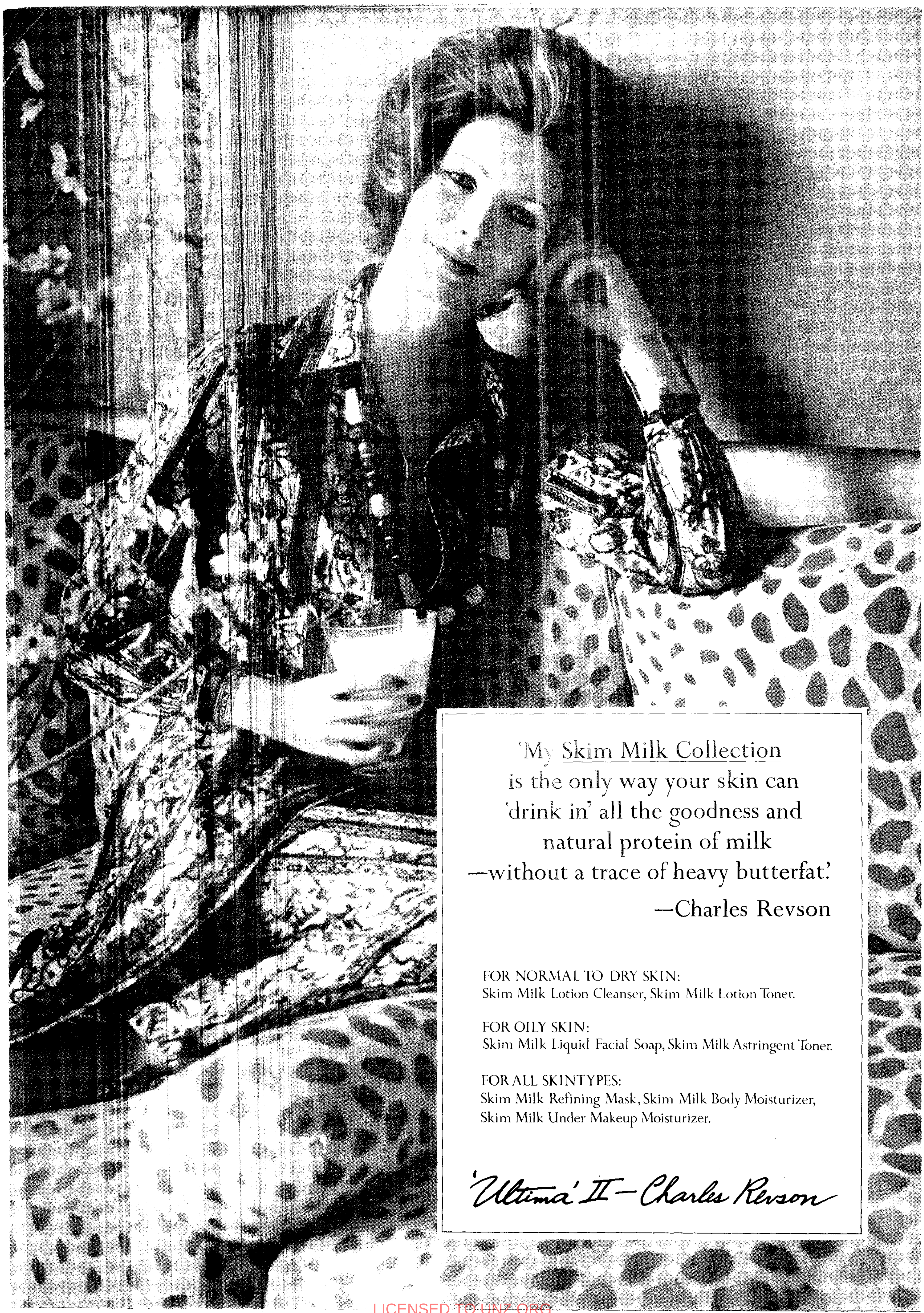

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'Ultima' II — Charles Revson

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Sticks and Bones—David Rabe, author of "Pavlo Hummel," has pulled off the impressive feat of writing a highly stylized comedy about the suffering of a young veteran of Vietnam and his family. Ably directed by Jeff Bleckner. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sugar—A musical-comedy adaptation of the celebrated movie "Some Like It Hot," with Robert Morse, Tony Roberts, and Cyril Ritchard. The movie is better. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

That Championship Season—This extremely well-written and important comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. The performance, under A. J. Antoon's direction, is all that any playwright could hope for. Richard A. Dysart is the coach, and Walter McGinn, Michael McGuire, Paul Sorvino, and Charles Durning are the ex-teammates. All of them are perfect. Santo Loquasto's setting is one of the best in town. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Twigs—A play about four women (all of them played by the incomparable Sada Thompson) and the men who live with her/them, not always equably. The author is George Furth and the director Michael Bennett. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Two Gentlemen of Verona—Joe Papp's delightful musical version of a silly Shakespeare play. Book by Mel Shapiro and John Guare, who also wrote the lyrics that accompany Galt MacDermot's attractive music. The cast includes Raul Julia, Clifton Davis, Jonelle Allen, and Diana Davila. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,070 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **NO, NO, NANETTE:** A revival of that immortal work of the twenties. With Ruby Keeler and Helen Gallagher. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except July 5, and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SLEUTH:** Patrick Macnee and Brian Murray in a mystery by Anthony Shaffer. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BALLET

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday evening, July 5: "Giselle." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 6: "Theme and Variations," "Sea Interludes" (première), and "Etudes." . . . ¶ Friday evening, July 7: "Theme and Variations," "Le Spectre de la Rose," "The Moor's Pavane," and "The River." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, July 8: "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, July 9: "Giselle." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, July 9: "Romeo and Juliet," "Sea Interludes," and "The River." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, July 11: "Les Sylphides," "Grand Pas Classique" (première), "Fall River Legend," and "Theme and Variations." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, July 12: "Sea Interludes," "Intermezzo," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Theme and Variations." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 13: "Variations for Four" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Friday evening, July 14: "Paquita," "Some Times" (première), and "Helen of Troy." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, July 15: "Giselle." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, Aug. 13.)

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NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Bill Withers, whose "Harlem" can be heard—sometimes non-stop—on most of this city's jukeboxes, will be playing guitar and singing his own strong material through Monday, July 10. Singer Yvonne Elliman will alternate with him. Some rocksters called the Dillards will come in on Wednesday, July 12. Coffee, tea, and water are the drinks. On Tuesdays, ringers fill the regulars' seats.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Everybody looks comfortable enough, whether partaking of soul food or just listening. Tuesdays and Wednesdays, Renée Arden sits at the piano and sings. Thursdays through Sundays, pianist Cedar Walton leads a trio. Music nightly from nine-thirty to three. Mondays, there are jam sessions from eight until twelve.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Equal parts of dining, talking, and relaxing, along with a certain amount of looking at paintings. Jim Raney, a jazz guitarist of long experience, will be playing with bassist Mike Moore through Thursday, July 6. On Friday and Saturday, July 7-8, pianist Duke Jordan will collaborate with bassist Gene Taylor. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy and bass player Mike Fleming sub for the regulars. Nine-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Cellar, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—A softly lighted restaurant with an inviting air and a warm ambience. But acoustics play tricks: The jazz area is aurally distinct from the dining area, so for listening it is advisable to sit at the bar. Wednesday through Saturday from ten to four, and Sunday through Tuesday from nine to two, small jazz groups are on hand. The food is intended to please both palate and soul.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—One of those *rarae aves* where the music begins reasonably early. Marian McPartland—a pretty *rara avis* herself—is happily and gratifyingly back at the Steinway, assisted by bassist Rick Petrone. They perform six nights a week from eight until one. On Sundays, Dick Hyman, a well-schooled musician, claims the keyboard. Dining.

Gaslight, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—This major coffeehouse ranges from jazz to rock and hits most of the stops in between. Through Sunday, July 9, Gary Bartz, a bop-based saxophonist, will present his N.T.U. Troop. The Carlos Garnett Universal Black Force will share the bill. On Wednesday, July 12, Dust and Sweetpie, who rock, will arrive.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub, graced by the fully guaranteed piano of Ellis Larkins, who performs with a bassist six nights a week, from nine-thirty to three. Mondays, from five until three—as well as Tuesdays through Fridays between five and seven-thirty—Al Dailey is at the piano. Snacks.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—No city of eight million should be without at least one place dedicated to the six-stringed instrument. Wednesday and Thursday, July 5-6, guitarist Kenny Burrell will work with a bassist. On Friday, July 7, the Bucky Pizzarelli duo will do the first set and the Burrell duo the second. On Saturday, July 8, the Pizzarelli twosome will perform. Guitarist Jim Hall and bassist Ron Carter—who continue to demonstrate that they can do no wrong—will take over on Tuesday, July 11. Nine-thirty until two-thirty. A Deep South kitchen, albeit a limited one.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Competence abounds, and sometimes there is brilliance, too. Mike Longo, a talented young pianist who is doing his first gig here, will lead a trio through Sunday, July 9. On Wednesday, July 5, Clark Terry will sit in, and on Thursday, July 6, Ruby Braff will do the same. Clark Terry's seventeen-piece band will take the stand on Monday, July 10. Zoot Sims' reliable quartet returns Tuesday, July 11. Light Italian dishes are available. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Yes, it's true what they say about Dixie. The bandsmen: Eddie Locke, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, Chuck Folds, and Roy Eldridge. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A Kansas woodshed in about 1880, to judge by the furnishings. Exuma, a good-natured Caribbean rock band, will play through Sunday, July 9. Stardrive, a strikingly effective electronic group that uses both a saxophonist and a synthesizer, opens Wednesday, July 12. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Mondays and Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from eight-thirty to midnight, after which people may dance to records until two. Drinks and snacks.

Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—Through Sunday, July 9, bassist Charles Mingus will be in the Blue Room Cabaret, a plastic-chaired, mirror-walled room on the second floor of this theatre complex. He is presenting various-sized groups, from a trio all the way to his twenty-two-piece band. The hours are ten and midnight Sundays through Thursdays, and ten, midnight, and two on Fridays and Saturdays. Cocktails and snacks.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—Wood panelling and a portrait of Henry VIII. Also a complete menu and some satisfying sounds. Mondays, clarinettist Woody Allen takes time out from his other interests to lead a septet in some traditional New Orleans jazz. Tuesdays through Saturdays, Lynn Richards does an all-purpose job at the piano. Music from nine. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Where "now" people can play at being "then" people, with a vengeance. There is a fire engine, and some stuffed polar bears, and some old movies, and beer, and peanuts, and banjos, the last of which are skillfully plunked. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Billy Taylor is here, and that means vintage

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piano in just about any year. He directs his trio six nights a week. From nine, and between Taylor sets, Bill Rubenstein takes comfortable command of the pianoforte. Mondays are problematical, with new talent turning up. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Big things in a little package. Through Monday, July 10, the big, persuasive Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band will be onstage. On Tuesday, July 11, trumpeter Freddie Hubbard will bring in his very contemporary quintet. The entertainment begins at nine-thirty, supposedly.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The location—somewhere over the rainspout—shouldn't deter you if walking through dark streets is not a problem. Stained glass, Southern cooking, and amiable waitresses. Satisfying jazz on piano and bass by Nat Jones and Michael Fleming Monday through Wednesday, and by Nina Sheldon (who also sings) and Carl Pruitt Thursday through Sunday. Eight until two.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Each Sunday from seven to eleven, Balaban & Cats play Dixieland with catlike skill. On Sunday, July 9, drummer Cliff Leeman will sit in. People may dance to the jazz. Other nights, other music: the plinking of a happy-time banjo band. The atmosphere: mugs of beer, days of old.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—Some glitter, some glow, and dancing to discs, but only on Saturdays, from nine-thirty to one. Dinner and supper are aimed at epicures.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—Animal heads on the walls, and Anglo-Indian mementos all over the place. The *real* mood is oh-how-chic, and since chic is a social variable, the point remains moot. Dancing to 45s from nine-thirty until four. An ample menu except on Sundays, when only couscous is served. Reservations are needed for dining.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Nilotic and pleasantly sybaritic, but given to live entertainment of a sort that brings forth visions of some over-merchandised American pie. Three times nightly, through Saturday, July 8, Carol Denmark and the Grand Prix do pop songs. Starting Monday, July 10, the Jesters Four will do the job. Between sets—and earlier, beginning at five—people dance to discs. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A well-patronized house of pleasure whose two restaurant floors offer soft carpets, a gleaming brass bar, a more subdued bar, and a dance deck that appears to float between floors I and II. Dancing to tapes all afternoon and all evening, ending around three. A fairly complete menu.

Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—Dancing to recorded music downstairs (upstairs is for elaborate hamburgers and other funny dishes) from eight until three. The interior design is of the hokey-but-harmless school, Tiffany-lamp division.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Rodney Dangerfield's home base. His non-pattern (and sometimes nonpareil) patter is rough and ready, and it happens to be really funny. Nourishment at all hours. Closed Sundays.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Songs and funny sayings are the order of the evening by a bunch of new talent. Nine-thirty is starting time. Closed Sundays.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—Tryouts for new wits and singers in an establishment that is nothing if not informal. Closed Sundays.

Plaza 9, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3933)—"Curley McDimple," the Off Broadway musical of a few seasons ago, is being revived here by a cast of seven—Robbie Morgan, Mary Boylan, Don Emmons, George Hillman, Lynn Brossman, Jane Stuart, and Richard Durham. Tuesdays through Saturdays at eight and eleven, and Sundays at five and eight.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—So Ottilie and Hans are plighting their troth, and all the merry villagers (singing, dancing, oompahing) are getting their big feet into the troth, too. Incomprehensible and cluttery, but fun. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—No Spanish moss has time to grow under the feet of Los Chavales de España, Iberia's largest standing and singing army. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the adjoining **flamenco room,** a minute theatre-in-the-round, there occur (well along in the evening) other outbursts of Andalusian foot-and-mouth exercises by a fivesome operating barely inches from one's face. Closed Mondays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—The **café** has a seven-day week, with Herb Winner's crew calling the tunes Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Phil Wayne's threesome on Sundays and Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **green tulip,** which old-timers who date back to 1970 will think of as the Edwardian Room, a singer-guitarist named Robert Miano tiptoes through the tulips at dinner. Discothèque dancing every night but Sunday from ten until one. . . . ¶ In the **palm court,** it's tea for two to the violin of Sandu Marcu, four-thirty to seven-thirty, and cakes and ale to Ernest Schoen's violin and Jules Kuti's piano, eight to one. No Sunday or Monday evenings.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Mongo Santamaria's band descants for dinner and supper. On Monday, July 10, Lionel Hampton's band will start playing. The dance music starts at eight. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **roof** will begin its summer festival on Thursday, July 6, with Count Basie's band. Dinner and supper shows, plus dancing all evening to the Basies and Anthony Terini's quartet. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 11, is opening night for the Hazel Scott trio in the **penthouse.** Eight to around two, every night but Sunday and Monday. No dining.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

Duncan's, 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154): Leisurely evenings, during which Bill Halsey's high-level pianistics can soothe or scintillate, depending on the jazz, blues, or show tunes he is embellishing. With Leonard Gaskin on bass, he plays every night but Sunday from eight-thirty to two. . . . **Dionysos,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Right in the lap of the well-known and ever-popular god, and a great place to watch the sun come up behind Mount Olympus. The long watch is eased by Athenian cuisine, Athenian song, Athenian dance music, Athenian glee, and a dollop of American rock. Closed Sundays. . . . **Adonis,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): A terraced villa up in the hills around Athens (in Kifisia, say), the climate cool but sunny—just right for dancing in the streets. This is carried on by the villagers themselves (visitors may, and do, join in), to music that pops like champagne corks. The music, sometimes larded with song, goes from eight-thirty until four. No Sundays. . . . **A quiet little table in the corner,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A nineteenth hole—not in the pavement, though, but under it. Piano is the accompaniment, from cocktail time on, and the best of this sound comes from Gloria Hearn, who is in action from nine-thirty until three, Tuesday through Saturday each week. . . . **Mykonos,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): The celebrated Aegean island, kept vibrant during the evening by a foursome that cannot be long out of Athens. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **La Chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who lives in, perches herself on top of a baby grand in the middle of dinner and supper to chirrup the Bal Tabarin songs she's so fond of. Mild dance music starts rustling at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

Iperbole, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the handiwork of Armando Mei, a restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song that is nothing if not Roman, for Dino Palermo, the genuine article, is the responsible party. Closed Sundays. . . . **Roma di Notte,** 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128): On a lower deck of Iperbole, and one that is distinctly not steerage, the Three Romans, a dance triad, inhabits a pleasurable Roman grotto from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **Rembrandt Room,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): *Concours d'élégance.* George Feyer's Viennese piano and occasional murmured lyrics (they run from eight-thirty to one Tuesdays through Saturdays) are in precisely the right place. . . . **Château Henri IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A playhouse big

enough for life-size knights in armor (a few are on duty every evening) and their ladies, not to mention a life-size kitchen and bar. The principal knight-errant is Norbert Faconi, who plies a violin. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday, and the fine-arts piano of Herman Arminski follows him wherever he goes. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive*, but the restaurant is always *piano*. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old reliable. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A proper perspective on life after dark is afforded by the bar-and-grill, where one's prandial career is ad-lib and at-leisure. Tuesdays through Saturdays, Tony Gorody plays good, worldly piano from five-thirty to two. . . . **CAMEL DRIVER,** 72 E. 56th St. (980-3860): Reopens on Tuesday, July 11. Candlelight and memorable melodies, the piano being manned by Marty Berns from seven to two Mondays through Fridays. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **THE GRIFFIN,** 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): A most mannerly household, whose evening hours are assigned to a devout contemplation of (1) what's good to eat (French, often) and (2) what's good to listen to (the piano of Clem Artist from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty). Closed Sundays. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A hospice at the top of the stairs that lead from far-below First Avenue, and therefore a scenic delight. Tables, a bar, a casual way of life, and (on piano) Norman Rollings, a casual librarian. A lot more fun than F.B.I. in the Library. Eight to one during the week, nine to two on Fridays and Saturdays, and not at all on Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Appian Way of life, garnished, from seven until a late bedtime, by a group of ambulatory musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **JACK DELANEY,** 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Those-were-the-days and all that, relived (and not vicariously, either) by a brace of pianists (Charles De Forest, Mondays and Tuesdays; Murray Grand all the rest of the time) who were on hand when night life ended with the dawn patrol. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL,** 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): In the Gold Room when it's time for dinner, a couple of Lester Lanin outriders make music that cheers. Mondays through Fridays is the scheme. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): The embassy for a small, indeterminate, but quite pleasant nation. The diplomatic corps is headed by Ray Hartley, whose piano has a new-wine-in-new-bottles effervescence. Four-thirty to ten-thirty, except for Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): In the bar, Lynn Mullinax produces the proper and joyous sort of piano we would all like to hear more of. His schedule is Tuesdays through Fridays from five to one, and Saturdays from six to two. Sundays and Mondays, Earl Rose plays piano from five to one.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

DAVID BURLIUK (1882-1967)—Forty paintings by this well-known Russian Expressionist; through Saturday, July 15. (Athena, 1066 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Open Saturdays.)

LYONEL FEININGER (1871-1956)—Twenty watercolors and twenty-two drawings; through Friday, July 14. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

GIACOMO MANZÙ—Recent bronzes and reliefs by this artist famous for his ecclesiastical figures; through Aug. 31. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

WILLIAM TROST RICHARDS (1833-1905)—Thirty paintings of East Coast landscapes, plus pencil sketches done in Europe; through July 28. (Peridot-Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSEPH WOLINS / SEYMOUR FRANKS—Cubist-derived figurative subjects. Abstract Expressionist canvases. (West Side Gallery, 250 W. 72nd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6. Through July 29.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS,** 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings and sculptures from Latin America, selected from New York collections; through July 20. (Daily, noon to 6.) . . . **SOCIETY OF ILLUSTRATORS,** 128 E. 63rd St.: Sculptures, paintings, and drawings by about sixty artists opposed to the war; through Friday, July 7. . . . **ZABRISKIE,** 29 W. 57th St.: American geometric abstractions of the thirties by Albers, Bolotowsky, Biederman, Balcomb Greene, Ferren, Glarner, Diller, George L.K. Morris, and the like; through Friday, July 14. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . ¶ Many galleries are closed during the summer or mount rather casual shows that may vary in content from day to day. The following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are at least open: **ACA,** 25 E. 73rd St.; closed Mondays. . . . **ALONZO,** 26 E. 63rd St. . . . **BERRY-HILL,** 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. . . . **FAR GALLERY,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. . . . **FISCHBACH,** 29 W. 57th St.; Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 4. . . . **FRENCH & CO.,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. . . . **LEFEBRE,** 47 E. 77th St.; closed Mondays. . . . **LERNER-MISRACHI,** 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.; closed mornings. . . . **O.K. HARRIS,** 465 West Broadway. . . . **PACE,** 32 E. 57th St. . . . **PRATT GRAPHICS CENTER,** 831 Broadway at 13th St.; open Saturday afternoons. . . . **STAEMPFLI,** 47 E. 77th St. . . . **WEBER,** 420 West Broadway.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—A hundred sculptures by Jacques Lipchitz, covering all periods of his career; through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ Twenty-three free-standing sculptures, ten reliefs, and twenty-seven watercolors, drawings, and woodcuts by Jean Arp (1887-1966), the leading Dadaist; through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ Fifty outstanding sculptures on the theme of the human image, created on the islands of the Pacific, from Easter Island in the east to New Guinea in the west; through Sept. 5. (Tuesdays 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Italy: The New Domestic Landscape," an exhibit reporting on current design developments in Italy and setting forth a cornucopia of examples: furniture, lamps and vases, typewriters and telephones, compact cooking devices, sleeping and storage units, and a poker table. Through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ Forty photographs of trees by Eugène Atget (1857-1927), the pioneer French photographer; through Sept. 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6. Entrance fee reduced to an optional contribution on Wednesdays.) . . . NOTE: The Museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11.

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Seventy oils, fifty watercolors, and thirteen prints from all phases of the career of Wassily Kandinsky (1866-1944); through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ Modern masterworks by Matisse, Seurat, Léger, Cézanne, Braque, Mondrian, van Gogh, Picasso, and others; through Sept. 3. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings and drawings owned by collectors in the New York metropolitan area; the fifty-four artists represented include Copley, Cole, Church, Inness, Ryder, Peto, Haberle, Eakins, and Sargent. Through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ A hundred and thirty-eight photographs, thirty-eight in color, representing the work of David Douglas Duncan during the past twenty years, taken in war situations, the streets of Paris, the countryside of Ireland, Berber villages in Morocco, and so on; through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ Thirty-five oils, watercolors, and drawings by Edward Hopper (1888-1968), from the bequest of Mrs. Hopper; starting Thursday, July 6. . . . ¶ Four interrelated pieces, each approximately twelve feet in length, in the form of an automobile and deriving from Yogi philosophy, by Don Potts, a California sculptor; through July 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Paintings, sculptures, graphics, and wall-hangings by eight contemporary North American Indian artists; through July 30. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central

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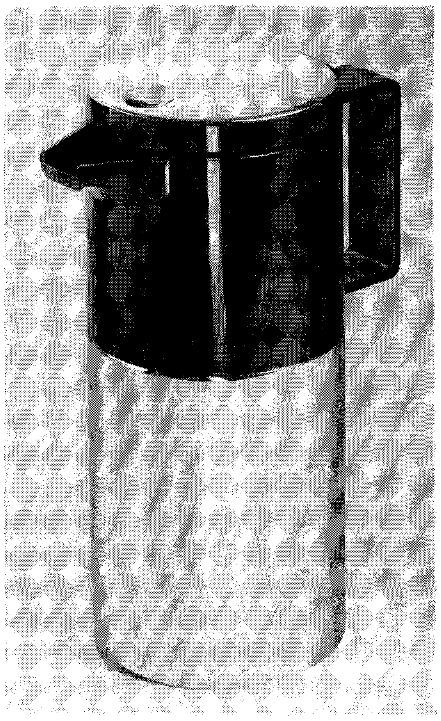

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Park W., at 79th St.—"Colorful Scallops, Scampering Butterflies of the Sea," a showing of the shells of three hundred species, from the Jesse Hamilton Webb collection; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—Thirty-six decorative and commercial posters by contemporary Japanese; through Wednesday, July 12. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Over a hundred Stravinsky scores, photographs, and memorabilia from the collection of the composer's widow, Vera Stravinsky; through Saturday, July 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The Mellon collection of a hundred and fifty English drawings and watercolors, most from 1750 to 1850; through July 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—New York handweaving and needlework from the eighteenth century to the present; through Friday, July 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Forty objects from the Upper Volta region of Africa; most are masks, with some headdresses, carved figures, and stools. Through Sept. 30. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Cityrama," a multimedia, audiovisual show tracing the history of New York from 1524 to the present. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A private collection of nineteenth-century salon paintings and symbolist art; among the artists are Gérôme, Doré, Isabey, and Prud'hon. Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ A private collection of paintings by twentieth-century Americans, including Cadmus, French, Tchelitchew, Nadelman, and Noguchi; through Aug. 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

MUSIC

Leonard Bernstein's "Mass"—A theatre piece with texts from the Latin liturgy of the Roman Catholic Mass, plus other texts in English by Mr. Bernstein and Stephen Schwartz. Maurice Peress conducts a symphony orchestra, and Gordon Davidson directs a company of a hundred and seventy-five, including Alan Titus (or David Cryer) as Celebrant, the Norman Scribner Choir, the Berkshire Boy Choir, and the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre. (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, July 22.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Newport Jazz Festival-New York—The Rhode Island gathering of the clans has moved to New York this year—all over New York. For information about tickets, to anything, anywhere, call 362-8994. Final performances—Thursday, July 6, at 5 and 9: "New Orleans Night," with the Kid Thomas Preservation Hall Band, the Olympia Brass Band, and others. (Philharmonic Hall.). . . ¶ Thursday, July 6, at 5 and 9: Cannonball Adderley, the Mahavishnu Orchestra with John McLaughlin, and Oscar Peterson. (Carnegie Hall.). . . ¶ Thursday, July 6, at midnight: A jam session with Cannonball Adderley, Cat Anderson, Art Blakey, Milt Buckner, Urbie Green, Lionel Hampton, Chubby Jackson, Illinois Jacquet, Elvin Jones, Charles Mingus, Jimmy Owens, Clark Terry, and others. (Radio City Music Hall.). . . ¶ Friday, July 7, at 1: Roy Haynes, Archie Shepp, Weather Report, and others. (Carnegie Hall.). . . ¶ Friday, July 7, at 7: Ray Charles and his orchestra, Nina Simone, B.B. King, Dave Brubeck, Gerry Mulligan, Paul Desmond, the Jimmy Smith jam session with Kenny Burrell and Roy Haynes, and others. (Yankee Stadium.) . . . ¶ Saturday, July 8, at 1: Duke Ellington and his orchestra with alumni, and Bobby Short in a tribute to Ivie Anderson. (Carnegie Hall.). . . ¶ Saturday, July 8, at 7: Roberta Flack, Lou Rawls, Herbie Mann, Les McCann, the Giants of Jazz with Art Blakey, Dizzy Gillespie, and others. (Yankee Stadium.). . . ¶ Sunday, July 9, at 9 A.M.: A gospel concert with Dorothy Love Coates, the Dixie Hummingbirds, Marion Williams, and others. (Radio City Music Hall.). . . ¶ Sunday, July 9, at 3:30: "Miss Truth," a drama written and performed by Glory Van Scott, with jazz accompaniment. (Carnegie Recital Hall.) Once again, for information about tickets to any of this, call 362-8994.

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Benefit Folk Concert—Mimi Farina, Arlo Guthrie, Pete Seeger, James Taylor, and others. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, July 7, at 5 and 9.)

Engelbert Humperdinck—Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Friday, July 7, at 7:30 and 10:30.

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Friday, July 7, at 7: Claude Frank and Lilian Kallir in a recital of Mozart piano music. . . . ¶ Friday, July 7, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Mozart program, with Doriot Anthony Dwyer, flute; Ann Hobson, harp; Sherman Walt, bassoon; and Joseph Silverstein, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 8, at 8:30: Bruno Maderna conducting a varied program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 9, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a varied program, with Garrick Ohlsson, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 14, at 7: Peter Serkin, piano, and the Boston Symphony Chamber Players in a program of Beethoven chamber music. . . . ¶ Friday, July 14, at 9: William Steinberg conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Beethoven program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 15, at 8:30: William Steinberg directing another all-Beethoven program, this one with Jeannine Crader, soprano; Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano; Dean Wilder, tenor; Robert Hale, bass; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 16, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa directing still another all-Beethoven program, with Mr. Silverstein; Jules Eskin, cello; Mr. Serkin; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 20. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

Caramoor Festival—Final performances of the season—Friday, July 7, at 9: A performance of Benjamin Britten's parable "The Prodigal Son," with Andrea Velis and John Lankston, tenors, and William Metcalf and David Clatworthy, baritones. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 8, and Friday, July 14, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting performances of Monteverdi's opera "L'Incoronazione di Poppea," with Carole Bogard, soprano; Frances Bible and Betty Allen, mezzo-sopranos; Grayson Hirst, tenor; Dominic Cossa, baritone; and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 9, at 5:30: Christopher Parkening in a recital of guitar music. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 15, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting a program of Viennese music; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 16, at 5:30: Misha Dichter in a piano recital. (Katonah, N.Y. Buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets, and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Opening performances (tentative schedule) by the New York City Ballet of a four-week season that ends on Saturday, July 29—Wednesday through Friday, July 5-7, at 8:30, and Saturday, July 8, at 2:30 and 8:30: "The Nutcracker.". . . ¶ Tuesday, July 11, at 8:30: "Apollo," "Agon," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 12, at 8:30: "Symphony in E Flat," "The Cage," "Concerto for Piano and Winds," and "Danses Concertantes.". . . ¶ Thursday, July 13, at 8:30: "Chopiniana," "Swan Lake," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3.". . . ¶ Friday, July 14, at 8:30: "The Goldberg Variations" and "The Concert.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 15, at 2:30: "Chopiniana," "Pas de Deux," "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 15, at 8:30: "Swan Lake," "Allegro Brillante," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." (Saratoga Springs. Through Sunday, Sept. 10. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 8: Matteo and the Indo-American Dance Company and the Claude Kipnis Mime Theatre. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 11-15: The Afro-American Dance Ensemble and Carmen de Lavallade. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3.)

Connecticut College American Dance Festival—Saturday, July 8, at 8, and Sunday, July 9, at 2: The José Limón Dance Company. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 15, at 8, and Sunday, July 16, at 2: The Louis Falco and Don Redlich Dance Companies. (Palmer Auditorium, New London, Conn.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **shea stadium:** Mets vs. San Diego, Wednesday, July 5, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Los Angeles, Friday, July 7, at 8:05; Saturday, July 8, at 2:15; and Sunday, July 9, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. San Francisco, Monday and Tuesday, July 10-11, at 8:05, and Wednesday, July 12, at 2:05. . . . **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Oakland, Friday, July 14, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader), and Saturday, July 15, at 2.

Golf—Ike Championship. (Forest Hill Field Club, Bloomfield, N.J. Monday and Tuesday, July 10-11.)

Motorboat Racing—President's Cup Regatta. (Washington, D.C. Sunday, July 9.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

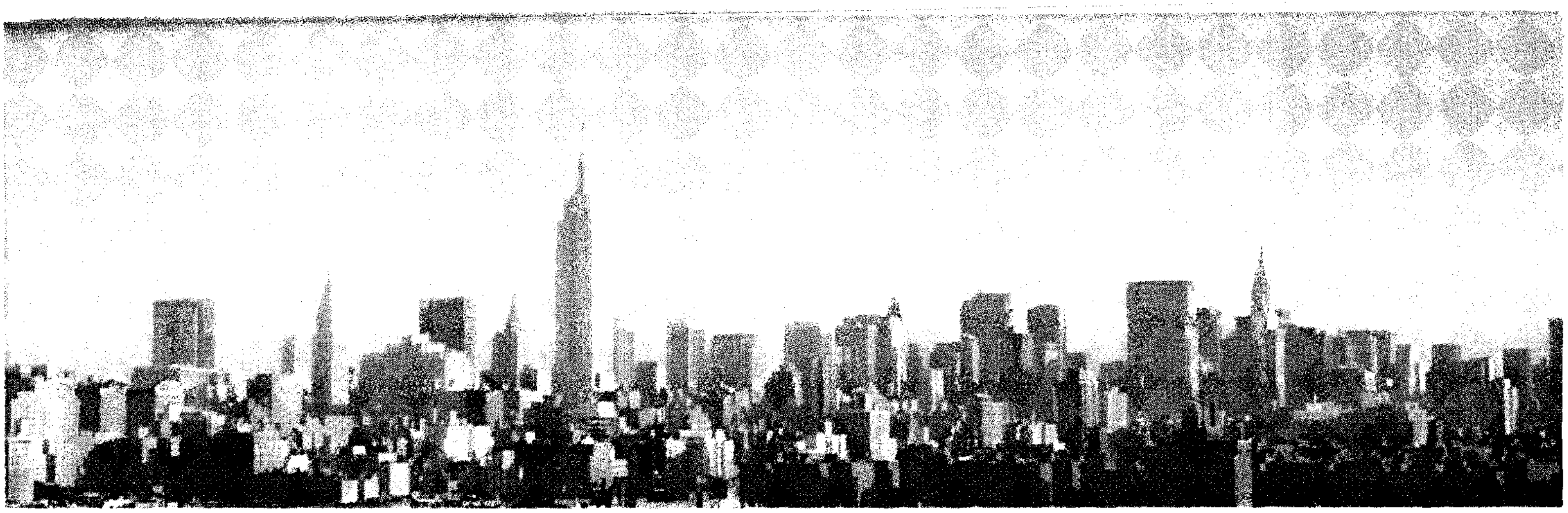
Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 29. The Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 8; the Astoria, Wednesday, July 12; and the Dwyer Handicap, Saturday, July 15. . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 19. The Molly Pitcher Handicap, Saturday, July 8, and the Amory L. Haskell Handicap, Saturday, July 15. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, July 22. . . . **historic track,** Goshen: Wednesday through Friday, July 5-7, at 1:30. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 18.

Yachting—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Saturday and Sunday, July 15-16, and Friday and Saturday, July 21-22.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public



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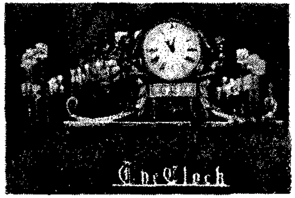

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Sole meunière, scampi or lobster Cantonese? New York restaurants prepare tons of seafood and fish every day.

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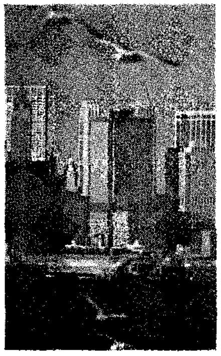

You'll probably look back on New York. And there's no better vantage point than the Staten Island ferry.

Next day, you're the host at lunch. And, having had the foresight to clip out the list of recommended favorites at the above right, you know what to suggest.

After lunch, an afternoon of shopping. One block from the Biltmore, you're exposed to the temptations of Brooks Brothers. Bench-made English shoes, impeccable suits and jackets, and just the necktie you were looking for. Pay for it with the Money Card, then walk up Fifth Avenue to F.A.O. Schwarz, the world's greatest toy store. A few minutes with the electric trains, the reluctant realization that a seven-foot giraffe won't fit on the plane home, and you pay for some more portable presents with the Money Card.

That evening, time out for some serious gastronomy. You've reserved a table by the reflecting pool at the Four Seasons. With cocktails, you taste the batter-shrimp with mustard fruit.

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PL 5-5900

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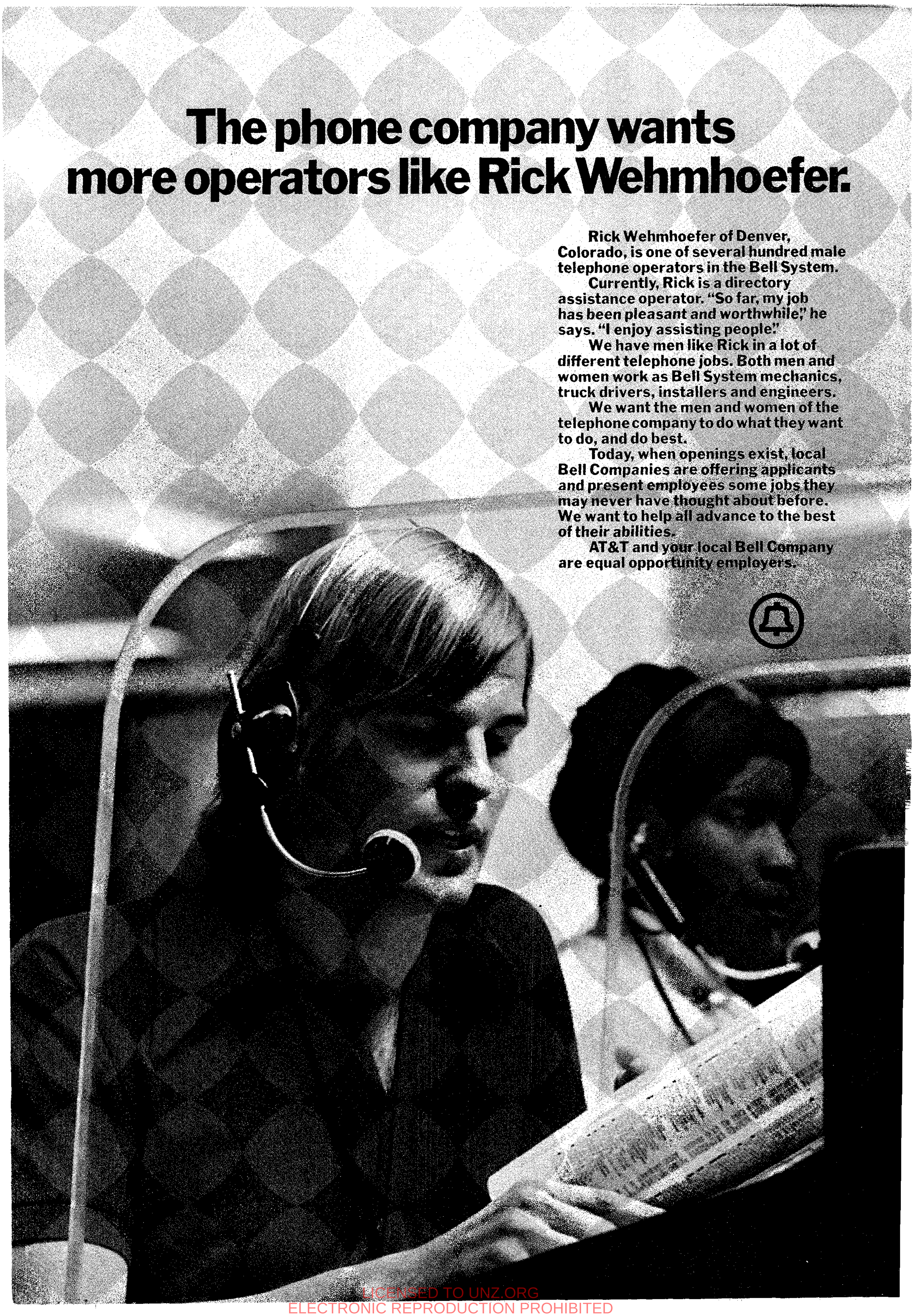

Rick Wehmhoefer of Denver, Colorado, is one of several hundred male telephone operators in the Bell System.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION—Opens at the Convention Hall, in Miami Beach, Monday, July 10, at 7 P.M. The keynote address, by Governor Reubin Askew, of Florida, will be delivered on Tuesday, July 11, at 7 P.M.

POETRY READINGS—Wednesday, July 5, at 8: Richard Howard reading from his own works. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 12, at 8: John Ashbery reading from his own works. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Tickets at the door of the auditorium on the nights of the readings.)

LILA ACHESON WALLACE WORLD OF BIRDS—A luxurious new urban housing development for birds, consisting of twenty-five natural-looking habitats (everything from rain forest to desert wastes), populated by five hundred and fifty avian beauties representing two hundred species, who go about their daily business happily unconscious, for the most part, of being caged or of being peeped at by their unfeathered friends. (Bronx Zoo. Daily, 10 to 5.)

FILM LIBRARIES—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—July 5 at 2: "La Signora Senza Camelie" (1953), in Italian, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni; *no* English titles. . . . ¶ July 5 at 5:30: "Stella Dallas" (1925), directed by Henry King, with Ronald Colman and Belle Bennett. . . . ¶ July 6 at 5:30: "A Woman's Testament" (1960), in Japanese, directed by Yasuzo Masumura, Kon Ichikawa, and Kimisaburo Yoshimura. . . . ¶ July 6 at 8 and July 7 at 2: "The Key" (1959), in Japanese, directed by Kon Ichikawa. . . . ¶ July 7 at 5:30 and July 8 at noon: A program of six short films. . . . ¶ July 8 at 3: "Dante's Inferno" (1935), directed by Harry Lachman, with Spencer Tracy and Claire Trevor. . . . ¶ July 8 at 5:30: "Tarzan, the Ape Man" (1932), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan. . . . ¶ July 9 at 12:30 and 3: "Swing Time" (1936), directed by George Stevens, with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire. . . . ¶ July 9 at 5:30: "La Signora Senza Camelie" (1953). . . . ¶ July 10 at 2: "A Woman's Testament" (1960). . . . ¶ July 10 at 5:30 and July 11 at 2: "Dante's Inferno" (1935). . . . ¶ July 11 at 5:30: "Tarzan, the Ape Man" (1932). . . . ¶ July 12 at 2: "Queen Elizabeth" (1912), directed by Louis Mercanton, with Sarah Bernhardt; and "The Mystery of the Leaping Fish" (1916), directed by John Emerson, with Douglas Fairbanks. . . . ¶ July 12 at 5:30: "Amarilly of Clothesline Alley" (1918), directed by Marshall Neilan, with Mary Pickford. . . . ¶ July 13 at 2: "Hud" (1963), directed by Martin Ritt, with Paul Newman and Melvyn Douglas. . . . ¶ July 13 at 5:30: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950), directed by Billy Wilder, with Gloria Swanson and William Holden. . . . ¶ July 13 at 8: "Cobra" (1925), directed by Joseph Henabery, with Rudolph Valentino and Nita Naldi. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.). . . NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Through July 6: "Tribute to Louis Armstrong, Part II" (1970). . . . ¶ July 7-8: "Jazz on a Summer's Day" (1960), a documentary of the 1958 Newport Jazz Festival and the America's Cup observation trials. . . . ¶ July 9 and 12: "The Gene Krupa Story" (1959), directed by Don Weis, with Sal Mineo and Susan Kohner. . . . ¶ Starting July 13: "The Fabulous Dorseys" (1947), directed by Alfred E. Green, with Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey. (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.) . . . ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Vigo, Snow, Vertov, Riefenstahl, Warhol, Anger, Brakhage, and others. July 5-7 at 6 and 8; July 8 at 6; July 9, 11, and 12 at 6, 8, and 10; and July 13 at 6.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call 472-1003 for news. The same number may be called for information about other free summer events.)

ECLIPSE OF THE SUN—Will be observed from New York as a partial (79.5 per cent) *noircissement*, on Monday, July 10, commencing at 3:32 P.M., with the fullest phase at 4:42.

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of HAMLET, with Stacy Keach, Colleen Dewhurst, and James Earl Jones. The first in a series of three plays to be presented by the troupe. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Closes Sunday, July 16. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of THE KING AND I, with Constance Towers and John Cullum. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

METROPOLITAN OPERA, CONCERT PRODUCTIONS—Final performances—CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW: Wednesday, July 5, at 8:30 (rain date, July 6), "Don Giovanni," with Elinor Ross, Lucine Amara, Colette Boky, Justino Díaz, Ezio Flagello, and Enrico DiGiuseppe; conducted by Ignace Strasfogel. . . . BOTANICAL GARDEN'S DAFFODIL HILL, Bronx: Friday, July 7, at 8:30 (rain date, July 9), "Don Giovanni," with Elinor Ross, Evelyn Lear, Colette Boky, Justino Díaz, Ezio Flagello, and Enrico DiGiuseppe; Ignace Strasfogel. . . . VAN CORTLANDT PARK, Bronx: Saturday, July 8, at 8:30 (rain date, July 9) "Tosca," with Lucine Amara, John Alexander, Morley Meredith, and Andrea Velis; Kurt Adler.

DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 13.)

WOLLMAN RINK—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Friday, July 7, at 7: Billy Preston and Strawbs. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 8, at 7: Mandrill and Curtis Mayfield. . . . ¶ Monday, July 10, at 7 and 9:30: The Association and Jackie De Shannon. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 12, at 7: Edgar Winter and Blues Project. . . . ¶ Friday, July 14, at 7 and 9:30: Don McLean and Bill Withers. (Through Saturday, Sept. 2. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

CARL SCHURZ PARK—Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra in the second and third in a series of four concerts. (Thursday, July 6, and Thursday, July 13, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concerts will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

RIVERSIDE PARK—Frédérique Petrides conducting the Festival Symphony Orchestra in the last in a series of concerts, this one with Ethan Sloane, clarinet. (103rd St. Monday, July 10, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will be given at the McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St.)

GAELIC PARK—Thursday, July 6, at 7: Humble Pie, Groundhogs, and Edgar Winter. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 13, at 7: The Allman Brothers Band and Captain Beyond. (Broadway and 240th St. For information about tickets, call 644-4400.)

WALKING TOURS—"The Town House and the Private Palace," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will get into stride on Sunday, July 9. Meets at 1046 Fifth Ave., on the corner of 86th St., at 2:30. For reservations, Call LE 4-1672.

NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN, Bronx Park—Gold Cup, Ginger, King's Ransom, White Knight—not the lineup of a horse race, but only a few of the hundred and forty-three varieties in the new rose garden, complete with two fountains and curving gravel walks. (Daily, 10 to 5.)

FLEA MARKET—The Market Place (Eleventh Ave. at 42nd St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 11 to 6.

DEEP BREATHING—Each Tuesday and Wednesday evening between 7 and 10:30, the roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles, to permit strollers and bicyclists to walk and ride unafflicted by exhaust fumes and traffic noises.

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THE MOVIE HOUSES

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			5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

- **Art**, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
  - Through July 11: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis."
  - From July 12: "Fritz the Cat" and "Putney Swope."
- **Theatre 80 St. Marks**, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
  - Through July 8: "The Heat's On" and "You Were Never Lovelier."
  - July 9-11: "Mr. Imperium" and "The Prodigal."
  - From July 12: "Let Freedom Ring" and "Swing Your Lady."
- **St. Marks Cinema**, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
  - July 5: "Is There Sex After Death?," "Take the Money and Run," and "Drive, He Said."
  - July 6-9: "Joe," "The Battle of Algiers," and "Making It."
  - July 10-12: "The Virgin and the Gypsy," "Sons and Lovers," and "A Man and a Woman."
  - From July 13: "Straw Dogs," "Candy," and "The Conformist."
- **Orpheum**, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (982-6410)
  - Through July 6: "Ulysses" and "Lord of the Flies."
  - July 7-9: "A Man for All Seasons" and "Ship of Fools."
  - July 10-11: "10 Rillington Place" and "Cat Ballou."
  - July 12-13: "From Here to Eternity" and "Anatomy of a Murder."
- **Gramercy**, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
  - Through July 11: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis."
  - From July 12: "Klute" and "Summer of '42."
- **Kips Bay**, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
  - "Conquest of the Planet of the Apes."
- **Murray Hill**, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
  - "Frenzy."
- **34th St. East**, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
  - "Cabaret."
- **Sutton**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
  - "The Candidate."
- **Trans-Lux East**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
  - "Hammersmith Is Out."
- **Fine Arts**, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
  - "The Happiness Cage."
- **Plaza**, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
  - "Fillmore."
- **Baronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
  - "Savages."
- **Coronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
  - "The Other."
- **R.K.O. 59th St. Twin I**, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
  - "Ben."
- **R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2**, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
  - "Shaft's Big Score!"
- **Cinema I**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
  - "A Clockwork Orange."
- **Cinema II**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
  - "Play It Again, Sam."
- **Columbia I**, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
  - Through July 11: "The Burglars."
  - From July 12: "Living Free."
- **Columbia II**, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
  - "Nicholas and Alexandra."
- **Beekman**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
  - "Portnoy's Complaint."
- **68th St. Playhouse**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
  - "A Day in the Death of Joe Egg."
- **Loews Tower East**, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
  - "The Godfather."
- **72nd St. Playhouse**, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
  - "Come Back Charleston Blue."
- **Juliet I**, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
  - Through July 11: "The Green Wall."
  - From July 12: "Godson."
- **Juliet 2**, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
  - "Conquest of the Planet of the Apes."
- **Trans-Lux 85th St.**, Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
  - "Hammersmith Is Out."
- **U. A. East**, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
  - "Cabaret."
- **Loews Orpheum**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
  - "Prime Cut."
- **Loews Ciné**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
  - "The Godfather."
- **86th St. East**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
  - "Duck, You Sucker."
- **R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I**, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
  - "Ben."
- **R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2**, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8932)
  - "Shaft's Big Score!"

WEST SIDE

- **Waverly**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
  - Through July 6: "Easy Rider" and "Yellow Submarine."
  - From July 7: "The Concert for Bangladesh" and "Soul to Soul."
- **8th St. Playhouse**, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
  - Through July 11: "The French Connection" and "Little Murders."
  - From July 12: "A Day at the Races" and "A Night at the Opera."
- **5th Ave. Cinema**, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
  - "Tokyo Story."
- **Greenwich**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
  - "Nicholas and Alexandra."
- **Elgin**, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
  - Through July 12: "The Murder of Fred Hampton" and "Lenny Bruce Without Tears."
  - From July 13: "The 39 Steps" and "The Lady Vanishes."
- **R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema**, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
  - Through July 11: "Frogs" and "Godzilla vs. the Smog Monster."
  - From July 12: "The Burglars" and "The Brotherhood of Satan."
- **Rivoli**, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
  - "Fiddler on the Roof."
- **Guild**, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
  - "Nicholas and Alexandra."
- **Music Hall**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
  - July 5: "The War Between Men and Women."
  - From July 6: "Butterflies Are Free."
- **Ziegfeld**, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
  - "Cabaret."
- **Festival**, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
  - "Slaughterhouse-Five."
- **Playboy**, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
  - Through July 11: "Frogs."
  - From July 12: "Living Free."
- **Little Carnegie**, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
  - "A Night in Casablanca" and "Copacabana."
- **Lincoln Art**, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
  - "The Great Dictator."
- **Paris**, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
  - "The Sorrow and the Pity."
- **Paramount**, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
  - "The Groundstar Conspiracy."
- **Cinema Studio**, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
  - "Cabaret."
- **Regency**, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
  - July 5: "Uncle Vanya."
  - From July 6: "Jamilya."
- **Embassy 72nd St.**, B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
  - "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" and "Perfect Friday."
- **New Yorker**, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
  - "Princess Yang Kwei Fei" and Part IV of Louis Malle's "Phantom India."
- **Symphony**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
  - "Frenzy."
- **Thalia**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
  - July 5: "The Baker's Wife" and "The Well-Digger's Daughter."
  - July 6: "Judgment at Nuremberg."
  - July 7: "The Stranger" and "Persona."
  - July 8: "Marat / Sade" and "Dutchman."
  - July 9: "Children of Paradise."
  - July 10: "The Birthday Party" and "Medium Cool."
  - July 11: "Fanny" and "César."
  - July 12: "Moulin Rouge" and "Oscar Wilde."
  - July 13: "Ulysses" and "The Balcony."
- **Riviera**, B'way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)
  - "Cabaret."
- **Olympia**, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
  - Through July 11: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" and "The Conformist."
  - From July 12: "WR—Mysteries of the Organism" and "This Man Must Die."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Anatomy of a Murder (1959)—Otto Preminger wheels slowly, in the slow-wheel Preminger style, around a courtroom story of a rape and murder case. James Stewart, Lee Remick, George C. Scott, and Arthur O'Connell as a lawyer on the bottle. Duke Ellington's score. Plodding stuff, but the cast is good, and courtroom drama always works. The judge is played by, of all people, Joseph N. Welch, celebrated opponent of Senator McCarthy; it is almost as if he wrote his own sage and pungent lines. (Orpheum; July 12-13.)

The Baker's Wife (1938)—Orson Welles once cited this comedy as proof that a superb story and a superb actor could result in "a perfect movie" even if the direction and the editing were not "cinematic." Marcel Pagnol adapted Jean Giono's story about cuckoldry, which provided the great Raimu with a classic role. The result is that rarity—a perfect movie. In French. (Thalia; July 5.)

The Balcony (1963)—Jean Genet's dark comedy, erratically directed by Joseph Strick from a screenplay by Ben Maddow. With Shelley Winters (miscast), Jeff Corey, Peter Falk, Lee Grant, and Kent Smith. (Thalia; July 13.)

The Battle of Algiers (1965)—An extraordinary re-creation of the Algerian fight for independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed this controversial modern classic that stirs emotions in theatres all over the world. In French and Arabic. (St. Marks Cinema; July 6-9.)

Ben—Another rat film, sequel to "Willard." A little boy gets terrifically attached to Ben, an unlovable rat. We are supposed to be moved by that and scared of the rats, but we're neither. Awful acting, awful trick photography. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

The Birthday Party (1968)—The early Harold Pinter play, directed by William Friedkin, with an expert cast (Sydney Tafler, Robert Shaw, Patrick Magee, and Dandy Nichols). Lacking the excitement that Pinter's plays usually generate on the stage, the material became frozen and arbitrary. (Thalia; July 10.)

The Brotherhood of Satan—With Strother Martin and L. Q. Jones, directed by Bernard McEveety. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting July 12.)

Lenny Bruce Without Tears—Fascinating and indeed unweepy assembly of factual material about Lenny, done by Fred Baker. Undistinguished filmmaking but very touching stuff to see. (Elgin; through July 12.)

The Burglars—Henri Verneuil's thriller, with Omar Sharif and Jean-Paul Belmondo. Expert, commercial, trite. (Columbia I; through July 11. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting July 12.)

Butterflies Are Free—Based on the Broadway play, with Goldie Hawn, Eileen Heckart, and Edward Albert. Directed by Milton Katselas. (Music Hall; starting July 6.)

Cabaret—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (34th St. East, U. A. East, Ziegfeld, Cinema Studio, and Riviera.)

The Candidate—We need political films, by gum—it's been a long time since "Dr. Strangelove"—but not this thing, which is about a young straight-from-the-shoulder good-looker (Robert Redford) who decides to run for Democratic senator in California. Redford's likeness to the Kennedy brothers is exploited in one of the most vulgar pieces of casting in years; in a subtler way there is something even worse in the fact that we are disappointed, in the context of this coarse film, that nothing fatal happens to him. Directed by Michael Ritchie. Don't go. The stomach heaves. (Sutton.)

Candy (1968)—Terry Southern's and Mason Hoffenberg's sex burlesque was turned into a

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shambles by the director, Christian Marquand, but there are funny pieces: Marlon Brando as Grindl the Guru, Richard Burton in a parody of Dylan Thomas, and James Coburn as Dr. Krankeit. Ewa Aulin, the teen-age American-girl Candide, lacks the necessary dewy freshness and isn't American; she sounds rather like Peter Lorre in his pussycat roles. (St. Marks Cinema; starting July 13.)

Cat Ballou (1965)—This full-length lampoon of Western movies is cheerful and frequently funny, in a broad kind of way. Lee Marvin is especially funny as a talkative old soak who was once a famous gunfighter. (Orpheum; July 10-11.)

César (1936)—The last film of the Marcel Pagnol trilogy is named for the pivotal character, played by Raimu. After Raimu's death, J. B. Priestley wrote, "We can magically command him to return out of those flat tins of film, and show us again his rich humanity and massive, deliberate art. . . . The French should erect a monument to the memory of this player, who reminded us that France had known a Rabelais, a Molière, a Balzac." In French. (Thalia; July 11.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (Thalia; July 9.)

A Clockwork Orange—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's new film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Cinema I.)

Come Back Charleston Blue—Godfrey Cambridge and Raymond St. Jacques again playing the Harlem police detective Gravedigger Jones and Coffin Ed Johnson, in this sequel to "Cotton Comes to Harlem." Directed by Mark Warren. (72nd St. Playhouse.)

The Concert for Bangladesh—Filmed at the concert at Madison Square Garden last August. (Waverly; starting July 7.)

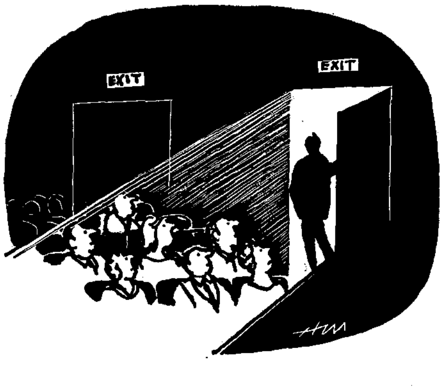
The Conformist (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefanie Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively; his evocation of the thirties is one of the rare sensual experiences in modern movies. In Italian. (Olympia; through July 11. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting July 13.)

Conquest of the Planet of the Apes—The latest in the "Ape" series, with Roddy McDowall, Don Murray, and Natalie Trundy, directed by J. Lee Thompson. (Kips Bay and Juliet 2.)

Copacabana (1947)—Groucho Marx in a dotty musical comedy with Carmen Miranda that concerns a girl applying for two jobs at a night club at the same time. Not the best Groucho, but his furtive slouch at the knees is always irresistible, like his rudeness. (Little Carnegie.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers in a sort of morning after to "A Night at the Opera." It has something to do with a sanatorium, a group of bankers, a blond siren, and a steeplechase. Groucho is Hugo Z. Hackenbush, a horse doctor posing as a fashionable neurologist. ("Either this man is dead or my watch has stopped.") He shuffles off with the picture. The cast includes Margaret Dumont, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Allan Jones; the teen-age Dorothy Dandridge may be glimpsed among the kids in the "All God's Chillun Got Rhythm" number. Sam Wood directed. (8th St. Playhouse; starting July 12.)

A Day in the Death of Joe Egg—A death-daring farce from Peter Nichols' London stage play of the same name, about the parents of a spastic child of ten called Jo ("My grandmother used to say she was sitting about like Joe Egg when she had nothing to do," says the father—Alan Bates—who swings into a role full of brave vaudeville routines and backchat). Janet Suzman plays the mother, with great substance and beauty, but some things about the piece are essentially nonrealistic and theatrical, and they don't transpose to the naturalism of the screen. Directed by Peter Medak. (68th St. Playhouse.)



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Drive, He Said (1971)—Jack Nicholson's début as a director, so this film about schizophrenia in the soul of young America is well acted, but it skids into some very leaden symbolism about a crackup in the mind of a boy avoiding the draft; the screen suddenly swarms with lizards and mice and bugs that he has let loose in a biology lab, in the spirit of freeing fellow-prisoners. (St. Marks Cinema; July 5.)

Duck, You Sucker—With Rod Steiger and James Coburn, directed by Sergio Leone. (86th St. East.)

Dutchman (1967)—Shirley Knight and Al Freeman, Jr., in a movie version of LeRoi Jones' play about a white girl maniac and her Negro victim. (Thalia; July 8.)

Easy Rider (1969)—Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper motorcycle east across America. With Jack Nicholson as a boozing liberal Southern lawyer. Directed by Dennis Hopper. (Waverly; through July 6.)

Fanny (1932)—Though the three films of the Marcel Pagnol trilogy are interrelated, each is complete in itself. This second one was directed by Marc Allégret, with the same cast as the first, "Marius." After Marius (Pierre Fresnay) goes to sea, Fanny (Orane Demazis), who is pregnant, marries a middle-aged sailmaker (Charpin); Marius's father, César (the great Raimu), acts as godfather to his grandson. A film famous for its detailed characterization and its fine comic invention. In French. (Thalia; July 11.)

Fiddler on the Roof—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (Rivoli. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 8:45. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 1:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Fillmore—A record of the final days of Bill Graham's Fillmore West, in San Francisco. Directed by Richard T. Heffron. (Plaza.)

The French Connection—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A slam-bang thriller that zaps the audience by noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. Gene Hackman plays the lowlifer police detective who cracks the case as a mixture of Joe and Archie; William Friedkin directed. (8th St. Playhouse; through July 11.)

Frenzy—Hitchcock working in England for the first time since the remake of "The Man Who Knew Too Much." A story about a fruit merchant from Covent Garden and a sacked barman, both suspected of a series of rapes and necktie murders, which are made less gruesome by Hitchcock's belief that there is all the difference in the world between surprise and suspense. This is Hitch on his old form, working with a first-rate cast of British actors virtually unknown outside their own country (including Barry Foster, Jon Finch, Anna Massey, and Barbara Leigh-Hunt, and Vivien Merchant as detective Alec McCowen's wife, full of feminine intuition while she is putting him off with the unspeakable results of a course in Continental gourmet-style cooking). A film full of Hitchcock's special sabre-toothed humor and his interest in stabs of domestic psychology. (Murray Hill and Symphony.)

Fritz the Cat—An X-rated cartoon, full of good humor, bad taste, randiness, benign ethnic jokes, and other staples of New York wit. The rating is a pity: everyone who is officially underage according to the rating system knows more about Robert Crumb's famous Fritz than his parents are likely to. The New York landscapes are drawn with great delicacy, and the New York animalized characters with purple amplitude; the voices are human. Directed and scripted by Ralph Bakshi. This is one of the few full-length cartoons with an ear as accurate as a good play's. (Art; starting July 12.)

Frogs—With Ray Milland and Sam Elliott, directed by George McCowan. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and Playboy; through July 11.)

From Here to Eternity (1953)—Among the rare memorable American movies of the fifties. Fred Zinnemann directed this first-rate adaptation of James Jones' novel about Army life in Hawaii before Pearl Harbor. With Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster, Frank Sinatra, and Deborah Kerr. (Orpheum; July 12-13.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis—Vittorio De Sica's finest film in many years—a lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Art, Gramercy, and Olympia; through July 11.)

The Godfather—A wide, startlingly vivid view of a Mafia dynasty, in which organized crime becomes an obscene nightmare image of American ruthlessness. The movie is a popular melodrama, but it expresses a new tragic realism and it's altogether extraordinary. Francis Ford Coppola directed; Marlon Brando and Al Pacino are the stars. (Loews Tower East and Loews Ciné.)

Godson—With Alain Delon, directed by Jean-Pierre Melville. (Juliet 1; starting July 12.)

Godzilla vs. the Smog Monster—A Japanese movie, dubbed in English. The monster on the loose again. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through July 11.)

The Great Dictator (1940)—Chaplin plays a small-time Jewish barber and doubles as a mock Hitler called Hynkel, director of Tomania, who argues with Napaloni, dictator of Bacteria. He is helped on by Herring and Garbitsch. (Garbitsch is Hynkel's Minister of Propaganda, full of Brechtian ideas about how to make other people feel small in the dictator's tiny, panicky presence.) The notion of a 1940 farce about Hitler and anti-Semitism works out much less queasily than it sounds. The famous sequence when Hynkel lies on his back and tosses around a balloon inscribed with a map of the world is a miracle of high-flying, mordant fun. But the last impassioned speech about peace and unity still wrecks everything that has gone before; Chaplin mawkish can always overrule Chaplin the innocent mime. (Lincoln Art.)

The Green Wall—This would probably be the first Peruvian film you ever saw, and it would even more probably be the last. In Spanish. (Juliet 1; through July 11.)

The Groundstar Conspiracy—Spy melodrama that opens with a big explosion set off by the theft of secret stuff from a space project in the Pacific Northwest. The thief loses his memory and, after extensive doctoring, still can't remember who hired him. The action is packed, as they say, and incredible. George Peppard plays a steel-faced security officer for the project. (Paramount.)

Hammersmith Is Out—A thoroughly mistaken allegory about the lunacy of modern success and sudden wealth, enacted by Richard Burton as an escaped inmate of a mental home. Elizabeth Taylor is a floozy waitress who jumps up into riches along with the fugitive, and Peter Ustinov is a pretty mad foreign doctor with an accent you couldn't cut with a carving knife. (Trans-Lux East and Trans-Lux 85th St.)

The Happiness Cage—With Christopher Walken and Joss Ackland, directed by Bernard Jirard. (Fine Arts.)

The Heat's On (1943)—Mae West's comic whale presence barely shows above the surface of this perfunctory musical, directed by Gregory Ratoff. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through July 8.)

Is There Sex After Death?—Porno-spoof with the usual sex scenes and the usual sex jokes. And the usual fatigue sets in, because the scenes and jokes in films of this type are repetitive and interchangeable. However, this one has some funnier-than-usual skits involving Buck Henry, Jim Moran, and Marshall Efron. Written and directed by Jeanne and Alan Abel. (St. Marks Cinema; July 5.)

Jamilya—Directed by Irina Poplavskaya. In Russian. (Regency; starting July 6.)

Joe (1970)—A hardhat type, mouthing prejudices about the young and the blacks and the freeloaders on welfare, meets a well-heeled liberal adman, and they strike up a murderous alliance. Peter Boyle plays the bigot; John Avildsen directed. (St. Marks Cinema; July 6-9.)

Judgment at Nuremberg (1961)—Stanley Kramer's elaborately loaded courtroom drama, full of hocus-pocus and clarion calls to justice, with an impressively expensive all-star cast (Spencer Tracy, Richard Widmark, Burt Lancaster, Maximilian Schell, Judy Garland, Marlene Dietrich, Montgomery Clift, and so on). (Thalia; July 6.)

Klute (1971)—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance yet, as an intelligent, high-bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder melodrama. The picture is reminiscent of the good detective mysteries of the forties, though the suspense devices are not as entertaining as they used to be. With Donald Sutherland. (Gramercy; starting July 12.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Alfred Hitchcock's murder mystery about a charming old lady who boards a train and disappears on it has some of the best examples of his comedy and his pleasurable perversity. In movie history, it is a quintessential suspense thriller. The hero is Michael Redgrave (making his film début); the heroine is Margaret Lockwood; the lady is the memorable Dame May Whitty. With Paul Lukas and Cecil Parker. (Elgin; starting July 13.)

Let Freedom Ring (1939)—Jack Conway directed Nelson Eddy and Victor McLaglen in this musical, which is crummy but quite enjoyable. Nelson Eddy is busy putting things to rights in his crooked home town. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting July 12.)

Little Murders (1971)—Jules Feiffer's satirical comedy about urban decay and living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin. Elliott Gould is the catatonic hero. (8th St. Playhouse; through July 11.)

Living Free—Animals. Fine for children, but take a good book. (Columbia I and Playboy; starting July 12.)

Lord of the Flies (1963)—A desert-island version of the playing fields of Eton. Peter Brook's adaptation of William Golding's novel is brisk and painful, and it has got rid of a lot of Golding's gusty metaphysical excesses. Down to earth and accurately brutal, beautifully photographed, and cut to a sharp, cracking pace. (Orpheum; through July 6.)

Making It (1971)—John Erman's film about a lad making heavy weather of being an Odysseus on a seventeen-year-old's sexual quest. The film comes from a novel called "What Can You Do?;" what you can do is not go. (St. Marks Cinema; July 6-9.)

A Man and a Woman (1966)—Claude Lelouch's popular romance about people with swinging occupations: Jean-Louis Trintignant is a racing-car driver, Anouk Aimée a script girl, Pierre Barouh a stunt man. The cinematographer-director specializes in lyrical blur and mist. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; July 10-12.)

A Man for All Seasons (1966)—The moral tug-of-war between Henry VIII and Sir Thomas More, eloquently set forth by Robert Bolt and enacted by a superb cast, including Paul Scofield as More, Robert Shaw as Henry, and Leo McKern as the wily Cromwell. Directed by Fred Zinnemann. (Orpheum; July 7-9.)

Marat/Sade (1967)—A movie of a play inside a play. Directed by Peter Brook, with the original stage cast. (Thalia; July 8.)

Medium Cool (1969)—Haskell Wexler's film, with a TV-cameraman hero (Robert Forster), about the Chicago Democratic Convention of 1968, police brutality, Vietnam, Appalachia, McLuhan thoughts on media—the lot. An expert, hard-natured picture that makes a great many points at a glib pace and wears its liberal conscience on its sleeve. (Thalia; July 10.)

Mr. Imperium (1951)—Lana Turner and Ezio Pinza in a thin, thin musical. Cedric Hardwicke is the best thing about it. Directed by Don Hartman. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 9-11.)

Moulin Rouge (1953)—John Huston's fictionalized re-creation of the life of Toulouse-Lautrec (José Ferrer, standing on his knees in tricky boots). With Colette Marchand, Suzanne Flon, and incredibly pretty Zsa Zsa Gabor as Jane Avril, singing the famous Georges Auric theme song in a dubbed voice. Eliot Elisofon was the color consultant; the movie could have used a script consultant. (Thalia; July 12.)

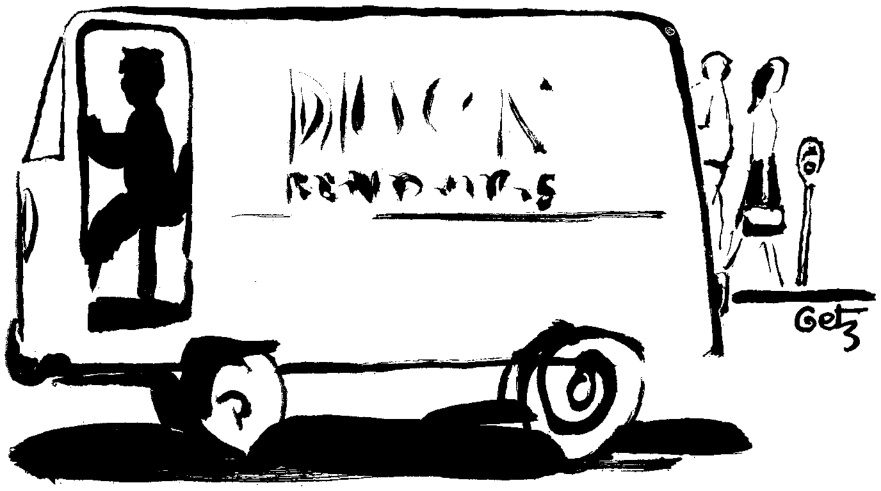
The Murder of Fred Hampton—A documentary centered on a point directly following the shooting of the Black Panther leader in a Chicago police raid, and moving backward and forward in time from that moment. (Elgin; through July 12.)

Nicholas and Alexandra—As obsequiously respectful as if it had been made about living monarchs who might reward the producer with a command performance. Viewers are put in the position of celebrity-lovers eager to partake of the home life of the dullest of the Czars. Nicholas and Alexandra were two dunces sitting on a volcano, and the solemnly square movie is more interested in the dunces than in the volcano. Directed by Franklin J. Schaffner, but without the sweeping command of large-scale visual imagery he has had in the past. (Columbia II, Greenwich, and Guild.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers, doing to "Il Trovatore" what should be done to "Il Trovatore." Wonderful. (8th St. Playhouse; starting July 12.)

A Night in Casablanca (1946)—Dud moments in this Marx Brothers film, but it has a wonderful, famous beginning played with a wall. (Little Carnegie.)

The Other—Thomas Tryon, the actor who was



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

in "The Cardinal," adapted for the screen this blisteringly dopey multi-murder story, set in Connecticut in a blithe summer of the nineteen-thirties. Identical boy twins personify good and evil. This physical unidentifiability is the most interesting thing about the picture. Tryon's original novel was a good deal more intelligent. Robert Mulligan directed, all too elegiacally. (Coronet.)

PERFECT FRIDAY (1970)—An amoral trio (Ursula Andress, David Warner, and Stanley Baker) robs a bank. The film is a trifle, but the dazzling Ursula Andress has turned into a very funny deadpan comedienne. Peter Hall directed. (Embassy 72nd St.)

PERSONA (1967)—A puzzling, obsessive film that Ingmar Bergman seems not to have worked out but, rather, to have torn from himself. Yet it has moments of intensity and a superb erotic monologue. Liv Ullmann is an actress who has stopped speaking, and Bibi Andersson is her nurse, who becomes resentful and hysterical. In Swedish. (Thalia; July 7.)

PHANTOM INDIA—A megalithic documentary by Louis Malle about the ambiguous subcontinent. The film runs close to seven hours in all; it is being shown by the New Yorker Theatre in seven segments to accompany successive feature films. Fastidiously perceptive about religion, dance, caste, and the notions of solitude that have always interested Malle. (He made "Le Feu Follet," among other pictures.)

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, intensely aware that he is short, hating having red hair, loving a wife who leaves him gently enough and mostly because she is fed up with viewing old Bogey pictures. Most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Very Manhattan humor, expediently translated in the film to San Francisco because of a strike of New York technicians. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitable loose-limbed laconicism. (Cinema II.)

PORTNOY'S COMPLAINT—Philip Roth's novel was a spiral of exaggeration and a work of clownish splendor: Ernest Lehman's film (he wrote and directed it) is an oddly dirty-minded and soulful-looking disaster. In the novel, the one-joke device seemed as generous as anything recent in the literature of buffoons; in the film, it seems terribly stingy. Dick Benjamin looks wan as Alexander Portnoy, asked to lift up the whole *lumpen* film on his shoulders as if he were Atlas himself. Karen Black, as his girl, looks gorgeous. Uncomic stuff. (Beekman.)

PRIME CUT—A man gets turned into a rather short string of frankfurters. Directed by Michael Ritchie, with Lee Marvin pitted against Gene Hackman. Plenty of cattle and an awful lot of blood. Raw-spirited, nasty work. (Loews Orpheum.)

PRINCESS YANG KWEI FEI (1955)—Directed by Kenji Mizoguchi. In Japanese. (New Yorker.)

THE PRODIGAL (1931)—A musical with Lawrence Tibbett, Roland Young, and Esther Ralston. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 9-11.)

PUTNEY SWOPE (1969)—A mostly funny, haywire farce by Robert Downey about an advertising agency called Truth & Soul, Inc. Putney Swope is a weary-looking black, hoisted into the chairman's seat by a bad accident of boardroom voting. Things thereupon explode. (Art; starting July 12.)

SAVAGES—A glittering film by James Ivory, written by Michael O'Donoghue and George Swift Trow and beautifully photographed by Walter Lassally. A mysteriously enticing croquet ball lures a band of mud-caked savages out of the jungle and ahead several millennia in time to inhabit a sedate empty country house. A shallow, high-bred civility between them presides through dinner and gradually disintegrates. The film is wittily sarcastic about progress, full of withering social comedy and a peculiar erratic stateliness of style. The substitution of archetypes for characters makes the total rather empty, but this is a stylish and ambitious attempt. (Baronet.)

SHAFT'S BIG SCORE!—A sequel to "Shaft," directed by Gordon Parks. Richard Roundtree plays a black detective. We've heard that thoughtful blacks who've seen this picture call it a white hype. It has a peculiar chic and falsity to it, though it will probably do fine, having the most cohesive movie audience since the Depression. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

SHIP OF FOOLS (1965)—A great plum pudding of a picture, directed by Stanley Kramer with an exceptionally good cast, including Simone Signoret, Oskar Werner, Vivien Leigh, José Ferrer, Michael Dunn, George Segal, Elizabeth Ashley, and Lee Marvin. (Orpheum; July 7-9.)

SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE—George Roy Hill's film of the Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., college classic, with Michael Sacks as the boy assistant chaplain in Dresden in the Second World War. Filmed mostly in Prague (there being no Dresden left); photographed by Miroslav Ondricek, the wonderful Czech photographer who has worked with Miloš Forman, Ivan Passer, and Lindsay Anderson. The flattened despair of the film sometimes seems a show-off form of cool, but the picture is beautifully cast and acted. (Festival.)

SONS AND LOVERS (1960)—A sensitive and intelligent (though finally disappointing) version of D. H. Lawrence's autobiographical novel, adapted by Gavin Lambert and directed by Jack Cardiff. Dean Stockwell does well in the role of Lawrence, and Trevor Howard and Wendy Hiller do brilliantly as the parents. With Mary Ure and Heather Sears. (St. Marks Cinema; July 10-12.)

THE SORROW AND THE PITY—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. Four and a half hours. (Paris.)

SOUL TO SOUL—Filmed in Ghana last March during the fourteenth anniversary of the country's independence, with Wilson Pickett, Ike and Tina Turner, and other American and African performers. (Waverly; starting July 7.)

THE STRANGER (1967)—The movie version follows the Camus novel without being able to encompass it, but it is an intelligent try, beautifully acted and well worth seeing. Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina play the leads, and Luchino Visconti directed. In French. (Thalia; July 7.)

STRAW DOGS—A picture that will be talked about for many years. Sam Peckinpah, who is an artist, has made the first American film that is a Fascist work of art. Dustin Hoffman plays a weakling mathematician who finds his manhood when he learns to kill, and the gifted young Susan George is his snarling, pouty wife—a little beast who wants to be made submissive. Machismo, sold under the now fashionable guise of the territorial imperative. (St. Marks Cinema; starting July 13.)

SUMMER OF '42 (1971)—Robert Mulligan directs a cautiously respectable story with pulp hopes about young people in 1942 discovering lust. The laughs invited are mostly facetious, and what passes for sensitivity in the film is shoved at you like an elbow in your ribs. (Gramercy; starting July 12.)

SWING YOUR LADY (1938)—A wrestling promoter, played by Humphrey Bogart, gets his car stuck in the mud, and an Amazonian blacksmith (Louise Fazenda) lifts the thing out again as easy as pie, which gives him the bright idea of getting her to rescue his professional fortunes. The plot is rather desperate, but Bogey cools things, as usual. Directed by Ray Enright. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting July 12.)

TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (St. Marks Cinema; July 5.)

10 RILLINGTON PLACE (1971)—Richard Fleischer directs a piece of tabloid-press verisimilitude about the grisly John Christie murders in Notting Hill, which sent the innocent and mentally deficient Timothy Evans to the gallows while the absurdly hypochondriac Christie was still burying bits of new rape victims under his vegetable garden. Richard Attenborough is technically very proficient as Christie, and John Hurt plays Timothy Evans beautifully. The film is taken all too slavishly from a book of 1961, by Ludovic Kennedy, that helped to change the law in England; Fleischer adds nothing and subtracts thought. (Orpheum; July 10-11.)

THE 39 STEPS (1935)—Hitchcock's suave, amusing spy melodrama, directed with so sure a touch that the suspense is charged with wit. Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll are the

WHAT'S GOING ON AT
THE GARDEN

JULY

With half the year gloriously concluded at the Garden, this seems to be an appropriate moment to gaze into the future, sports and entertainment-wise. So let us tip you off to a few things you'd be wise to plan for right now.

First off, flip the calendar to hockey and basketball time. Candidly, the situation with regard to Knicks and Rangers season tickets is understandably very, very tight, particularly in view of our teams' amazing records in 1971-72. But if you'd like us to send you details on availabilities, prices, wait-listing procedure, and so on, write today to Season Ticket Subscription Dept., Madison Square Garden Center, Inc. P.O. Box 44, General Post Office, New York, N.Y. 10001. We'll try our best to accomodate you, but we can't promise.

Now let's talk about an upcoming entertainment treat you've been eagerly awaiting ever since last summer—the all-new, all live 1972 edition of "Disney on Parade" which brings its music, magic, spectacle and famed Walt Disney characters into the Garden for most of August from the 1st through the 27th.

Just as was the case last year, tickets are already going fast. If you and your family want to see Mickey, Minnie, the Three Caballeros, the Sleeping Beauty and all your other favorites In Person, don't delay a moment. Phone (212) 564-4400 right now for information about performance times and prices. And then, act quickly. Those who have witnessed its wonders in preliminary out-of-town engagements are spreading the word that this newest "Disney on Parade" is loaded with appeal not only for moppets but likewise for mods, middle-agers and even the most mature. Come and see for yourself.

For the present, there are several current items particularly worthy of mention, one each at the Garden, the Felt Forum and Roosevelt Raceway out on Long Island. On Sunday night, July 23rd, the Garden will echo again to the Osmond Brothers in a rousing musical romp that will also feature the Heywoods and Jan Baker...On Friday the 28th, the Felt Forum will offer the Miss Black Teen-Age America contest with an incredible line-up of young lovelies and assisting stars. And out at Roosevelt, save Saturday night the 29th for the roaring thrills of the Yamaha Gold Cup motorcycle races.

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pair handcuffed together until hate turns to love. Peggy Ashcroft and John Laurie are the couple joined together by marriage chains, and the villain is Godfrey Tearle, looking astonishingly like F.D.R. From the John Buchan novel. (Elgin; starting July 13.)

This Man Must Die (1969)—Claude Chabrol directed this suspense movie about a father who sets out to avenge the hit-and-run murder of his son, but it's so shallow and so unhurried that it dies on the screen. From Nicholas Blake's novel, "The Beast Must Die." In French. (Olympia; starting July 12.)

Tokyo Story (1953)—One of the most honored of all Japanese films, directed by Yasujiro Ozu, who has made a gentle-natured masterpiece of wonderful complexity out of a simple story about elderly parents who go to visit their grown up children in Tokyo and find the children have no interest in them. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Ulysses (1967)—A version of the Joyce novel that ably preserves the comic spirit of the author. Directed by Joseph Strick and starring Milo O'Shea, Barbara Jefford, and Maurice Roeves. (Orpheum; through July 6. . . . ¶ Thalia; July 13.)

Uncle Vanya—A marvellous new Russian film of the Chekhov play, directed by Andrei Mikhalkov-Konchalovsky with the now familiar Soviet exactness and fondness for the realities of czarist-period literature. The Uncle Vanya is played by Smoktunovsky, who was the recent Russian Hamlet. Sergei Bondarchuk, director of the monumental Russian "War and Peace" and the man who played Pierre in it, is here as Dr. Astrov, a man whose lined, white face seems haunted by thoughts of the promises he has broken to himself. The film is often interspersed with long shots through series of rooms, in a way that makes it look like Vermeer. The characters' spurts of stoic umbrage directed against their own failings are entirely Chekhovian; the excitement about unrealized possibilities for the future centuries ahead is also all Chekhov, not Soviet propagandist. A beautiful film, exactly detailed and tender to frailty. In Russian. (Regency; July 5.)

The Virgin and the Gypsy (1970)—Maurice Denham is an Anglican vicar with a taste for depressing hymns; he sends one of his virgin daughters (Joanna Shimkus) into the arms of a gypsy (Franco Nero). Christopher Miles' movie is intelligent, a bit studied, true to D. H. Lawrence. (St. Marks Cinema; July 10-12.)

The War Between Men and Women—Based on James Thurber's views, and using James Thurber's drawings, about an artist who goes blind, like Thurber. The artist is called Peter Wilson, which seems lunatic but turns out to be accidentally just, since the comic spirit of the thing isn't Thurber's by miles. Jack Lemmon is Peter Wilson, forced to gag everything up and backing into dreadful pathos. Barbara Harris is terrific. (Music Hall; July 5.)

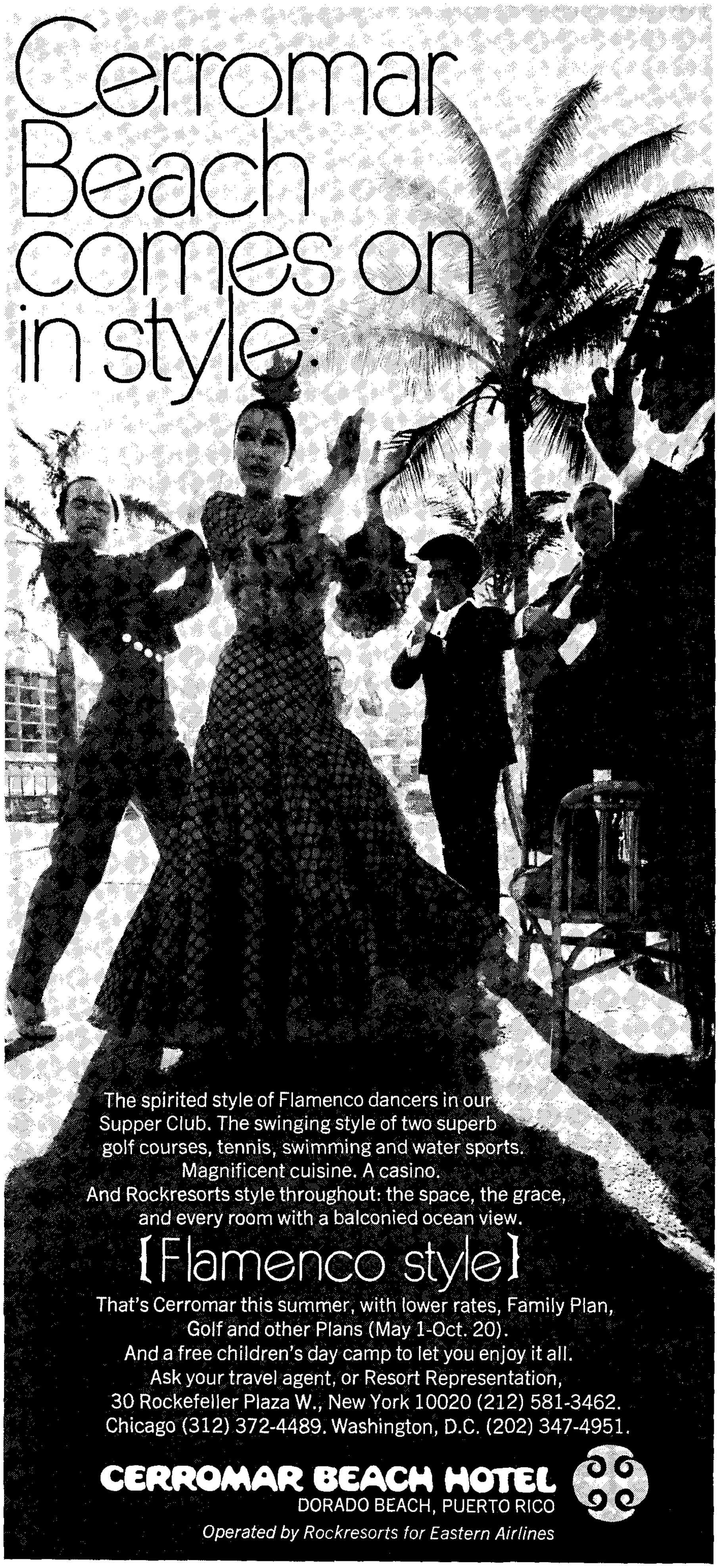
The Well-Digger's Daughter (1940)—The most famous French comedy about illegitimacy and one of the most undeservedly popular of all French exports—the kind of picture that maddening people like to cite as proof of how wise the French are. With Raimu as the well-digger, Fernandel as his assistant, and Josette Day (of "Beauty and the Beast") as the erring daughter. In French. (Thalia; July 5.)

Oscar Wilde (1960)—The Gregory Ratoff version, with Robert Morley, which is nothing like as good as the Peter Finch version of the same time, but it is a harrowing and touching real tale of an age. Hypocrisy doesn't die, it just changes; you recognize the same society that hounded Profumo, and there are moments in the film when nerves are made to jump like fleas. Ralph Richardson plays an eminent English barrister, and the film is worth seeing for that alone, as well as for Morley's theatricality. (Thalia; July 12.)

WR—Mysteries of the Organism—A Yugoslavian film, directed by Dusan Makavejev. (Olympia; starting July 12.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—Pop heroes (cartoon versions of the Beatles) in a lighthearted, inventive Pop Art animated feature. (Waverly; through July 6.)

You Were Never Lovelier (1942)—Fred Astaire, Rita Hayworth—with Astaire pursuing her by the route of her matchmaking father, who is played by Adolphe Menjou. Quite endearing punk, with tunes including "You Were Never Lovelier" itself, "Dearly Beloved," and "I'm Old-Fashioned." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through July 8.)



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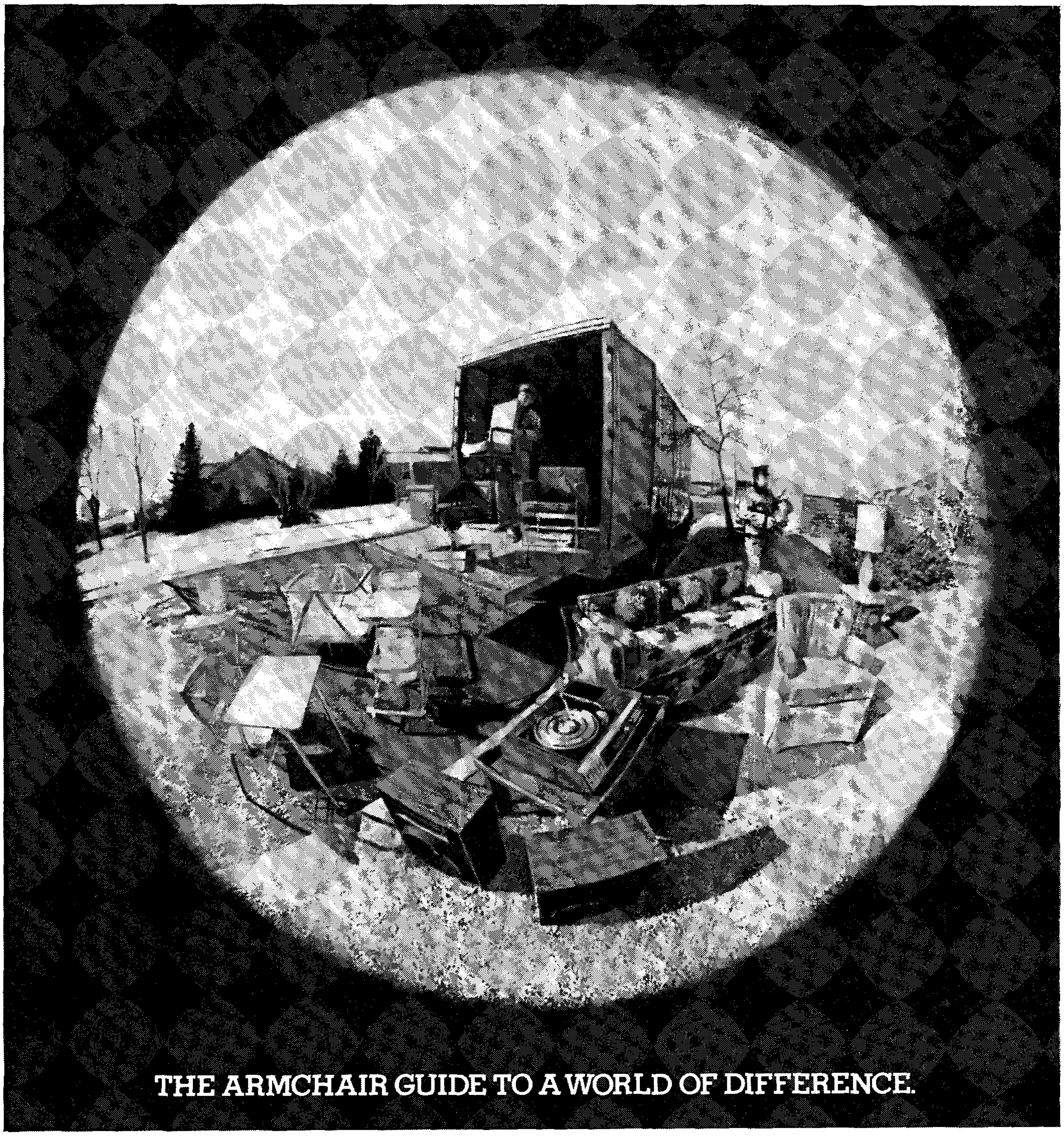

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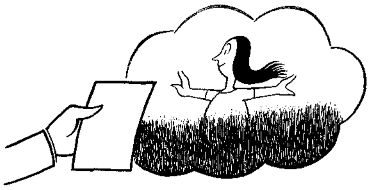
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

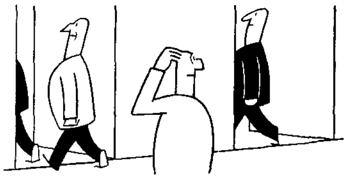
Notes and Comment

A FRIEND of ours has sent us a clipping with a note saying that at last she had found something hopeful in the *Times*. These are days in which we all clutch at straws, and this straw may be no frailer than any other. In her note, our correspondent said, "In the first days of June, when I was a child, we went to my grandmother's in Rhode Island for the summer. Even now, long afterward, in the first days of June, when the sun heats the pavements in the city, I feel that it is time to go, and I think of The Place in Rhode Island as though it must still be there. I think of wading through meadow grass suddenly grown up as high as my waist and of warm sun above me and cool green dampness under my bare feet. The Place supported five red-and-white cows, a workhorse, a henyard, and a huge vegetable garden. This was all tended by a farmer, and I spent most of my time following him around. I especially remember milking—the cow chewing and the milk zipping into the pail. If the farmer was in a good mood, he would squirt some milk into my mouth or onto my bare foot, and squirt the cat for good measure. The milk was delivered to the cook, who took some of it and poured it into a funnel on top of a large contraption called a separator. The machine made gurgling, revolving noises and then miraculously poured, out of two spouts, a jet of skim milk and a jet of cream. From the cream the cook made butter in a large wooden churn. A couple of times, she let me make my own butter. To do this, you put the cream in a jar, screwed on the lid, and shook it and shook it for a long time. Eventually, little golden balls would show up, and then lumps of real sweet butter, floating in milk. It was quite interesting and instructive. This all came back to me vividly when I saw an ad in the *Times* for a new contraption at Hammacher Schlemmer. 'Now make your own fresh cream,' it said. 'It's all so easy and so inexpensive. Simple, quick. Our Cream Maker also makes pouring cream for coffee and cereals, whipped cream . . .' What made me rub my eyes was reading what the Cream Maker uses to make cream out of: butter and milk! Isn't that a marvellous idea? The principle here is the thing. It could improve this country enormously—a machine that works backward. Maybe someday, if this idea catches on, Hammacher Schlemmer will offer a really big, powerful Reverse Machine. The first thing I would like to put in it is the six-lane highway that runs over The Place. Then it would swallow the shopping center. As all the flat-roofed, horrid buildings went in, there would be gurgling, revolving noises inside. Then out would come cool, dark earth and green grass. Soon there would be a pasture with five red-and-white cows ready to give milk from which we could make cream and butter."



Hearing

AMONG the reforms that have made the proceedings of the Democratic Party more open this year than in past election years is the holding of regional hearings to gather opinions for the writing of the Party platform. The Democratic National Committee arranged for twelve such hearings to be held, and a week or so ago one of these hearings was held in New York, at the Graduate Center of the City University of New York. We were there to listen to what half the witnesses had to say—half because there were so many people wanting to be heard that they had to be divided between two rooms, with a panel of Platform Committee members sitting in each room. The room a spectator chose depended on whether he preferred to hear, for example, John Lindsay, Abram Chayes, and Clark Clifford or Herbert York, Lester Gordon, and George Rathjens. That was the choice in the morning, when both panels were to receive testimony on foreign policy. In the afternoon, foreign policy would again concern one panel, while the other would be open to any subject a witness might care to bring up. We chose the Lindsay-Chayes-Clifford lineup in the morning and the any-subject panel in the afternoon—choices that meant sitting all day in a large third-floor room that had once been used as a recording studio.



As we sat there, we realized that our view of party platforms was being modified. In our mind, the typical party platform had always been a collection of bland pieties that could cause terrible disputes at party conventions but had never been known to compel any Presidential nominee to say or do anything he would not normally have said or done. We gradually learned, however, that a typical Platform Committee *witness*, at least, was another matter. He knew what he wanted and, except in the case of one or two incoherent types, was willing and able to say what it was: End the war now. Stop importing Rhodesian chromium. Increase aid to Israel. Increase Social Security benefits. Increase federal aid to mass transit. End the seniority system. Legalize abortion. Don't legalize abortion. Tighten gun control. Reform the penal system. Grant rights to homosexuals. Legalize marijuana. These positions were sometimes elaborated in answers to questions from the panel. Clark Clifford, for example, read an eight-page statement criticizing President Nixon's failure to end the Vietnam war and predicting that the war would continue if present policies continued. After Mr. Clifford finished, former Senator William Benton asked him, “Do you have a theory to explain why the mayors, who are politically a pretty astute group, yesterday endorsed Nixon's policy in Vietnam, whereas a year ago they condemned it?” The former Secretary of Defense replied, “Because a year ago Mr. Nixon had not offered the country any plan for a complete withdrawal from Vietnam. He has now offered a plan, which he describes as complete withdrawal. He said, ‘Here is my plan. I will agree to withdraw all American troops from South Vietnam by October 1st, in consideration of the North Vietnamese giving us our prisoners back and their agreeing to an internationally supervised cease-fire.’ That was turned down by the North Vietnamese. Now, when you first look at it, on the surface it sounds as if it's a reasonable offer. But it is not, because he adds a condition, which he knows and I know is completely unacceptable to North Vietnam. That is the internationally supervised cease-fire. Their analysis of a cease-fire is that it constitutes losing the war, because when there is a cease-fire the two military forces control only that part which they control as of the date of the cease-fire. And the North Vietnamese control a very small percentage of the territory of South Vietnam. They are not willing to say, ‘We'll take only this space of a few miles up here and leave all the rest.’ They're not willing to say, ‘We agree that the Thieu government shall remain in power in Saigon,’ which is also what a cease-fire would require them to agree to. Also, they would have to stop all military activity for a period of four to six months, during which time the United States and the Saigon government would be free to make any kind of military buildup that they choose.”

Abram Chayes, a professor of law at Harvard and a longtime acquaintance of Senator McGovern, managed to read most of a thirty-six-page statement. It contained the words “And as troops and prisoners come home, we must look also to another group of young men—those in prison or in exile because they could not in conscience join the armed forces. . . . Let us bring them home, too.” During the Chayes question period, Ronnie Eldridge, a Deputy City Administrator, said, “I have a question on amnesty. Why do you limit your comments to draft resisters? What would you do with those people who deserted on the basis of their conscience?” Mr. Chayes replied, “It seems to me that people who from the beginning expressed a conscientious opposition, and acted on the basis of that conscientious position, are in a different situation from those who didn't. I would not oppose a case-by-case examination of the situation of the others, to see whether their action was, one might say, truly conscientious. But it seems to me there is a problem with a person who makes his decision, goes into the Army, and then changes his mind. It seems to me he may be in a little different status. But I think we should have a general return—an amnesty—of people who declined to join on conscientious grounds.”

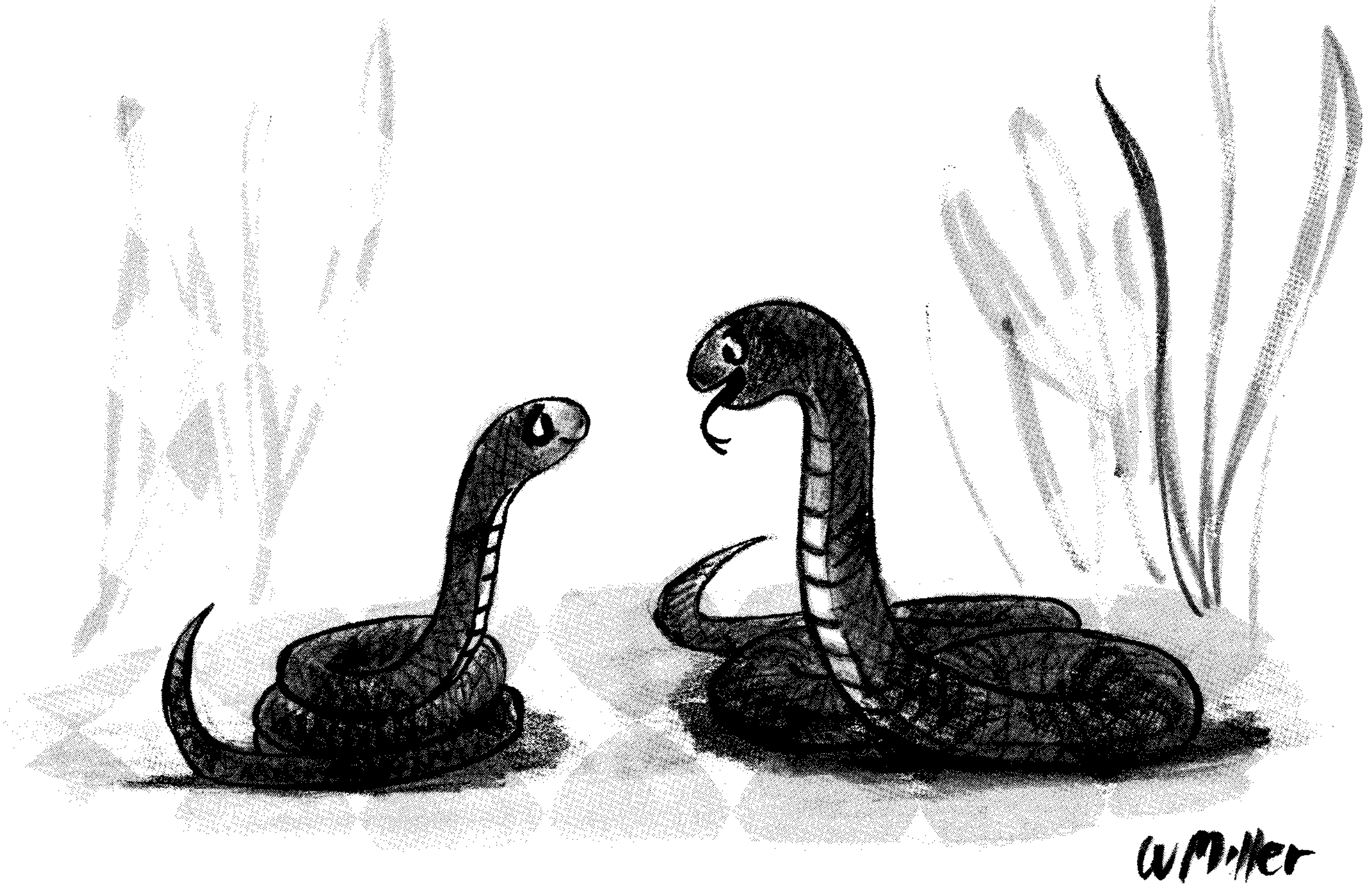
A hierarchy—first class, second class, third class—was evident at the hearing. First class consisted of the Messrs. Clifford and Chayes and the others who testified in the morning, in the glare of television lights. Second class was made up of the early-afternoon witnesses—Victor Gotbaum, William vanden Heuvel, Betty Friedan, Howard Samuels—who addressed a dwindling but still sizable panel of Platform Committee members. Third class was made up of people who came after a recess in the middle of the afternoon. The late-afternoon session was fertile ground for the kind of disruptions that have become a quaint New York custom. After the recess, the chairman, former New Jersey Governor Richard Hughes, announced that he would now impose a five-minute limit on the statements. Someone shouted, “Now that the big shots are gone!” Whereupon a man about to testify turned around and said, “Hey, I resent that!” He was Marvin Cristenfeld, chairman of the Nassau County Democratic Committee, and he explained that he was more or less a big shot.

Later, another incident occurred. One witness announced that he would give two and a half of his five minutes to someone else. This someone else turned out to be August Scott, a black member of the Queens College S.D.S. When Scott was in the middle of reading a long and complicated definition of genocide, Hughes announced that his time was up. Scott looked surprised, and didn't move. People began shouting, “Let him finish! Let him finish!” Hughes rapped with his gavel and said, “If S.D.S. or anyone else wants to disrupt this hearing, they're not going to.” Someone shouted, “I'm not S.D.S. and I say that's a racist panel!” The fact is that not a single black had sat on the panel all day. Hughes declared a recess of five minutes and was about to stand up when a cheerful-looking young man appeared by Scott's side and said that he would give two and a half of *his* five minutes, so that Scott could finish. We recognized the peacemaker as Adam Walinsky, who used to be a speechwriter for Robert Kennedy. Walinsky later told us that he is now “just a Democrat.”

I Can!

THE only hitherto nonpolitical person in the country who is actively seeking the *Vice*-Presidency is a fifty-seven-year-old New Yorker named Stanley Arnold. Mr. Arnold, a Democrat, is by profession a marketing consultant—the kind of businessman who thinks up bright ideas for other businessmen—and he has made a lot of money helping a number of large corporations make more money than before. He is a small man with an ebullient personality, and we have to admit that when we met him we liked him immediately. He announced his candidacy for the Democratic nomination for Vice-President on May 14th, and last week he invited us to lunch at The Four Seasons to explain himself.

“About two years ago,” Mr. Arnold said, sipping reflectively at a Clamato cocktail, “I realized that the problems this country has won't go away until someone makes them go away. The war goes on, and unemployment's getting worse. They tell you five point nine per cent, but if you include the underemployed and the discouraged, the figure is closer to nine point two per cent, and we all know that just plain unemployment is fourteen per cent in Seattle and thirty-five per cent among black teen-agers in the ghettos. Now, I travel a hundred and fifty thousand miles a year in my work, and I keep my eyes and ears open, and I am not unintelligent. There is great joylessness, great hopelessness, and great futurelessness in America today. I've seen it and I've heard it. The people who are not working are in despair, and the people who are working are worried about losing their jobs. Whoever you are, I'll bet that if you're



"It wassssss ssssswell to ssssee you, ssssweetie. Sssssorry I can't sssssstay. I've got to be sssslithering along."

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not out of work yourself you've got a friend, a neighbor, or a relative who is. What is anyone doing about this in Washington? Do you get any sense of hope or help or confidence from the Nixon Administration? This was what I started thinking about. But then I thought, What am *I* doing? I'm doing just what everyone else is doing. I'm waiting for someone else to do something. Then I reminded myself of the first three words of the Constitution. The first three words of the Constitution are 'We the People.' Well, that's me! I'm one of the people. What would you like for lunch? I suggest littlenecks, and shrimps in mustard sauce."

We nodded agreement.

Arnold went on, "I've been a problem solver all my life. What's the real solution to unemployment in the country? Confidence! There's not one company in the country today—yours, mine, this restaurant—that couldn't afford to hire one more man. They'd do it, we'd all do it, if we had more confidence. If every company hired one more man, there'd be no unemployment. All we need is an Administration that can inspire confidence. At first, I thought of running for President. Then I decided that that would demonstrate maddening audacity. After all, I've never run for any public office. But I really wanted to be heard. Then I realized that in the two hundred years of our history no one has ever conducted a national campaign for Vice-President. Our problems won't be solved by just one man but by a whole new national leadership, and I want to be part of that leadership. I started talking to my friends and clients. I was sort of astonished. I raised approximately a hundred and fifty thousand dollars right away. They were enthusiastic. So I started making my plans."

The clams came. "Do you know a lot about the Vice-Presidency?" Arnold asked us between littlenecks. "Well, the job has rarely been put to good use. Seven Vice-Presidents were so old and sick that they died in office. Madison had one die on him, so he chose another man, and then the *second* one died. One was so feeble he had to be propped up at the Inauguration. Two men—Silas Wright, in 1844, and ex-Governor Frank Lowden, of Illinois, in 1924—wouldn't even accept the nomination. John C. Calhoun resigned and became a senator. One Vice-President left town, without resigning, to run for governor of New York, and came back only after he'd lost. That was Aaron Burr. But we still go to the trouble of electing one every four years, and there's no reason he couldn't be doing a lot of good in Washington. Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence when he was thirty-three. You can bet that when he was Vice-President he didn't spend his time flying around the country in Air Force Two criticizing the media. The function of government is to give all the people the right to fulfill themselves to the maximum in a way that benefits everybody. And prior experience in government doesn't always guarantee that this will get done. We've just had two of the most experienced Presidents in our history—Johnson and Nixon. They were both congressmen, they were both senators, they were both Vice-Presidents, they were even both officers in the Navy. And here we are, still fighting the most shameful war in our history, and deep in a recession. It's a recession if you're employed and a depression if you're unemployed. I don't think we should be bombing Hué; I think we should be rebuilding Watts."

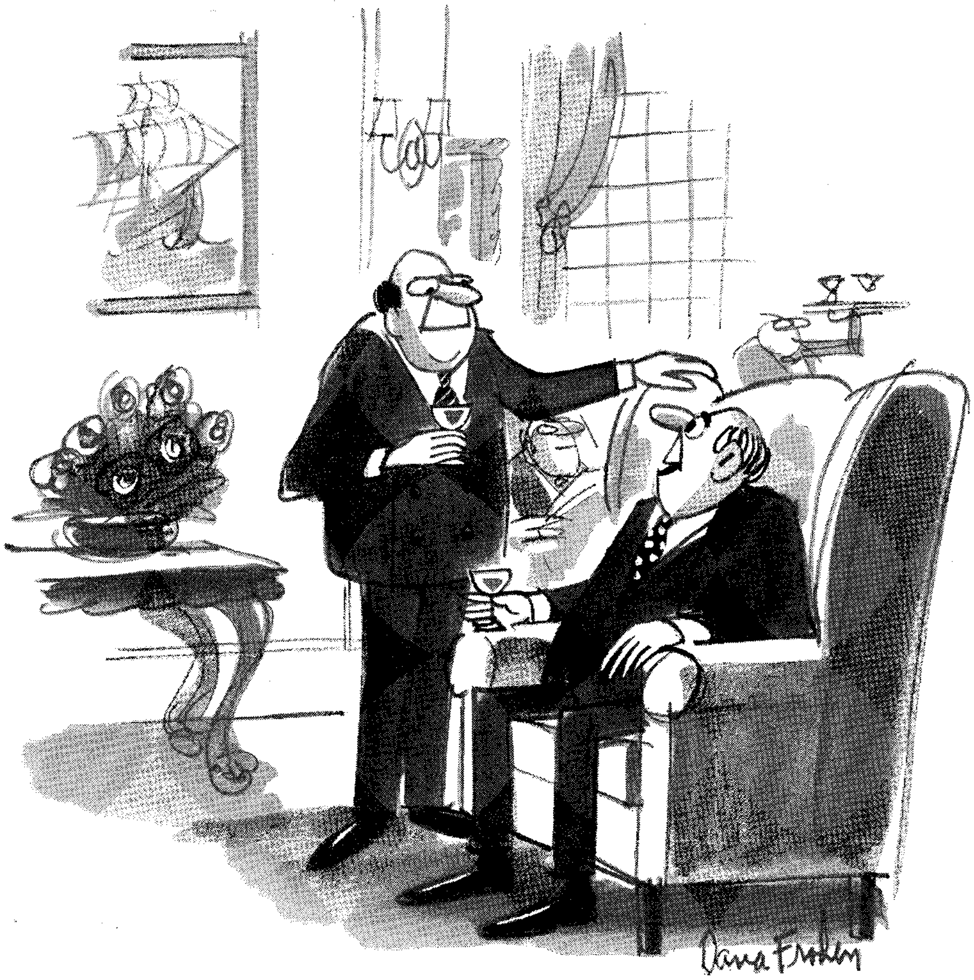
The shrimps came. Arnold ate one. "Good, isn't it?" he said to us.

"You bet!" we said.

"The Vice-President can be a liaison

between the President and the people," he continued. "If I could just be Vice-President for one period of time, this country could be happier than it's been in a hundred years. I think every man in every state would feel his problems were being attended to. The times call not for cosmetic charisma but for cerebral charisma. I've got brains, and I know how to use them. Anyway, I laid my plans. I decided I would address the nation on television. I always thought the airwaves belonged to the people. I found out they belong to the people who run C.B.S., N.B.C., and A.B.C. The networks refused to take my money. They said I wasn't a bona-fide candidate. So I had two choices: I could give up or I could try to find another way. I found another way. I put together what I call my bouillabaisse network—thirty-seven cities all over the country. Some cities, I was on later than I stay up on New Year's Eve. Then I took out full-page ads in the papers in those cities announcing my television address. The ads said, 'STANLEY ARNOLD FOR VICE-PRESIDENT. *Stanley Arnold*?' Since then, I've been out shaking hands in hospitals, housing projects, schools, and shopping centers. I find I do it with great ease. I've addressed women's groups, Democratic Party platform hearings, state conventions, and churches. I gave a sermon at the Liberal Catholic Cathedral Church of St. Thomas the Apostle, in Harlem, and when I finished and brought my hand down on the pulpit everyone stood up and applauded. I'd never given a sermon before in my life. Bishop Roberts said to me, 'I've been here forty years, and I've never heard applause in this church before.' I addressed the Democratic State Convention in Minnesota, and was cheered. I told them, 'Four years ago, Richard Nixon was elected President and said, "Let us lower our voices." When I look at the war, and the unemployment, and all the problems of this country, I know it's time I raised my voice.' I'm picking up delegates. I tell the delegates, 'All I am is a citizen. But that's all you are. It's our country. It's not someone else's. You have the power, as delegates, to nominate. Use that power.' They seem surprised. All I need is fifty delegates from three states to sign a petition and I can have my name placed in nomination before the Convention, and seconded. I know I could strengthen any Democratic ticket—particularly the McGovern ticket. There are two reasons: one, I'm unorthodox, and therefore exciting; two, he needs credibility with the business community, and I could give him that credibility. If I could only address the Convention! William Jennings Bryan went to the 1896 Democratic Convention just as a delegate. That gave him the right to address the Convention. So he gave the Cross of Gold speech. All I need is an audience."

Arnold fished in his coat pocket and came up with a photostat of a letter that Adlai Stevenson wrote him in 1957, which said, "Trust the people." "Good, isn't it?" Arnold said. "I've carried that with me for fifteen years. Do you know what the last four letters in 'American' are? I CAN! I *can* solve my problems. It's really so easy, and they're making it look so hard. That's the real shame of it."



"What are you going to do with your thousand dollars if McGovern gets elected?"

Dayliner

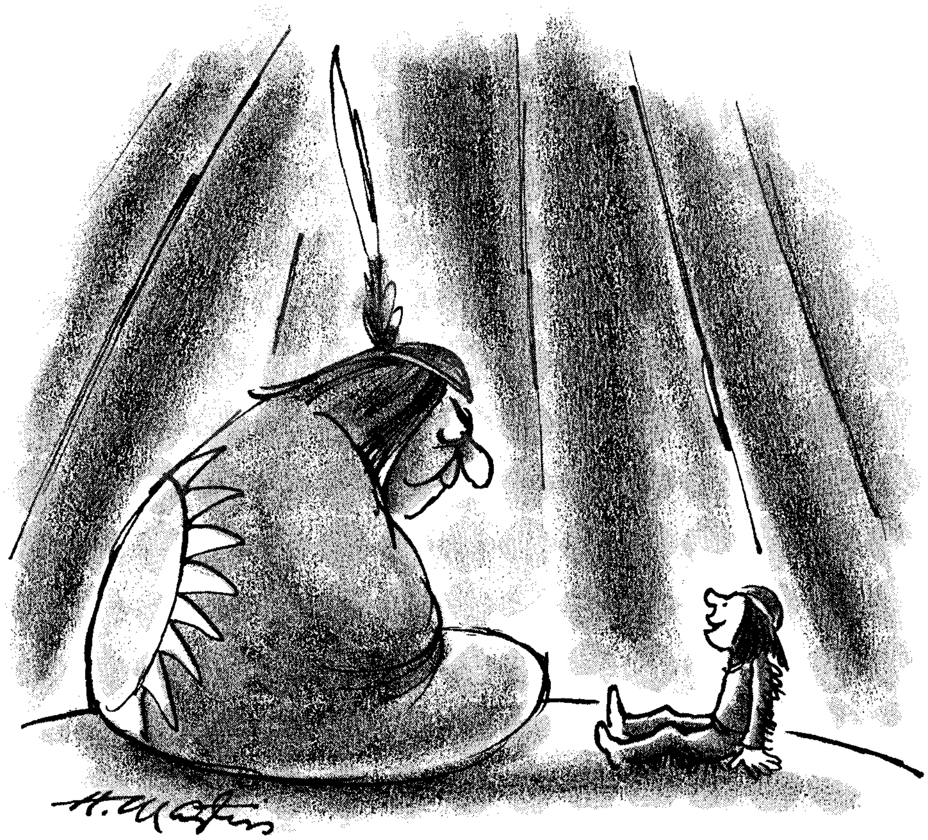
THE Hudson River Day Line has spent three and a half million dollars building a new ship to replace the old sidewheeler called the Alexander Hamilton. Here's how the new ship stacks up against the Hamilton:

Old Ship	New Ship
Name: Alexander Hamilton	Name: Dayliner
Hull: 338.6′ x 77′	Hull: 308′ x 65′
Engine: steam; 3,900 hp.	Engine: 2 diesels; 3,500 hp.
Passenger capacity: 3,250	Passenger capacity: 3,500
Top speed: 23 knots	Top speed: 16 knots
Cost: $852,000	Cost: $3,500,000

We went aboard the new ship some days ago to attend its christening, by Mayor Lindsay. A large crowd of gentlemen in suits and ladies in hats was on hand for the occasion. It was a predominantly Irish crowd, possibly owing to the fact that the head of the Day Line, Francis J. Barry, is an Irish-American. A press representative directed the crowd to the "third floor" of the Dayliner, where there were seats and a podium. Occupying one of the seats was a man who was doing his best to look bent, aged, and curmudgeonly. Could it be? Indeed it was! Our old friend Ernest M. Frimbo, the world's foremost railroad fan.

"What are you doing here?" we asked.

"Once they get this thing christened," said our venerable friend, "they're going to take her downriver as far as the Statue of Liberty, so that the harbor can welcome her. Now,



"Granddaddy, tell me again about how old Chief Red Fox outwitted McGraw-Hill."

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that'll be a maiden voyage, and I've been on only one other maiden voyage in my life. I figured it was time for No. 2."

"Please tell us all," we said.

"It was the maiden voyage of the Washington Irving, the largest ship the Day Line ever owned and the fastest ship on the inland waters of the U.S. Fastest by far. The captain said they never really dared let her out all the way, for fear of swamping small boats."

"When was this?"

"God, I don't know how long ago that was! Sixty years, at least. It was a day just like this—bright and sunny. I was in school at the time, and I was excused for the day, provided that I stand up in front of the class on the next day and report."

"What did you say in your report?"

"My uncle was one of the naval architects who designed the ship, so, naturally, I gave him a plug. I told them what a beautiful ship it was, and described in some detail the Alhambra Writing Room, which had Moorish arches. I outlined the scene, which was one of subdued hilarity, and talked about the crowd, which was very, very bigwig. A grand repast was served in the main dining room, and I'm sure I mentioned every course. The speeches I can't remember. Fortunately, in those days there was no public-address system. Either you had a naturally commanding presence or you didn't talk."

Someone started to clap, and we looked around. There was the Mayor. The ceremonies began. Mr. Barry spoke first. Mr. Barry was wearing a blinding seersucker suit. He thanked us all for taking time out of a busy day to be there, and told us that the Dayliner represented three and a half million dollars of unsubsidized investment in the future of New York. He pointed out that in 1807, when Robert Fulton began regular runs up the Hudson, the fare was four dollars from New York to Poughkeepsie, one way. "Saturday, when the Dayliner makes her first trip to Poughkeepsie, one hundred and sixty-five years later," he went on, "the *round-trip* fare is but one dollar more!"

Mr. Frimbo applauded vigorously.

Mr. Barry then introduced Miss Summer Festival and Frank Hogan, the District Attorney. They got up and bowed. Then the Mayor spoke. He saluted the captain of the Dayliner, the other distinguished officers, and the crew, and the ship itself, which he called "this great vessel" and "such an exciting ship." He also had a good word for summer, referring to it as "the great summer season." The Mayor noted that tourism is now the No. 2 industry in New York, and said he was happy to announce that the Alexander Hamilton had just become a permanent exhibit at the South Street Seaport and thus would not be lost to the city and its visitors. He called the Hamilton "a fine old sternwheeler."

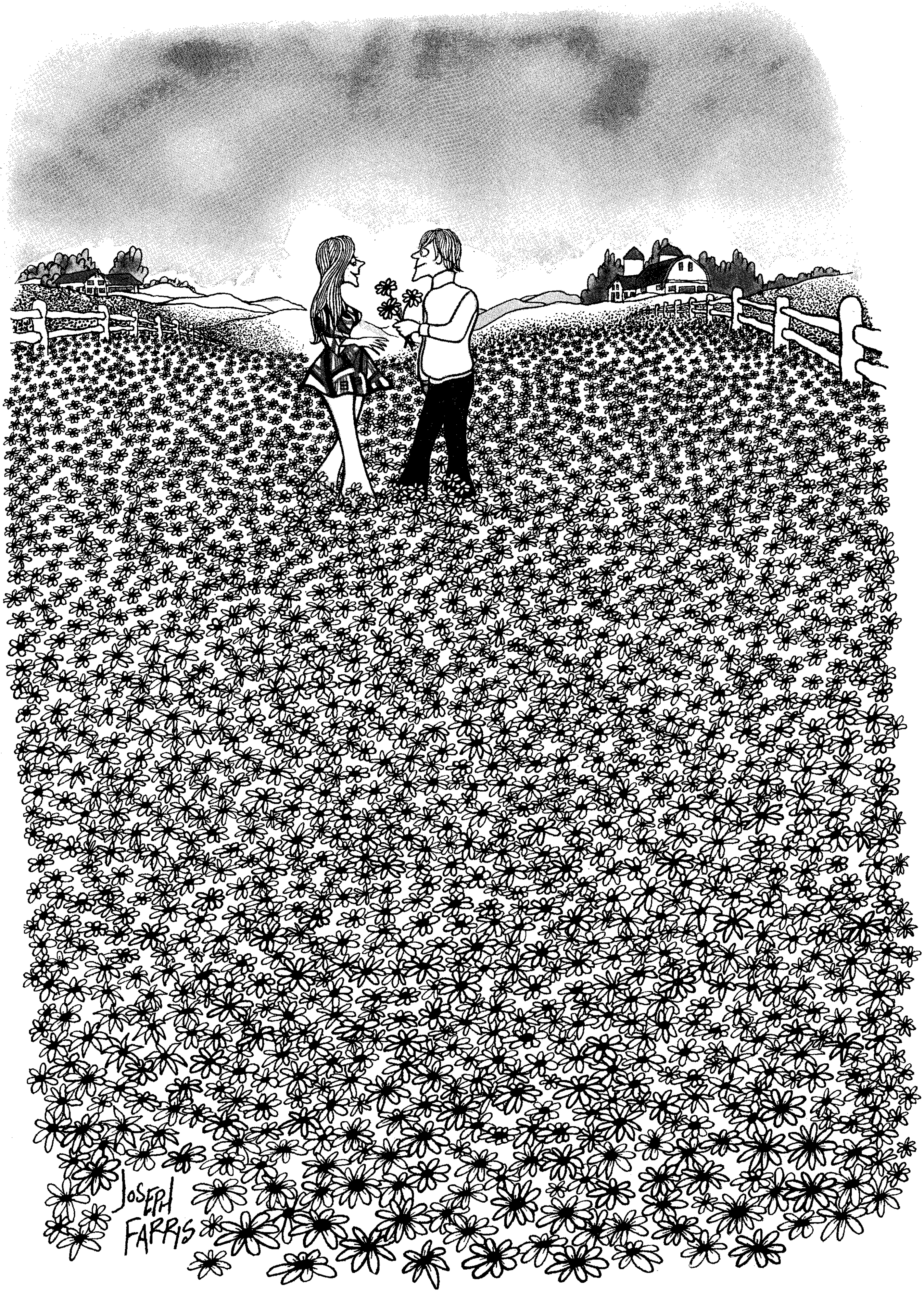
"Oops!" said Mr. Frimbo, and he suggested that we tour the new vessel. We abandoned the ceremonies just as the Mayor smashed a bottle of champagne on a rail, drenching Miss Summer Festival.

The Dayliner has four decks, a restaurant, three snack bars, and several washrooms. We inspected all these installations. "Damn it, this is bleak!" said Mr. Frimbo. "There's not enough headroom anywhere, and look at the decks! They're just steel plates coated with fire-resistant paint and anti-skid paint. Think of the noise when there's a full load on board!"

Our friend also took exception to the Dayliner's two stacks, which emerge from the aft portion of the top deck. "Diesel fumes will coat everyone not hanging over the bow, and how do you tell where the bow is on a vessel like this?" he said darkly.

Just about then, the Dayliner began to back out into the Hudson. After a few minutes, Mr. Frimbo brightened up. "Good heavens!" he said to us. "You're on a maiden voyage, Buster!"

A tug called the Huntington saluted the Dayliner with three hoarse toots. The Dayliner returned the salute. Other boats added their welcoming cries. A pilot boat with a tenor voice hooted at us, and a Circle Line boat called Miss Circle Line gave a contralto greeting. Another tug, the Steven McAllister, emitted three extremely hoarse but friendly cries. As we passed the Stevens Institute, in Hoboken, we could see a crowd of undergraduates on the parapet of the old Stevens castle waving at us, and, down by the Statue of Liberty, Fire Boat No. 1 sprayed plumes of water from all its nozzles in the traditional greeting. Mr. Frimbo pointed out the oldest sign in the harbor—a large one in Jersey City, with a clock, that says "COLGATE'S SOAPS PERFUMES." It is almost fifty years old. "You know, it's really remarkable that this ship ever got built at all," Mr. Frimbo said. "Cruising inland waterways by public transport is practically at an end in this country, and the advent of the Dayliner at least assures that it is not altogether at an end. 'Tolerable' is the best that I can say, but I will say it: 'Tolerable.' "


JOSEPH FARRIS

"*How sweet of you!*"

IN THE SUMMERHOUSE

THE air-conditioning in the train was up too high. Mrs. Ganley got a headache the minute she stepped into the car, and her daughter Angela broke out in gooseflesh. Halfway down the aisle, they found a seat together, and Mrs. Ganley stepped back to let Angela slide in next to the window, as though Angela were a child and not a grown woman, twenty-three years old, but Angela didn't raise any objections, especially since there was no great advantage in sitting by this window. The glass had been hit—probably by a rock thrown on a dark evening by some poverty-stricken child at the lucky commuters passing over the city slums on their way to the beautiful suburbs this train was riding through now. The rock had left a mark like a bullet hole, with a sunburst of icy cracks that gave Angela the feeling that the freezing inside of the train and the ninety-degree weather outside were one and the same sensation. Like chills and fever, she thought, and rubbed her arms.

Mrs. Ganley said, "We should have brought sweaters."

"It's only a few minutes' ride." People said Angela was the picture of her mother as a young woman, and you could see the truth of that very clearly at the moment. Unhappiness can give faces a kind of intangible likeness, and unhappiness only had to bring out in their two faces what already belonged there—the real likeness that, year by year, their difference in age tended more and more to misrepresent. Unhappiness also seemed to suit their looks. Brown eyes, wide mouth, high forehead—features like these can gain from trouble, the way a dark mood will sometimes seem dramatic on a dark day. And Mrs. Ganley and Angela were both serious-minded to begin with, though Mrs. Ganley didn't know she was, and Angela did, which made her less so and her mother more. This was the basic difference between them. It was very basic.

Mrs. Ganley said, "It's always best to be on the safe side."

How hard, thought Angela, how little comfort it must be to produce a replica of yourself and have that replica turn out to be yourself plus something you couldn't make head nor tail of. "Don't worry, I won't catch cold," she said. "I never catch cold the ways you're supposed to."

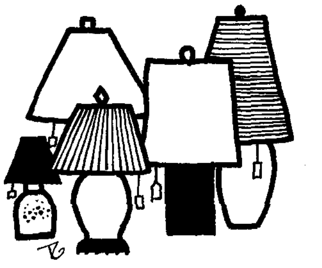
"You're not supposed to catch cold at all."

No comfort whatsoever. Angela turned to the window. It was a perfect summer Sunday afternoon. The sky was cloudless, the air clear, the heat dry; the trees and hedges around the substantial Westchester County houses were as full and heavy and still as if they'd been painted, and the effect of the cracked window was to take the classical scene and make it modern, an abstract—the work, thought Angela, of a man who'd had his dream of happiness all of a sudden turn to unmitigated and perfectly coherent sorrow. Strange, how for some people life could be shattered and still hold its shape, and for others, when things went, they went completely to pieces.

"Mamaroneck Station next," the conductor called, and Angela's brain reeled off a little piece of nonsense her father had made up for her and her older sister when they were children:

Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocketful of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie;
When the pie was opened,
The birds began to cry,
"Larchmont, Mamaroneck,
Harrison, and Rye!"

People had always said he was like a brother to them, as if that were some special dispensation they'd been granted, when what it proved to be was a deprivation. They'd missed out on whatever it was fathers were supposed to give or at least be able to give. What was that—protection? Some particular kind of concern? Some special attentiveness? The benefit of their experience, anyway. But it seemed to Angela that whatever had happened in her father's life left no benefits behind—not even for himself, much less anyone else. What about love?



Mrs. Ganley said, "I wish you'd worn your pink linen."

Angela had on a short, plain blue-and-white striped dress, something she wore to work when she had no place to go afterward. "This is more comfortable," she said.

"But you always look so well set up in your pink linen."

Love. If you could say that love was play, then you could say her father loved his daughters, but Angela didn't think love was play. She'd recently been in love, unsuccessfully and on a scale that made what she'd always thought of as love seem like a toy model. Peter Jackman had turned her away—permanently, she was afraid—from the types she was used to having take her out. He'd taken her to his studio. He was a painter who'd applied for a grant to the foundation where Angela worked, and got not the money but her, though he didn't want her for long. When her mind and her heart stopped reeling, she realized she'd made a vital discovery. Love was a discipline. It involved skill and hard work and endurance, and also a certain sense of style. On the other hand, love was well known to be a gamble, and her father was a gambler—the conventional kind. He gambled with money. Gambling had put him where he was now, in a sanitarium. He'd overreached himself and had a nervous breakdown. Money and love and happiness, thought Angela. They were related in a way you couldn't afford to dismiss, no matter how rich or how high-minded you were.

"It always helps to look your best."

"For a visit to a mental hospital?"

Mrs. Ganley looked baffled and hurt. "There as well as anywhere."

Angela said, "I'm sorry." Sorry for her smart remark, sorry for herself, but in a way sorrier for her mother, for her mother couldn't help seeing herself as the heroine of this situation or, for that matter, of any situation she happened to find herself in. But it was her nature to do that. It was how she got through things or got over them, by living and looking the part. Maybe that was as good a way as any, as good a way as her own, thought Angela, who went through everything analyzing. This, for example—her father's breakdown. Sometimes she felt as if it had been begun, maybe even settled, long before she was born. Other times, most of the time, it seemed to her she'd had some part in it, not a crucial part but not a negligible one either. She'd tried to tell him something of the sort, but it was the wrong thing to say. It only made him feel worse, and furthermore he didn't know what she meant. It turned out he wasn't thin-skinned at all. Whereas her mother was as sensitive as a very young child. Sitting beside her now was like sitting beside a pure mass of hurt feelings. Angela said, "I didn't mean to snap at you."

Mrs. Ganley could brood for days over some trifle, but under the present circumstances that was out of the question. "Never mind," she said in a way that meant, We're in this together.

As far as Angela was concerned, they were in it separately, though they'd been literally together in the

INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE
DEPT. OF THE TREASURY
J. Mirachi

"Mind if I show your deductions to the other fellows in the office? We like to share our laughs."

• •

apartment that Saturday afternoon, two weeks before, when Mrs. Ganley found the letter under the door. While her mother was reading it, Angela was reading her mother's face, the face of someone who was perfectly composed simply because she was so completely at a loss—unlike Angela, who didn't even need to be told, "Your father's done *something* awful." Her mind had already begun ticking off the possibilities. Had he stolen something? Had he killed himself? She'd come pretty close. Someone else's money was involved, and he'd hinted at suicide:

> Dear Florence and Angela,
> Nothing in my life has ever been as hard as this, but things have got beyond me and I don't know what else to do except leave you in peace. I myself am going to try and get into a retreat house and see if I can figure some way out of what's happened, but frankly life doesn't seem worth living at this point and I don't know if I can go on. I'm at my wit's end, but believe me, whatever I do, all I want is for the two of you to be happy.
> Your devoted husband and father,

Such awful soap-opera stuff, as terrible and sad a collection of clichés as you'd find in the worst dime novel—and probably every word of it from the heart. Then, to top it off, he'd enclosed the dunning letters from the loan companies.

The train slowed down and pulled into Mamaroneck. Children in shorts began to race along the station platform, trying to get the first glimpse of their Sunday guests—the grandmothers, the aunts, the friends from the city come for a swim at one of the clubs. Mrs. Ganley leaned forward in her seat. "Look at that little fellow," she said.

Angela turned away from the window instead and watched what was, in the first place, more interesting to her and, in the second place, less at odds with her state of mind—the two new passengers who were coming up the aisle. One was a woman carrying a shopping bag and wearing a print housedress and a black straw hat—a cleaning woman. The other passenger, a man in a sports shirt and slacks, showed the conductor a pass. Some kind of railroad employee, thought Angela, an engineer of some kind, not a conductor off duty. He hadn't the perfectly steady eyes and hands of the man who checked his pass. Railroad conductors reminded her of doctors, priests, waiters, bank officers, carpenters—all the various orders, high and low, of people who inspired your confidence.

The train slowly started off again. Mrs. Ganley sighed. "When I think of our car!"

"I wish you wouldn't." Neither of them drove, but Angela had been taking lessons and just failed her driving test.

"Promise me you'll take that test again as soon as you can."

"I will." But Angela wasn't so sure. She had a recurrent dream where she crashed a car into a wall and killed three or four people who'd been standing there, and though it was stupid to take dreams literally, that one had been at the back of her mind whenever she got into the car for a lesson, except the few times her father took her out. He was a good teacher, much more competent than the instructor from the school, but looking back on it Angela was appalled at the state of nerves he must have been in. The trouble was well along by then. He'd been way over his head in debt, close to the breaking point. Then he broke, like a piece of electrical equipment that suddenly lets off a sput and a shower of sparks and gives out.

"I never want to see you in the position I'm in now," said Mrs. Ganley, "dependent on someone who's not dependable."

"I won't be." Dependent on anyone at all, Angela said to herself.

"Do you still think Marilyn shouldn't be told?"

Angela let herself picture the brick house outside Boston where her sister lived. It was a row house, the kind that was a couple's first house, and Marilyn and her husband had just bought it; they'd just had their second baby. When anyone asked Angela about her family, Marilyn's family was what she talked about. Because it was absolutely necessary to her not to jeopardize them, even in her mind, she set the image aside and said, "There isn't any reason for Marilyn to know."

"If I were in her place, I'd want to."

"She has enough on her mind. Besides, there's nothing she can do."

"But this way it's all on your back."

Angela saw herself doubled over under something cold, black, slimy, shapeless, *half* plant, *half* animal. She shivered.

Mrs. Ganley said, "You're catching cold already."

"No, I'm not. Stop worrying."

But to Mrs. Ganley, worry and love

were inseparable, and what was really bothering her was the feeling of obligation. "When I think of what you've been through and what you've done for me—who else could I have gone to and got three thousand dollars overnight?"

Week after week, Angela saw huge sums being given away at the foundation. At first she'd thought that was what made it easy for her to give up the money she was saving to go and live in Europe on. Then it occurred to her that maybe she was her father's daughter, with no more sense of money than he had. It terrified her to think that, but the real explanation when she hit on it had made her laugh—it was so obvious. She'd given up her savings easily because there'd been no choice. The dream of travelling vanished, and with it went the dream's responsibility, the obligation to be happy. Now, riding through the beautiful summer afternoon, she felt as free as she might have in Paris or in the Greek islands. It seemed to her you could stay this way forever, and that it wasn't the worst way to be—relieved of a dream and delivered, or in the process of being delivered, from a nightmare.

They were slowing down again. The conductor called "Station Harrison," and Mrs. Ganley got up and stepped out into the aisle. Angela went on ahead, and when they pulled into the station she was the first passenger off, the first one to get a taxi, but she and her mother could have walked the distance to the hospital. They'd hardly settled themselves in the cab when it was drawing up to the gates of an enormous white frame mansion—the old-fashioned, expensive piece of property that outlived its private usefulness, had to be unloaded, and was turned over to this good cause. This appropriate cause? Why not? After all, what house was safe? Or couldn't suddenly turn out to be some sort of madhouse?

Mrs. Ganley said, "I don't understand it, Dr. Laszlo," and sat back on a sofa at the far end of the lounge where he'd brought her and Angela. It had once been two rooms, and a strip of metal, the track of sliding doors, still made a dividing line across the middle of the floor. Behind this half—what had been the back parlor—was a glass porch, but the porches around the rest of the house were all open, surrounded by cut-leaved maple trees that made a thick but ragged curtain of shade. Trees were something that gave Mrs. Ganley tremendous inspiration. The first buds and then the forsythia and the first dogwood blossoms in spring, all the colors of the leaves in autumn, even bare branches outlined against a winter sky—like the poor twisted limbs of her brother Frank, who was crippled with arthritis—usually made her feel as if her heart would burst, but today so much sheer natural beauty had overwhelmed her. Or maybe it was having just come in out of the heat. She shook her head a little woozily. "I simply don't understand," she said.

"Mental illness is a very hard thing to come to grips with, especially when you come to grips with it for the first time."

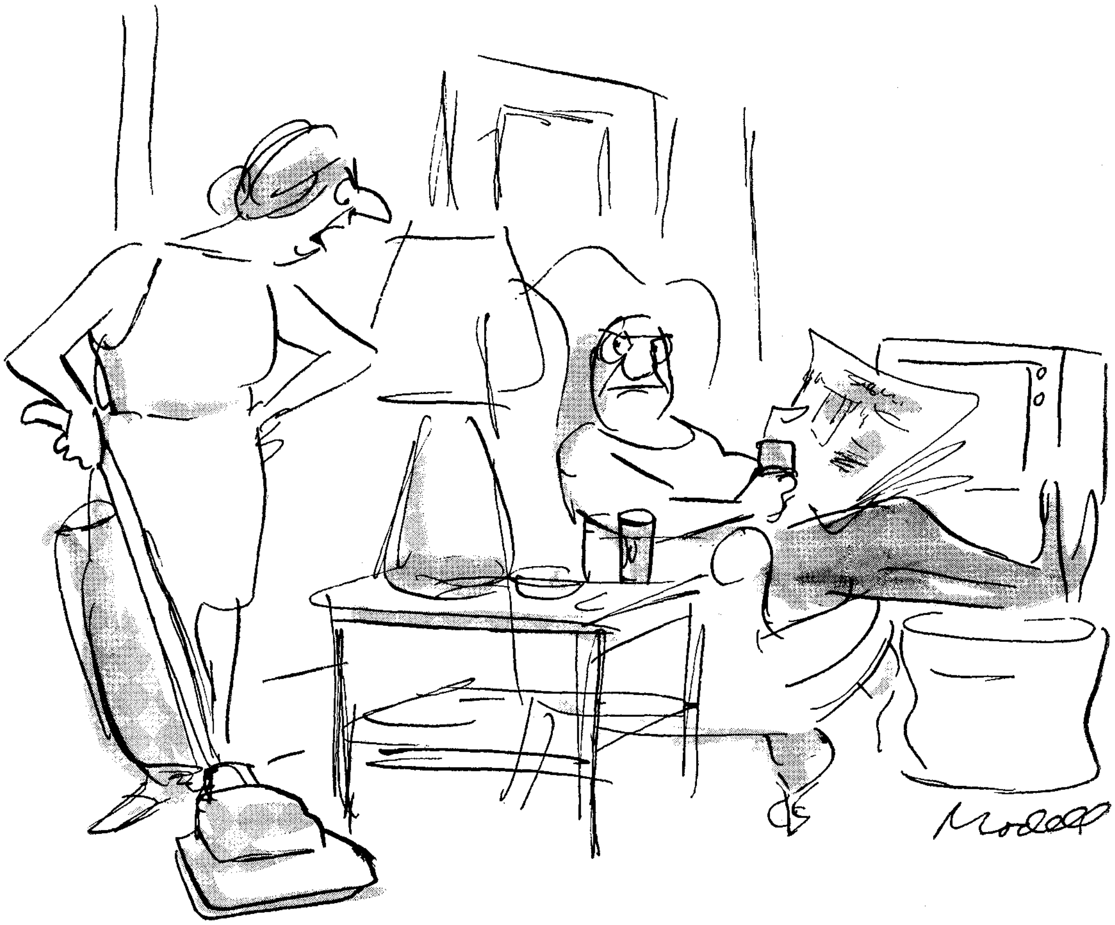
Visiting hours were under way, but because of the fine weather most of the visiting was going on outdoors. They had the room to themselves and, looking around at how beautifully it was decorated, Mrs. Ganley couldn't help thinking out loud. "I'm sure anyone could recover himself in an atmosphere like this."

"We got the place lock, stock, and barrel," said the doctor.

Mrs. Ganley patted the fat, blue silk arm of the sofa. "The taste is exquisite," she said. When she was younger, she'd hoped to have a home of her own—nothing like this, of course, just a comfortable house on a nice street, a little piece of the earth where she could reign supreme. She was a homemaker. She loved the things that belonged to her and she loved looking after them—not that there wasn't plenty to keep you busy in a four-room apartment, but it wasn't the same as looking after your own place. Still, she'd have been contented, given the chance. "I've been a good wife, Doctor," she said. "I did all I could to make everybody happy. I don't know what to make of this."

"Sometimes terrible things just happen in life."

He spoke so calmly, it might have been the weather they were discussing. Mrs. Ganley had the urge to ask what nationality he was. She couldn't tell from his name or from his appearance. He was tall, gray-haired, handsome, athletic-looking, above all businesslike,



"I just wish Arthur Levitt would drop in here sometime. I'd show him manpower under-utilization."

and she wondered whether that was the effect of his stiffly starched white medical coat or whether something in his background or temperament made him seem like such a cold person. She wondered, too, what his life was like—what kind of woman he was married to, where they lived, whether they had children. She imagined it all to be perfect and she felt that she must seem a pitiable figure in his eyes, but she wasn't pitiable. She was merely someone who'd been put in a pitiable position. There was a world of difference between the two, and she wanted to be sure that difference came out. You're taken at your own valuation, she said to herself, wishing again that Angela, who was sitting beside her on the sofa, had worn her pink linen dress. She also wished Angela would sit up straight. She squared her own shoulders and said, "I'm sorry, but it's a complete mystery to me."

"Take war, take poverty. Who can explain them?"

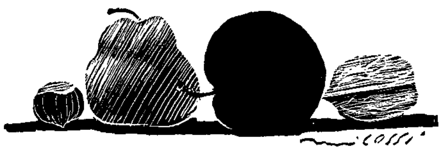
That was the philosophical approach. Mrs. Ganley recognized the value of it, but what she looked for in people was sympathy. She wanted to tell someone all the things that had happened to her over the years and to have the person agree that her life had been hard, and then she would say yes but that everyone had something. The Doctor had given her an opening. "Three of my brothers served in the Second World War," she said. "My brother Jack was killed in the Caroline Islands. As for poverty—we were ten children. My father was a fireman. I know what it is to have to do without things."

There was no change whatever in his face or manner. He simply opened a manila folder he'd been holding on his lap and said, "We asked Mr. Ganley to write down the story of how he saw his life. That might throw some light on the situation for you."

Could a psychiatrist be someone who had to avoid sympathy altogether? In that case it might be impossible to win this man over; but Mrs. Ganley could no more not try than she could try not to want to. She said, "The story of Mr. Ganley's life is an old story to me, Doctor."

No spark of interest, no flicker of feeling. "Then let me just give you a summary. He divides it into three parts. The first part, his childhood, he said was the happiest time. He said his family was very close. He also said they were well off."

"Comfortable," said Mrs. Ganley, "but not really well off. Mr. Ganley senior was one of those clever Irishmen who made some money in real estate. As for close, I'd say the Ganleys were no closer than most families, certainly no closer than my own." But that was putting it too mildly. As far as closeness or anything else went, the difference between the Ganleys and the Laceys was day and night. Thinking back on that and on all the trouble it had caused—the family parties that ended in bad feeling, the accumulated bad feeling that eventually amounted to a feud—Mrs. Ganley thought it essential to add, "As a matter of fact, the Ganleys were rather quarrelsome people, especially the girls."



"Aren't sisters often?"

"Not my sisters and I."

"That's unusual."

"My two sisters entered the convent."

The Doctor's face became almost boyishly alert. He might have been a ten-year-old who'd just hit on something he could dash into wholeheartedly, and so it came as a surprise and a disappointment to Mrs. Ganley when he went off on a slight tangent, and the tangent he took was a source of embarrassment to her. "How do you and your husband's sisters get along?"

"We haven't met for years."

"Do they live too far?"

COLLAGE

I have made
a gray fish
still on a slope
of fine sand

his white lips
frame and close
a black hole
on and off like
a neon sign

when his fins flutter
a puff of sand
supports him
and settles again:

this is an event.

I have made
a white bird
a gull
whose yacht hull
slides across
a surface
I cannot see

his mind is gathered
between wingtip
and wingtip following
his lost eyes:

I leave him there.

I do not collect
time:
bird and fish
will be still
until I return:

God is on my side.

I travel
to meet a man
with light hair
and a photograph

I plan
a loved woman
by his side
and skip between

I hear breathing
along cool lanes

one child held
in the high note
of a known song:

this is history.

I am afraid
of the way
these pictures
dry:

I am tired
of creation.

I have no time
for the fish
to flash from
rock and sand

for the bird
to be unleashed
from wingtip
and wingtip

the child must
remain between
that woman and
that man sung
in a high note.

Living
I make this
perpetually
to be alive

it is
an uncomfortable way
to make a living.

—Edwin Brock

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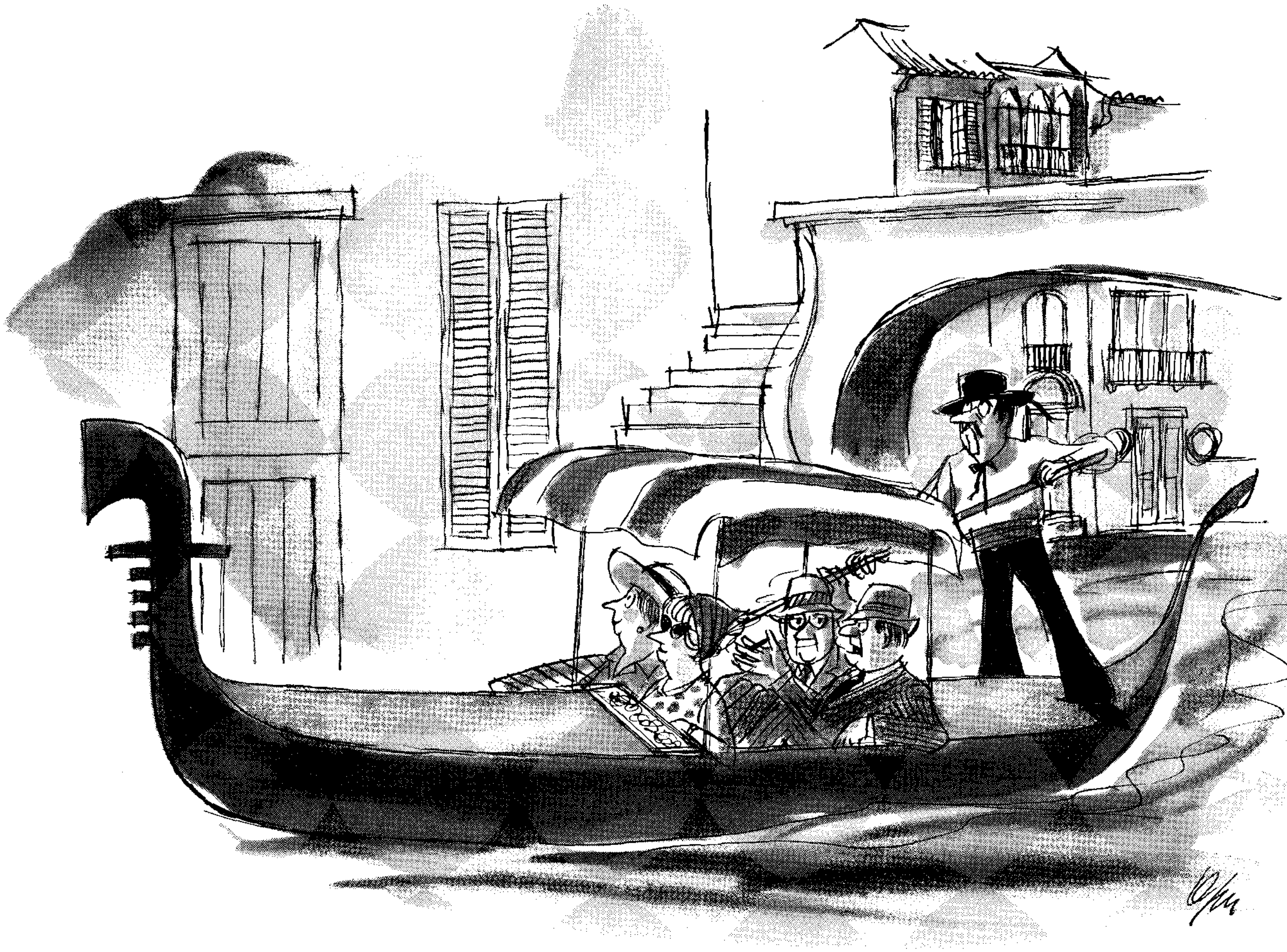


"There'd be nothing to it. Put in a computerized guidance system, put in a motor, get rid of the guy with the oar, and you're in business."

• •

"No, Doctor, they live in New York."

"Then what keeps you from getting together?"

"It's a long story."

"Tell me."

But, of course, it wasn't a long story. It was simply, for Mrs. Ganley, horrifying. "About fifteen years ago, Mr. Ganley went into business with Molly Ganley's husband, Dan Coogan. He was in the restaurant business, Doctor. Six months after he took Robert in, Molly Coogan called me one day and said, 'Well, I guess you got yourself a mink with the bonus Dan gave Bob.' I said, 'Bonus?' That was the first I heard of it. Then it came out that Robert had been juggling the restaurant receipts. Dan Coogan was out some four thousand dollars, and somehow or other I found myself called on the carpet." Called on the carpet was the way she felt now. But why? What had she done? What had she ever done except take people at their word?

"Why were you called on the carpet?" the Doctor asked.

"For not being a good wife."

"Who said that—Mr. Ganley?"

"No, his sisters. They resented the fact that I considered my husband and my children more important than going around to cocktail parties and spending the afternoon playing cards."

"I see," the Doctor said mildly. "What about your family? How does your husband get on with them?"

Mrs. Ganley felt good solid ground under her feet. "We accepted him as one of us," she said. "As a matter of fact we lived with my parents for our first ten years."

"Mr. Ganley mentioned that."

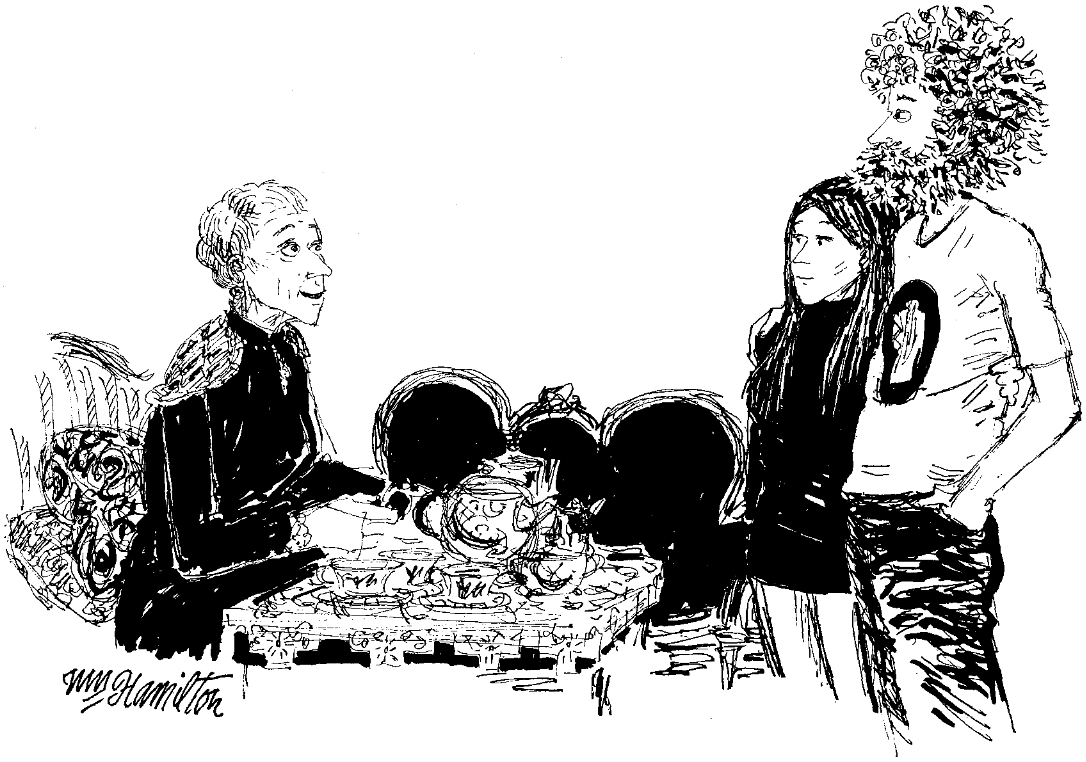
"Oh?" What else had Mr. Ganley mentioned? Mrs. Ganley was beginning to be sorry she hadn't listened to the story of his life. It might have given her a better idea of where she stood with this poker-faced man she was talking to. Maybe it wasn't too late. She said, "I don't know what my husband may have told you about my family, Doctor."

"Nothing, except that you lived with them at first and that those years were happy. But that's the third part of his life. His school and college years were the second part, and he says those were happy years, too. He says he loved sports."

"I love sports myself. Years ago, Robert and I often used to take the children to a football game, didn't we, Angela?" Mrs. Ganley was hoping to bring Angela into the conversation, and then Angela went and let her down—sat there looking as if that simple question were a conundrum it might take her the rest of the afternoon to solve, and naturally the Doctor didn't give her more than a few seconds.

"Mr. Ganley divides the third part of his life, his married life, into two further parts. According to him the first ten years were happy—I mentioned that. Then he said there was trouble, but he doesn't say what caused the trouble."

Several things came to Mrs. Ganley's mind at once. There was the time a man turned up asking to see the apartment so he could make an appraisal of all their furniture—Robert had put it down as collateral on a loan. Then there was the time a policeman appeared at the door at six o'clock at night, as if they were common criminals. It seemed their old green Chevrolet had been found abandoned nearby; it was right after they'd bought the



"I would imagine living with Adele makes you her beau?"

• •

Dodge, and Robert had told her the Chevy was in such terrible condition that the dealer wouldn't even take it for scrap, and he'd unloaded it on a junkman. He even gave her a few dollars he said he got for it, but it was money he'd won at the race track. The worst time of all was the time she was in the hospital with peritonitis, tubes stuck up her nose and into her arms, and the first day Bob Ganley came to see her he had to ask her for his carfare home. Only a heart of stone could fail to be moved by a story like that, but Mrs. Ganley was afraid that a heart of stone was what she was dealing with. She was also afraid that whatever she started out on might be cut short before she got to the point, and the point could be stated very simply. "Money. My husband grew up thinking he was a rich man's son, Doctor, and to this day that's what he thinks."

"Which reminds me, I wanted to warn you—this morning I found him ordering a box of cigars to be put on his bill, and I asked him if he didn't think that was extravagant, but he said it was only pennies for his family."

"Pennies! Why," said Mrs. Ganley, "if it weren't for Angela—"

Angela said, "Mother!"

And for the first time the Doctor smiled. It changed his appearance completely, gave him an almost painfully inward look, a look that had something sightless about it. He might have been a blind man with little to go on except trust and intuition—no years of training, no years of experience, just his own flashes of insight. "Angela looks like her mother," he said.

"Angela," said Mrs. Ganley, "is the greatest comfort a mother could have. She's a tower of strength, Doctor, she's a treasure. She's my greatest consolation."

He laughed. "You sound like a *real* angel, Angela. But you look like you're a nice girl anyway."

"Nice!" Tears came to Mrs. Ganley's eyes—tears of relief. At last she felt she might be getting across. "I hope you'll forgive me," she said, "but I never heard the name Laszlo before and I've been wondering, is it by any chance German?"

"Hungarian. This early trouble in your marriage—tell me specifically what caused it, Mrs. Ganley."

If he'd asked her to mind her own business, she couldn't have been more crushed. She swallowed her tears, but in fact she was as close to breaking down entirely as she'd been since the trouble started. She could have cried real and terrible tears, the tears of a lifetime, tears of constant setbacks and of constantly having to keep going, tears of betrayal, of misunderstanding, of confusion, tears of never finding any peace, never having any security. But instead of crying she straightened her shoulders again and said, "The trouble with Robert Ganley, Doctor, is always money." The facts could speak for themselves, but Mrs. Ganley wished she weren't having to give out her facts in this piecemeal fashion. She wished the Doctor would spend a little time discussing them with her. She'd come here ready to be taken into his confidence, but instead she had the feeling almost of being taken for a ride. She knew that feeling well. "It was just after the Depression," she said. "Old Mr. Ganley lost everything but a couple of apartment houses and some funds he'd put in trust for his wife. Then he died suddenly of a heart attack, and Robert took over the apartments, but they were a losing proposition. He went into the estate funds, and the next thing you know everything was gone."

The Doctor closed his manila folder. "Money," he said. "That seems to be the big problem, all right."

Agreement turned out to be the last thing in the world Mrs. Ganley expected. It also turned out to be the last thing in the world she wanted. What she wanted was hope, at least a glimmer of it. "Can you tell me what progress there's been so far?"

"The shock treatments have removed the pressure from his mind. Ordinarily, the next step would be psychotherapy, to get him to understand what happened, but yesterday I had my first interview with him, and when I brought up the subject of these debts he said he didn't think they were any of my affair."

"I have the accounts right here." Mrs. Ganley reached for her handbag, but she didn't even get it open.

"I'm afraid it wouldn't do any good for you to show them to me. He has to come up with the explanation himself."

"And if he won't?"

"I can't give you any promises."

"You don't mean this might happen again."

"Who can say?"

Mrs. Ganley had trouble breathing and put her hand to the collar of her dress.

"Who can say there'll be no more war, no more hunger?"

War, hunger, poverty—in the last few minutes this personal tragedy had taken on the proportions of the worst disaster imaginable, for what could be more devastating than the horrors of your own life repeating themselves? Mrs. Ganley would never have dreamed such a thing could happen to her. It was all a revelation, except that it revealed nothing. It was incomprehensible to her that she who'd had the highest ideals, and worked so hard to fulfill her ideals, should suddenly find that they counted for absolutely nothing. "I don't understand it, Doctor," she said. "I simply don't understand it."

MR. GANLEY was a man of average build, but he carried himself with a stoop that made him seem frail. In terms of sheer physical endurance nothing could have been less true. Hardly ever in his fifty-six years had he been confined to bed, and he'd never been seriously sick, never disabled in any way. It was an old grievance of his that he'd paid health-insurance premiums all his life without ever having got the slightest use out of them. And his health insurance was of no use now; there was no coverage for mental illness. But Mr. Ganley wasn't aware of that, wasn't concerned with the cost of his stay in the hospital. His chief concern was to get away from the place as soon as he could, though that wasn't uppermost in his mind as he came out the front door. What he wanted at the moment was to find his family. The Doctor had told him they were outside, but they weren't on any of the porches. They weren't on any of the benches on the front lawn. He went down the steps and around to the side of the house where the grounds opened out and where there were a great many more benches, but also a great many more people. He was beginning to feel conspicuous, and he hated that. He liked to blend in with everybody else, and yet people who were like everybody else tended to get on his nerves. That was what depressed him most about the hospital—the sameness, the regimentation of the staff and the submissiveness of the patients. It struck him more than ever now as he looked out over the lawn—the scene was so lifeless. Then someone stood up and waved from the white gingerbread summerhouse just a few yards away. It was Angela. Never had he ever been so glad to see someone, both of them. They both looked good, they both looked nice. It felt like years since he'd laid eyes on them. He was in such a rush that he tripped on the top step of the summerhouse and landed in Angela's arms.

"I never thought you'd give me a tumble," she said.

It was something Mr. Ganley could never get over—that this girl who was the living image of the girl he'd married should always be coming out with things he might have come out with himself. He didn't know what to make of it. It was nothing he claimed or wanted to claim, and if the truth were known it threw him off. All he could do now was give her a rough hug and a rough kiss. When he kissed his wife, he felt her stiffen, but he didn't care. He was happy to see her anyway. He was proud of her, and always had been. She had an air about her, an air of quality, an air of substance. She was a woman with great strength—not as great as it seemed at first, though. She had no strength to spare. But she had plenty of style. "You look like a million," he said. "Sit down. I'm glad you picked a good spot." There was more than enough room in the summerhouse, but no one except the Ganleys had taken advantage of it. "And we've got the place to ourselves." Mr. Ganley was delighted. He felt as if he'd arranged things this way, though he couldn't have if he'd tried. He was no arranger. Things fell apart when he tried to take over. He knew that. He admitted it. But this time everything had turned out right, and it seemed to have something to do with him, and he was happy. "Well," he said, "what's new?"

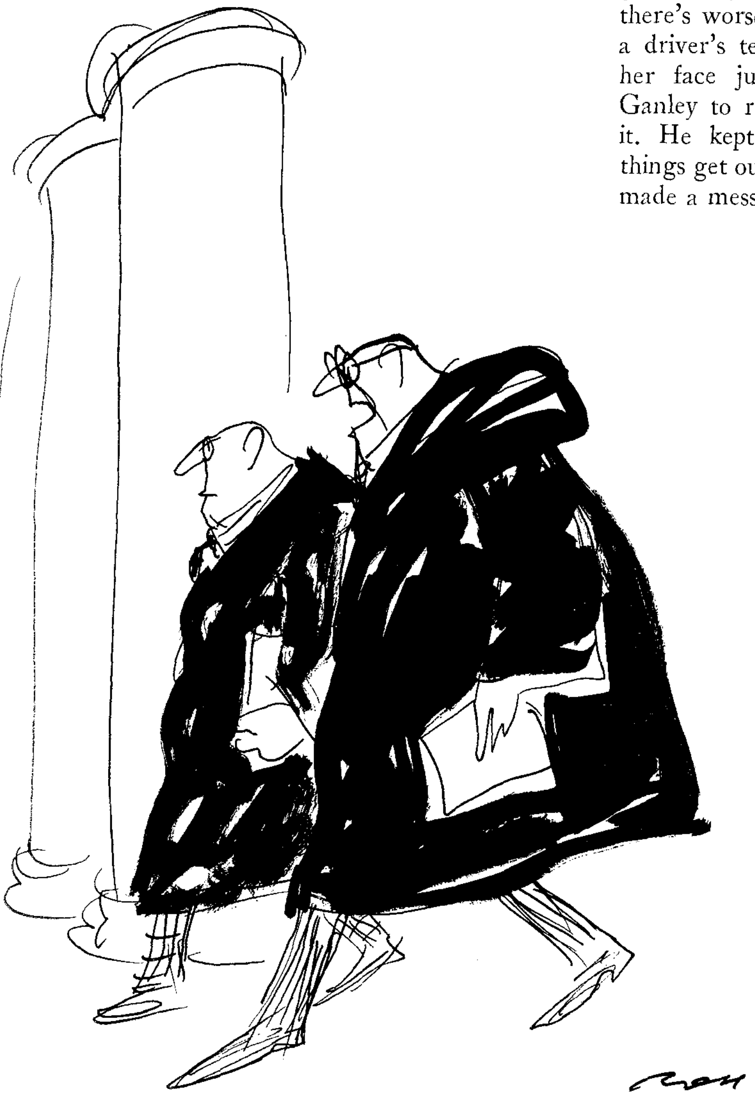
Angela said, "I failed my driver's test."

"Everybody fails the first time. I'll take you out on the road again. We'll get you up to the mark. Don't worry, there's worse things in life than failing a driver's test." Confusion showed in her face just long enough for Mr. Ganley to realize he'd put his foot in it. He kept forgetting that he'd let things get out of hand, lost his grip and made a mess of everything, but in spite of that he was optimistic. He felt that whatever had gone wrong could be straightened out again if only they'd all keep their spirits up and if he could only get away from here. "What else is new?" he asked.

"Nothing," Mrs. Ganley said. "How are you feeling, Robert?"

"Fine. I'm getting plenty of rest. The food's not bad. They keep you busy enough." If he'd thought about it he wouldn't have said that, but he wasn't thinking. He was in too hopeful a frame of mind. He drew back the coat of his gray summer suit, put a hand to his belt, and said, "What do you think of this?"

The belt was made of cheap tan leather links with a brass buckle, but from the look on Mrs. Ganley's face it could have been alligator and solid gold. She said, "You



"The way I see it, when you start tempering justice with mercy you've had it!"

had a perfectly good belt when you came here, Robert. Why in heaven's name did you buy another?"

"I didn't buy it, I made it." Mr. Ganley let his coat fall closed again. Money. To him it meant no more than the good weather—sometimes you had it, sometimes you didn't. He couldn't understand how for some people, for his wife, money was everything, though she'd have denied that. She thought of herself as a spiritual woman, but her interest in things of the spirit was like the interest on her face now, purely practical, the interest of someone for whom everything has to be concrete to be real.

"Made it!" she cried.

"It's therapy. Supposedly."

"And I'll bet you enjoyed doing it."

Mr. Ganley knew she'd say that. He could read her thoughts, and so it never ceased to amaze him that in the thirty years they'd been married she hadn't acquired the faintest notion of how his mind worked.

Angela said, "I'll bet you hated doing it."

He laughed. "I'd stay in the room, except they make you go in for things."

"What things?" Mrs. Ganley asked.

"Things they arrange." He made a vague gesture, but there was no brushing her off.

"What sort of things?"

"Get-togethers."

"With the staff?"

"With the other patients. I only went to one." And what a grim affair, what a travesty of social life that was—one therapist playing the piano and another handing out coffee and cake while the patients sat around brooding or complaining, or some of them acting like fools.

"You should go to them all," Mrs. Ganley said. "Take advantage of everything while you're here."

"You don't happen to know how much longer it'll be?"

"Another two or three weeks."

He couldn't hide how completely crestfallen he was. "I was hoping next week."

"We want to be sure you're perfectly well first."

"But how will you and Angela manage so long?"

Angela said, "Don't think about that."

"The main thing is you're feeling well," said Mrs. Ganley.

"I never felt better in my life."

"Then I'd like to ask you something. Do you remember how you happened to come to the hospital, Robert?"

Mr. Ganley frowned. He felt himself to be looking at a scene that was out of focus. By doing something or other he could have cleared up the picture, but there was a trick involved, and though he knew that if he made an effort he'd discover the trick, he couldn't make the effort.

Mrs. Ganley opened her purse and took out some letters. "I brought these along," she said, "in case you might have forgotten."

Mr. Ganley glanced at Angela, but she was staring out of the summerhouse at a group passing by. You couldn't blame her for staring. It was a strange group—a woman wrapped up in a winter coat, another woman who was crying, a man in bathrobe and pajamas and bedroom slippers, and a man who looked perfectly normal except for his peculiar smile.

"Florence, I don't think this is the time or the place," Mr. Ganley said.

"You have to understand, Robert."

He took the letters from her. The movement caught Angela's eye. She came to and saw what was going on, but she was too late. Mr. Ganley opened the top letter, a form letter:

Dear Mr. Ganley:

Five months have elapsed since we last received payment on your account, as a result of which there is a debit of $980.87, including interest at the rate of 9½%. If we have not received your check within the next ten days, our legal department will initiate proceedings against you and such of your property as will cover the account and any costs which these proceedings will incur on our part.

Hoping you will comply with this request as promptly as possible, we remain,

Very truly yours,

All four letters were virtually the same, but Mr. Ganley read only the first. The rest he pretended to read; then he let them drop to the summerhouse floor and put his head in his hands. The scene in his mind had come into focus: He was standing next to a bedroom window, a casement window, a bit small for anyone to jump out of, but that was what he wanted to do. He longed to throw himself out the window, smash himself out of existence, but he hadn't whatever it took, hadn't the strength of mind and body, hadn't the courage or the energy to act on the longing. All he could do was take the straight chair by the window and keep banging it on the floor, crying dry tears, whimpering to himself, wondering out loud, over and over, "What am I going to do?"

Angela picked up the letters and stuffed them into the pocket of her dress. "No more, Mother," she said. "Things have to be understood."

Angela said, "Not now."

Birds were singing in the trees all around. Mr. Ganley felt as if they were singing inside his head, hundreds of them. He straightened up and brushed back his hair. The light hurt his eyes, and he had the impression that it was stifling in the summerhouse compared to other parts of the grounds. He was about to suggest that they go for a walk along one of the shady paths when he noticed the Doctor coming across the lawn. Then he noticed that people who'd been sitting on the benches were starting to head for the hospital. "I guess the time's up," he said.

Dr. Laszlo had taken off his white coat, but he hadn't put on the jacket to his cord trousers. In a short-sleeved shirt and striped tie, he was a much less imposing man, much less intimidating. Strolling across the lawn with the Ganleys, he laughed and talked in a way that was every bit as hospitable as it was businesslike. This might have been a magnificent but informal inn they were walking toward, and he might have been the owner and their friend. "Well," he said, "how do you think this fellow looks?"

"I think he looks remarkably well," said Mrs. Ganley.

"We've fattened him up a bit."

"I wish he'd eat as well for me as he seems to for you."

"It's different when you're in the hospital," the Doctor said. "There's not much else to do."

"But we've been hearing about all sorts of interesting activities."

"Do they sound interesting? We certainly try."

The hospital porches were practically empty, but the hall was full of visitors and patients saying their good-byes. Mr. Ganley said, "I'll leave you here."

But the Doctor had a different idea. "Just this once we'll let them come up part of the way." It wasn't clear whether he was acting on a generous impulse or a professional hunch, a shot in the dark, but in either case it seemed to all three of them like a terrible idea.

Mr. Ganley quickly said, "There's no need for them to come up. There's no point in it. It's too much trouble. They don't have to bother."

"It isn't a question of bother," said Mrs. Ganley. "If Dr. Laszlo says we can come up, then maybe we should, don't you think so, Angela?"

"We have to catch a train," Angela said.

Mrs. Ganley looked at her watch. "Time is no problem."

"Then come on up," said the Doctor.

The hospital had a little mahogany-panelled elevator that dated back to the time when the mansion was privately owned. It was the prettiest possible relic of bygone days, but for more than two people it was cramped quarters. The short ride was uncomfortable and awkward, and whatever the Doctor might have had in mind, the whole burden of making it pay off rested with him. "They don't make them like this anymore," he said, raising his voice over the hum and creak of the machinery. "Look at that wood. Look at that workmanship. And it runs like a Swiss watch. Marvellous old motor. My father was an architect but his great hobby was machinery. He loved engines. Every time I run this thing I think of what a kick it would have given my dad." He brought the elevator to a stop at the second floor and opened the gate. The Ganleys followed him out into a corridor that was an ugly contrast to the rooms downstairs. Here the windows were barred. The floor was covered with dark-brown linoleum, and there was no furniture and no attempt at decoration—no curtains, no pictures on the walls, nothing that could be put to some destructive or self-destructive use. The Doctor led the way around a corner that ended in a huge door. "Here we are, C Wing," he said cheerfully and took out his keys and opened the door; behind it was a door made of steel. He took a key and unlocked the steel door. "Now," he said, "I'll go on ahead and give you a little privacy."

Mr. Ganley turned to his family and smiled, but his face was red and miserable. "Sorry it was such a short visit," he said.

Angela kissed him. "We'll make up for it next week."

Mrs. Ganley kissed him, too. "Goodbye, Robert. Keep well," she said. "Keep eating."

"Goodbye, girls." Mr. Ganley put as much affection as he could into the words, but he was trying too hard. "Take care of yourselves," he said, and his voice broke—not with the weight of his affection but with shock at a discovery he'd just made, and with the strain of having to conceal from his wife and daughter what he'd discovered, which was that he couldn't wait to get them off his hands, but that in spite of that, and all the more shocking because of it, they were all he had, all he'd ever have in this world.

—ELIZABETH CULLINAN

BOBBY SHAFTOE

AT that moment in history, all eyebeams were focussed upon Bobby Shaftoe, the American chess International Grandmaster extraordinaire and a great drinker of papaya juice. He swore he could not be defeated by anyone, not even the great Serendipovitch himself, and to show that he meant what he said he placed his mother on the line as a side bet—Mrs. Shaftoe vs. seven barrels of lightly toasted groats.

The match was held astride a giant tortoise in one of the Galápagos Islands, a compromise site, with Shaftoe opening the first game with the Fried Liver Attack, designed to strike amusement and terror into the heart of Serendipovitch. The Uzbek master countered with the Sea of Yogurt Defense. The first game was a draw.

That night, it rained and the tortoise wandered away. Shaftoe's sneakers got wet, and Serendipovitch developed a fever in his right hand. There was an earthquake in Chile.

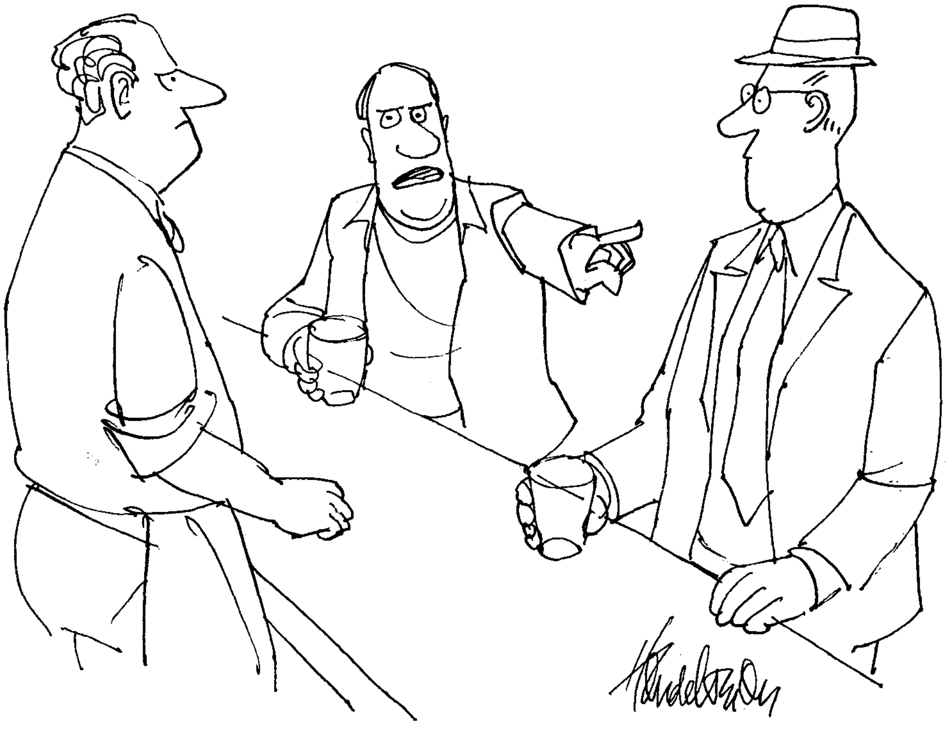
The second game was crucial. Played in a cave that had been hastily hollowed out of the volcanic rock of the island, it was marked by displays of ill temper on both sides of the board. Serendipovitch knocked over a candle (deliberately, according to some witnesses), thus freezing Shaftoe's Queen Bishop on Serendipovitch's KR7 and leaving Shaftoe's King Knight file unprotected. Shaftoe ate a raw fish and warned onlookers to keep twenty-five feet away.

That night, there was another earthquake in Chile, and the White Sox beat the Orioles behind the two-hit pitching of Sam Peckinpaugh. Shaftoe's mother suffered a nervous fit just after being interviewed by Arthur Daley, and was taken away to Kingsbridge General Hospital, where hot groats were applied to her wrists. Serendipovitch castled.

Now the two adversaries settled in for a gruelling test of endurance. Tortoises, some of them with candles attached to their backs, roamed the cavern at will. Lightning knocked out the air-conditioning system. The chess editor of the *Christian Science Monitor* was trapped for nine hours in a dumbwaiter in the heart of downtown Pittsburgh, and Mrs. Shaftoe cried weakly for water. Serendipovitch uncastled and Shaftoe punched him in the nose. Loud cries of "Shame!" in the Uzbekian vernacular.

When the sun rose, there was little to mark the scene of "the century's greatest battle." A red wig (Shaftoe's) hung askew on a dying acacia bush. Two half-eaten *blini* were mute evidence of the torment of Serendipovitch's final hours. A meandering double track in the sand led down to the sea, where the two men had dragged themselves in hope of rescue. But there was no rescue. Only the sea, fribbling upon the quarky stones.

—ELI WALDRON



"Bartender, throw this man out! He said patriotism was the least refuse of a squirrel, or something."

ANNALS OF WAR

VIETNAM

II—SOVEREIGN OF DISCORD

NGO DINH DIEM—the name meant a great deal at one time, in Washington as well as Saigon. On a trip to Vietnam in 1961, Lyndon Johnson called Diem "the Winston Churchill of Asia." Whatever the other points of resemblance between him and that British statesman, the man who undertook the American project of barricading the southern against the northern half of Vietnam certainly provoked hyperbole from Americans. For a period in the mid-nineteen-fifties, Diem was the hero of the American press. According to an article in *Life*, he was a "tough miracle man," who had "saved his people from [the] agonizing prospect" of a national plebiscite; and he was widely given credit for halting "the red tide of Communism in Asia." The word "miracle" affixed itself to Diem's name with the adhesion of a Homeric epithet. Diem had performed the "political miracle" of creating a strong government, the "economic miracle" of rebuilding the economy of South Vietnam from the ruins of war. In 1957, Diem travelled to the United States on the American Presidential airplane. Welcomed by President Eisenhower at the airport, he addressed a joint session of Congress and visited New York, where Mayor Robert Wagner called him "a man history may yet adjudge as one of the great figures of the twentieth century." Six years later, Diem was to die in a dark alley of Saigon, denounced as the petty tyrant who had destroyed South Vietnamese society and prejudiced the cause of the free world in Asia.

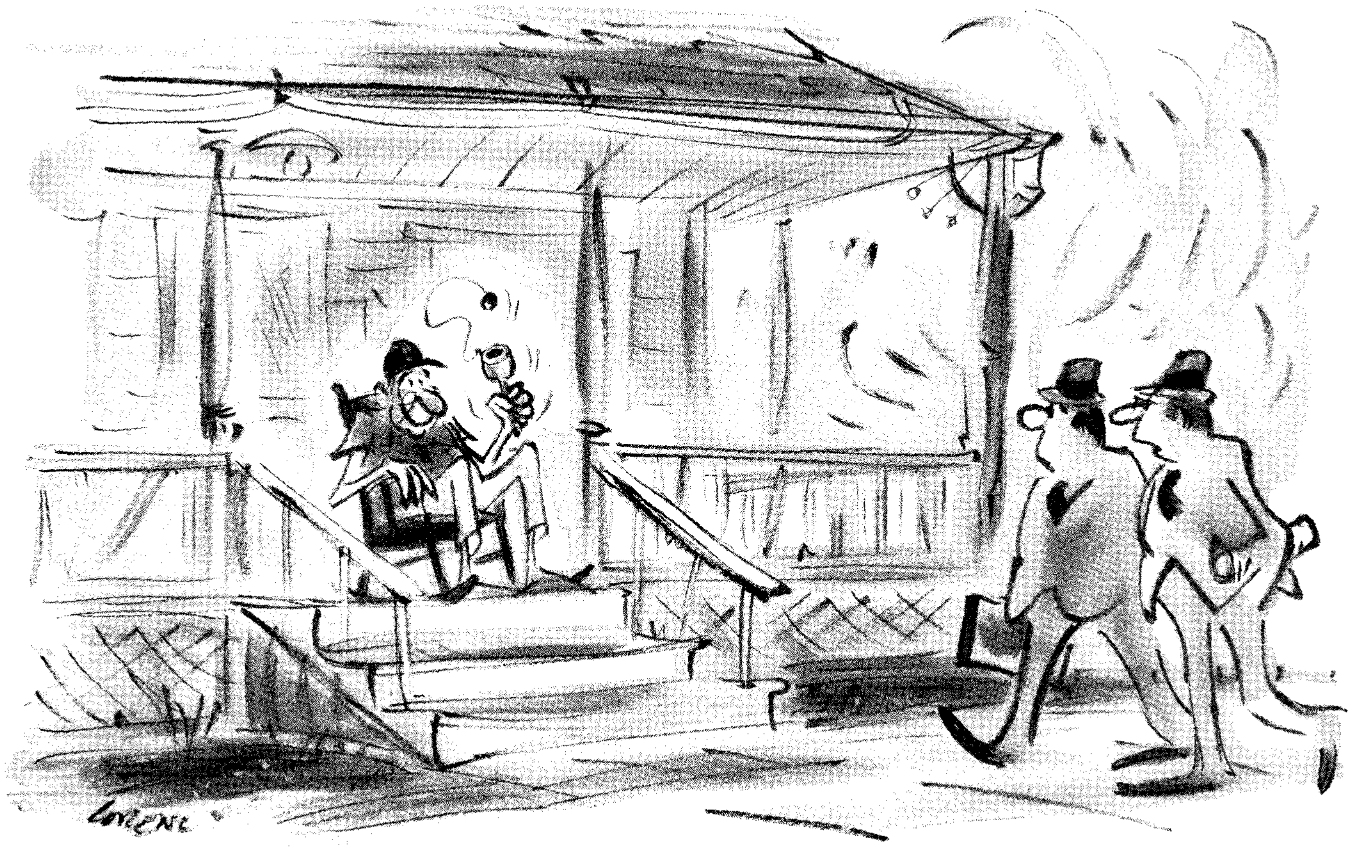
Any history of the Diem regime would have to be written in vivid, novelesque colors. To start with, there was Ngo Dinh Diem himself—a shy, self-righteous Catholic mandarin who had taken a vow of chastity and revealed an ambition to serve as a moral example to his people. He wished, in effect, to be the emperor of an enlightened Confucian state, in the classic pattern of Vietnamese history. Four of Diem's brothers played important roles, especially the lean, fierce Ngo Dinh Nhu, whose life was a succession of plots, ruses, and metaphysical dogmas. And there was Mme. Nhu, the beautiful, outspoken, and wholly outrageous woman whom the American journalists called "the Dragon Lady." For nearly a decade, the Ngos dominated all conversation in Saigon; Americans and Vietnamese alike spent hours discussing the latest court intrigue or scandal, hours speculating on the intricacies of the family philosophy. The Ngos never disappointed them—not even in dying. Played out under the gaze of the television cameras, the fall of the Ngos was, in its way, pure theatre, the dénouement of a baroque tragedy.

The private psychological drama of Diem and his family was as nothing beside the grand strategies and global concerns of the United States in Vietnam, but, as the French historian Philippe Devillers once wrote, "in our age of mass society, where all history seems to be determined by forces so powerful as to negate the individual, the Vietnamese problem has the originality to remain dominated by questions of individuals. Indeed, the problem becomes almost incomprehensible if one transforms men into abstractions." The notion may sound romantic, but it is not. In the first place, Vietnam in the days of Diem possessed a very small educated society; most of the prominent men knew each other as well as if they had been the inhabitants of one village. In the second place, the Vietnamese traditionally understood politics not in terms of programs or large social forces but in terms of the individual. And their perception was not unscientifically based, for, given the size and uniformity of the old society, the life of one man might stand as a model for the life of the society as a whole. If that one man was Ngo Dinh Diem, then the personal drama of the Ngo family, with its mysterious and violent ending, described the difficulty of the American project in Vietnam better than would a history of all the counter-insurgency programs or an analysis of all the larger social forces.

R. MacMillan

THE American decision to back Ngo Dinh Diem was not of itself a major policy decision. The policy of supporting a non-Communist Vietnam had been formulated some years earlier, and Diem himself was but one element of the fallback position hastily devised following the French debacle in 1954. By that time, the United States was paying eighty per cent of the costs of the French war, and it was not until June of 1954 that Secretary of State Dulles told the French definitely that the United States would not commit its own troops and planes to Indo-China. Even after the fall of Dien Bien Phu, Administration officials did not accept the Vietminh victory or the principle of a divided Vietnam. During the Geneva Conference, their ambition was not only to build up a government in Saigon but to undermine Ho Chi Minh's government in Hanoi as well. In June, 1954, Colonel Edward G. Lansdale was sent out as chief of a Saigon military mission with orders to "beat the Geneva timetable of Communist takeover in the North." By August, during the period of negotiated truce that had been agreed upon to precede the holding of national elections, Lansdale's teams were scattered about the country from Hanoi to the Ca Mau peninsula conducting agitprop work and sabotage operations, in direct violation of the United States government's promise at Geneva to "refrain from the threat or the use of force." These teams had small success in the Vietminh-held areas. Their main achievement in the North was to lay the groundwork for the subsequent "flight" of the Catholics to the South. Their tactics were promises and "black propaganda," or the falsification of enemy reports. Many of the rest of their activities were little more than terrorist acts. One team, for instance, managed to contaminate the oil supply in the bus depot of Hanoi in order to wreck the engines of all the city's public transport.

The fact is that high United States officials could have had very little confidence in the success of Lansdale's mission in either the South or the North. In Saigon, the French-sponsored government was in a state of near-collapse. Shortly after the Emperor Bao Dai ap-



"I must say, Mr. Creekmore has certainly mastered the art of growing irrelevant gracefully."

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pointed Ngo Dinh Diem as his new Prime Minister for the State of Vietnam, President Eisenhower wrote a letter of encouragement that fell short of committing the United States to support Diem. The current national-intelligence estimate held out little hope that either the French or the Vietnamese could establish a strong government in Saigon. In all probability, the estimate noted, the situation there would continue to deteriorate and the Vietminh would extend their control throughout the South. As the United States directly joined the struggle for Vietnam, American officials weighed the odds against a non-Communist solution and, even more heavily, against the success of the small, retiring mandarin Ngo Dinh Diem.

In Saigon, the American pessimism appeared fully justified. Always the home of the entrepreneur and the collaborator, Saigon had become a veritable sinkhole of violence, corruption, and intrigue. Its atmosphere, compounded of dense marsh heat, diesel fumes, and the rotting-vegetable smell of the Saigon River, accorded perfectly with its political climate. The French Army remained the one force for order. Half of Saigon was controlled by the Binh Xuyen, a private army under the command of a bandit chief named Bay Vien. The countryside belonged largely to the Vietminh and the Cao Dai and Hoa Hao sects—none of them eager to have a strong government in Saigon. Ngo Dinh Diem found himself with hardly a strand of political support. The sects and the Cochin Chinese landlords disliked and suspected him for being a Catholic and a Central Vietnamese. The Vietnamese officers and officials regarded him as an interloper, for Diem had left the country four years before in protest against their refusal to hold out for full independence. The French resented him and the whole American undertaking in the South. As for the American military command in Saigon, it retreated into deep diplomatic silence in preparation for backing the strongest candidate who might emerge. When Colonel Lansdale went to visit Diem in the palace of the former governor, he found the new Prime Minister quite alone, abandoned even by his bodyguards.

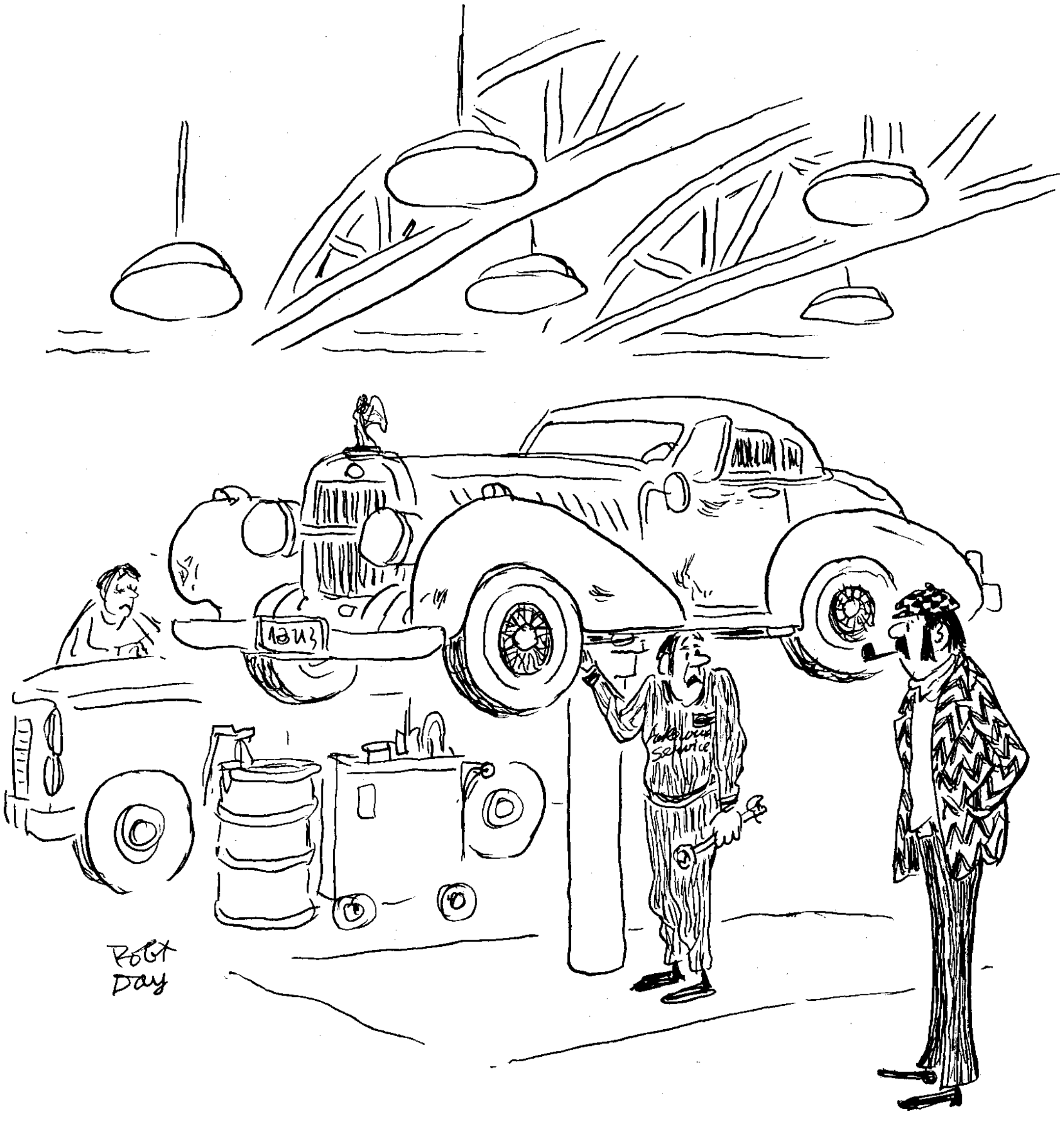
As a man with a job to do, Lansdale did not share the pessimism of his superiors. In the course of the next year, he almost singlehandedly propelled Diem to power, first by pressuring the U.S. command to give Diem economic control over the State of Vietnam's Army and, second, by adroit financial manipulation of the sects. After a dramatic battle for Saigon between the regular Army and the Binh Xuyen in April, 1955, Washington officials accepted Lansdale's judgment that Diem was the strong leader they had been looking for.

Diem was in many respects a curious candidate for the role of American protégé. He came from Hué and, he boasted, from a family of mandarins that since the sixteenth century had held such high rank in government that the peasants of the region thought it good luck to attempt, under cover of night, to bury their dead in the Ngos' ancestral graveyard. In reality, Diem's ancestors had little or no distinction; Diem simply fabricated high mandarin lineage for himself—and this at a time of general social upheaval. Diem also said that his forebears had been among the first converts to Catholicism in the seventeenth century. This claim, though possibly true, was an odd point for this new "nationalist" leader to insist upon, for the non-Catholic Vietnamese believed, with some justification, that the Catholics had acted as a fifth column for the French in the period preceding the conquest. Certainly the French had always shown great favoritism toward the Catholics, turning them into a self-conscious élitist minority—though without necessarily imparting to them any great degree of French culture. Vietnamese Catholicism was harsh and medieval, a product of the strict patriarchate of the Vietnamese village rather than of the liberal French Church. In the center of each Catholic village a church stood like a fortress, manifesting the permanent defensive posture of the Catholics in relation to all other Vietnamese. A Buddhist mob, so Diem reported, raided the Ngos' village in the period just before the French conquest, killing all his relatives except his father, Ngo Dinh Kha. Kha made the fortune of the family by joining the service of the French-supported emperors. Taking on all the attributes of the traditional mandarin, he rose to be Minister of the Rites, Grand Chamberlain, and Keeper of the Eunuchs to the Emperor Thanh Thai. Then, when the French exiled that uncoöperative monarch to the island of Réunion, Kha, like a model mandarin, retired to his village to live out his life as a farmer and a "notable" of the region.

One of nine children—the third of Kha's six sons—Diem was born in 1901. A good student, he studied in a small French Catholic school in Hué and then, deciding against the priesthood and a scholarship in France, attended the French college for administration and law in Hanoi. Graduating first in his class, he went into the mandarinate of Annam (then still under protectorate status) and rose quickly through the ranks from district chief to province chief in the French protectorate. In 1933, he became Minister of the Interior. Just two months after his appointment to this highly important post in the government, he resigned in protest against the French refusal to allow more Vietnamese participation in the affairs of state. Recalling his decision three decades later, he told Robert Shaplen, "When the French asked me if I were waging a revolution, I told them we had to transform the country in order to fight Communism. Privately, I was convinced that an alarm had to be sounded to make the people feel the need for daring reforms and to make them respond in an energetic and even violent way. I felt it was my responsibility." The remark looks colored by hindsight, but Diem did in fact recognize the Communists as a potential enemy almost before the French did. In the late nineteen-twenties, he tracked down some of the earliest Communist cells in his region. At the same time, Diem undoubtedly responded to the new currents of nationalist sentiment stirring among educated Vietnamese, and he felt that the correct posture for a man of his rank and estate was one of disengagement from the French authorities.

Following his resignation as Minister of the Interior, Diem retired to his village, like his father before him, and he spent the next decade in the seclusion of his garden, the libraries, and Catholic seminaries. During the years of feverish political activity in the nineteen-thirties and forties, Diem joined no anti-colonial organization—he believed in government, not in politics—but he maintained contacts with anti-colonial leaders of his own background. And he held himself ready to take up what he considered his responsibilities to his country. In the light of the American intervention twenty years later, he showed a great deal of prescience. During the Second World War, for instance, he sounded out the Japanese on their willingness to overthrow the French Vichyite regime. When the negotiations came to naught, he dissociated himself from the Japanese, and he remained obdurate even when, in 1945, they offered him the post of Prime Minister in the government they hastily assembled in Hanoi. A few months later, Diem was captured by the Vietminh and brought before the high command. Ho Chi Minh, at that point eager to have a prestigious Catholic in his first coalition Cabinet, asked Diem to serve with him. Diem refused, with the explanation that a Vietminh guerrilla band had killed his oldest brother.

Diem went South to live with his clerical brother, Ngo Dinh Thuc, outside of Saigon, and for the first few years of the French war he made a



"I'm afraid she's varoomed her last varoom."

series of unsuccessful attempts to pressure the French into setting up a Vietnamese government under dominion status. His efforts failed, partly for the reason that the Saigonese colonial functionaries and intellectuals, unwilling to renounce their own privileges, refused to join him in his protests. When the French finally decided to do just as he had suggested, he flew to Hong Kong to ask the Emperor Bao Dai to insist upon a greater degree of autonomy for the new government. Again he was disappointed: the indolent but perhaps realistic Emperor refused to hold out for his terms. In 1950, Diem left Vietnam for Rome, with the intention of staying on for the Holy Year. Instead, he settled in the United States. The decision was a fortunate one for him, since it was in the United States that the political groundwork for his regime had to be laid.

Upon his arrival in the United States, Diem was enthusiastically received by a number of Catholic dignitaries, including Francis Cardinal Spellman. Living for two years at the Maryknoll seminaries in New Jersey and New York, Diem lectured occasionally at American universities and pressed his case in Washington under the wing of Spellman. Among those who supported his goal of independence for the State of Vietnam were Senator Mike Mansfield and Senator John F. Kennedy. The two senators were later to become members of a group called the American Friends of Vietnam, one of whose most influential charter members was Dr. Wesley Fishel, a young academic from Michigan State University who had important connections in the Republican Administration.

The enthusiasm for Diem on the part of Mansfield and Kennedy can be explained to some extent by the fact that the early fifties were the height of the McCarthy era. In Washington, the Catholic Senator from Wisconsin had attacked as “traitors” those State Department officials who had recommended that the United States accept Mao Tse-tung’s victory in China as a fact. McCarthy had, of course, taken the anti-Communist rhetoric employed by President Truman and Secretary of State Dean Acheson for their anti-Soviet campaign in Europe and turned it about on itself. Now the “Communists” were inside the American government, plotting with the Kremlin for the expansion of international Communism in Asia. Seeing political benefits in it, the right wing of the Republican Party—Senators Styles Bridges and Herman Welker and Vice-President Nixon—took up the attack, charging the Democrats with the “loss of China” and “softness on Communism.” The campaign was almost entirely rhetorical—no political group advocated putting American troops into mainland China—but it found a sizable audience, and the Democratic politicians began to compete with the Republicans for the most staunchly anti-Communist position. Whatever the reason of state involved, it became an axiom to both parties that no Administration could possibly survive the “loss of Indo-China.” By 1956, Senator Kennedy had adopted the “domino theory” of the Truman and Eisenhower Administrations. At a meeting of the American Friends of Vietnam, he called Vietnam “the cornerstone of the free world in Southeast Asia, the keystone to the arch, the finger in the dike.” He maintained that “Burma, Thailand, India, Japan, the Philippines, and obviously Laos and Cambodia are among those whose security would be threatened if the red tide of Communism overflowed into Vietnam.” And he added, “The fundamental tenets of this nation’s foreign policy . . . depend in considerable measure upon a strong and free Vietnamese nation.”

Under the circumstances, therefore, the American government’s somewhat haphazard decision to back Ngo Dinh Diem found favor with an influential group of American senators. With respect to the political exigencies of the moment, Diem had all the right qualifications. He was a patriot untainted by service to the Japanese or to the wartime French regime. He had the reputation of a man of integrity and an experienced administrator. Most important of all, he was a Catholic and a strong anti-Communist who had had the foresight to come to the United States for help.

One of Diem’s first official acts was to request American support in transporting and resettling those people who wished to leave the Vietminh for the French zone of regroupment. The request could not have been more politic from an American point of view, as it permitted United States military and civilian welfare services to take up the congenial cause of “saving” Vietnamese from Communism and then from starvation. With the help of the United States Seventh Fleet, some eight hundred and sixty thousand people, the vast majority of them Catholics from the disciplined bishoprics of Phat Diem and Bui Chu, descended upon the South during the three hundred days of the armistice. The arrival of the refugees provided Diem with his first political base in the South—and an important one at that, for the Catholics were the most highly organized of all the non-Communist political groups. Their arrival also provided Diem with a great deal of favorable publicity in the United States, for, like their French predecessors in the nineteenth century, the American Catholic missions were anything but reticent about their good works.

By the summer of 1955, Diem and his American advisers felt confident enough about their position in Vietnam and the United States to go about setting up the legal framework for a new government in the South. In October, 1955, Diem organized a referendum to determine whether the state should be a monarchy under Bao Dai or a republic with Diem himself as president. As organized by Ngo Dinh Nhu—and perhaps with excessive efficiency, to American taste—the vote showed a majority of ninety-nine per cent for Diem out of the six million ballots counted. Already, in July, Diem had repudiated the Geneva accords, and specifically the article proposing a free election between the two regroupment zones. Not content with making a political division of Vietnam, he proceeded to seal the border between the two regions with surgical precision, refusing the Democratic Republic of Vietnam’s request for the opening of trade relations and forbidding even the reëstablishment of a postal exchange—a bitter blow to those thousands of families whose members the war had divided between North and South. A year later, and largely as a result of international pressure for elections of some sort, Diem held an election for a constituent assembly and drafted a constitution for the “Republic of Vietnam.”

THE United States government expressed its approval of these measures in the most forceful terms. By 1956, it was paying the Diem regime an average of two hundred and seventy million dollars a year. The United States Military Assistance Advisory Group, composed of some eight hundred officers, took on the job of reorganizing and retraining the Vietnamese Army. The United States Operations Mission (USOM) was pumping money into the economy and cramming food for refugee relief into the warehouses of Saigon. The Mission was also providing funds for a land-reform program and a vast project to resettle the Northern refugees and the land-hungry peasants of the center. United States officials were lyrical in their reports to Congress, asserting that the Diem regime was on the way to rebuilding the economy and solving the social problems caused by a decade of war. The American press followed suit in more colorful terms. An article in the *Saturday Evening Post* called South Vietnam “the Bright Spot in Asia,” and a subheading proclaimed, “Two years ago at Geneva, South Vietnam was virtually sold down the river to the Communists. Today the spunky little Asian country is back on its own feet, thanks to a ‘mandarin in a sharkskin suit who's upsetting the Red timetable.’ ” Other periodicals ran stories vaunting the “economic miracle” that Diem had performed.

The new United States aid program and public enthusiasm for the Diem regime were essentially two halves of the same phenomenon—the second reflecting the first almost exclusively, without any reference to what was happening in South Vietnam. For in truth few Americans, in or out of Washington, knew anything about the country. If Vietnam was “the keystone to the arch, the finger in the dike,” it was still a very distant and foreign place, whose major interest to Americans lay in its geographical position, south of China. Not until 1961, when guerrilla fighting clearly threatened Diem's control of the provinces, did American journalists go in any numbers to investigate this new American dependency. The lacuna had a certain importance, for it meant that for the first six years information about the Diem regime came largely from United States government sources. The most prolific of these apologists was Dr. Wesley Fishel, who led a team of some fifty scholars and public administrators assembled by Michigan State University under a government contract to reorganize the Diem administration. It was Dr. Fishel who took over the task of explaining how and in what manner the Diem regime was a democracy.

The idea that the mission of the United States was to build democracy around the world had become a convention of American politics in the nineteen-fifties. In certain circles, it was more or less assumed that democracy—that is, electoral democracy combined with private ownership and civil liberties—was what the United States had to offer the Third World. Democracy provided not only the moral basis for American opposition to Communism but the practical method for making that opposition work. Whether American officials actually believed that the Asians and the Africans wanted or needed democracy—and many officials definitely did not—they saw lip service to it as a necessity for selling American overseas commitments to the American people. The American officials and scholars who backed Diem adhered to this convention precisely. During Diem's visit to the United States in 1957, they wrote speeches for him that produced a gush from the *Times* over his deep religious feelings, his “firm concept of human rights,” his Jeffersonian attitude. They also encouraged Diem to write a constitution that, with its provisions for a president elected by universal suffrage, a unicameral legislature, an independent judiciary, and a wide-ranging bill of rights, looked something like a cross between the Constitution of the United States and that of the French Fourth Republic. The difficulty was that while Diem agreed with his American advisers completely on issues such as the Catholic refugees and the American aid program, he did not seem to follow them on the issue of democracy. From the fact that Diem had pictures of himself set up on altars in the streets and a hymn of praise to him sung along with the national anthem, it could be concluded that, at least in some part of his mind, he had assumed the role of the Confucian emperor. And the emperor required not the support but the obedience of his people. He required not a majority but unanimity. It was thus with some sense of having been betrayed that Diem's American advisers surveyed the results of the elections they had persuaded him to hold and had so carefully publicized in the United States. In the 1955 referendum, Diem got 605,025 votes from a total of 450,000 registered voters in Saigon. In the legislative election of 1959, government candidates won seventy-six out of a hundred and twenty-three seats in the National Assembly. That was the official tally. Actually, of the twenty-two government candidates who lost their races, almost all lost to other government candidates or to independents who favored the government. (Ngo Dinh Nhu, for example, ran and won his seat under the label of an “independent.”) In fact, the outcome of the election was never in much doubt, as the Ngos prevented all opposition groups from operating as parties and closed down all the newspapers that printed any criticism of the government. One outspoken opposition candidate, Dr. Phan Quang Dan, who surprised the government by winning, was refused a seat in the Assembly, and was subsequently jailed and tortured.

“Hot as all getout, isn't it?”

While the lack of an opposition gave the Assembly a somewhat lopsided look, the Ngos were more than equal to coping with this cosmetic problem. Quite arbitrarily, after one election they divided the Assembly into two groups—a government majority of a hundred and seven, and a “minority” of sixteen, which tended to vote with the gov-

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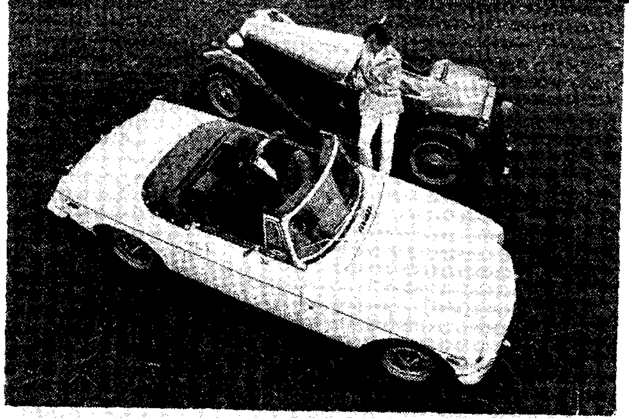

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BRITISH LEYLAND MOTORS INC., LEONIA, N.J. 07605 ernment. The arrangement did not seem at all unreasonable to the Ngos. Mme. Nhu once told an American-university audience, "They [Vietnamese living in the United States] ignore the decisions of the Vietnamese people manifested in free elections in order to decree that our executive lacks popular support, and to complain at the same time in the most illogical manner that our legislature is no more than a rubber stamp for the executive." She paused, and then continued, "About that question of the rubber-stamp argument, I have repeatedly said, 'But what's wrong to rubber-stamp the laws we approve?' " Mme. Nhu's remark may have had some double meaning, for Diem actually gave the Assembly very few bills to vote on. He simply sent down orders from his office, and no one inquired what legal status they held.

In an attempt to explain these events to the American public, Dr. Fishel, just after the elections of 1959, wrote an article in the *New Leader* entitled "Vietnam's Democratic One-Man Rule":

> ...Ngo Dinh Diem has all the authority and all the power one needs to operate a dictatorship, but ... he isn't operating one! Here is a leader who speaks the language of democracy, who holds the powers of a dictator, who governs a Republic in accordance with the terms of a Constitution. The Constitution was written at his request by a National Assembly which he caused to be elected by the people of the Republic. Ngo Dinh Diem did not *have* to do this. His authority and power at that moment were so absolute that he could have ruled for many years as a dictator had he chosen to do so.

Dr. Fishel presumably felt that the fact that Diem had so generously adopted a constitution excused him from all obligation to abide by it. Such must have been Fishel's meaning, for Diem in the first five years of his term in office violated every article in the constitution, concentrating his attacks most heavily on the bill of rights—the habeas-corpus laws and the rights of assembly and trial by jury.

With a few exceptions, the Americans in Saigon at that period made no criticism of these dictatorial measures. Instead, they concentrated on describing the "positive achievements" of the regime, shifting their emphasis slowly from the theme of democracy to that of "strong leadership." Wolf Ladejinsky, for instance, the land-reform expert who went to Vietnam to help Diem with his agrarian programs, argued in the *Reporter*, "The overwhelming majority of the people in South Vietnam are not affected by the regime's authoritarianism. They have probably never enjoyed greater freedom in the conduct of their life and work or benefited in a greater variety of ways. Impatience with the government on the part of those intellectuals who want power for the asking doesn't extend to the peasantry."

Dr. Fishel further explained, "The peoples of Southeast Asia are not, generally speaking, sufficiently sophisticated to understand what we mean by democracy and how they can exercise and protect their own political rights." It was, he continued, naïve to suppose that a "new" state that had no traditions of democracy and no enlightened electorate could immediately adopt a Western-style democratic system. What Vietnam needed for the moment was strong leadership—and strong leadership necessarily implied the concentration of great power. Popular support for the regime could be best assured once the police and security services throughout the country had been adequately developed.

In fact, of course, American officials in Saigon were not at all anxious to see Diem adopt an electoral democracy. Their attitude sprang less from principle than from a prediction. According to all intelligence estimates, the Communists would win more than a majority of the votes in a free election. The main objective of the United States officials was to build up the Saigon government to the point where it could deter the Northern regime and suppress the Southern Communists. To that end, the Americans were spending some eighty per cent of the entire aid budget for Vietnam each year on the development of the former French colonial forces and another large slice on the creation of a civil guard and other security and intelligence services. Rather than pressure Diem to create a consensus among the political factions or find a base of popular support, they urged him to increase his control over the countryside. And Diem was all too willing to oblige. Within his first two years in office, he dispensed with the French system of village elections and replaced the local village councils with government officials appointed from the outside—many of them Catholics. At the same time, he issued laws under which his officials imprisoned members of every political faction along with some of the active Communist agents in the South.

Certain American journalists would later accuse Fishel and United States officials of deliberately deceiving the American public about the whole nature of the Diem regime and its programs. But the matter was not quite so simple. On the one hand, the officials had to believe in the essential goodness of their policy; on the other hand, they had to believe that Diem shared their goals. If the second was the natural assumption for Americans to make about their Asian dependents—many in the Roosevelt Administration had believed the same of Chiang Kai-shek—it was also a necessary assumption for those involved in trying to implement their own policy through a foreigner. Many officials would go so far as to suppress their own awareness of the Diemist repressions, while others would rationalize them on the ground that such measures were necessary in this moment of crisis. In the future, with American advice, matters would certainly be put right.

Thus, the American officials ended by knowing very little about Ngo Dinh Diem or the pressures upon him. Until the National Liberation Front forced them to take notice, few of them knew very much more than what Senators Kennedy and Mansfield had known seven years before. They would go on assuming that Diem was working only against Communist agents; they would go on believing that Diem headed a strong, Asian-style government for people not "sophisticated" enough for a full democracy. The Diem regime would, in other words, become a fiction to them, a creation of the mind. For in reality the Saigon government bore no resemblance whatever to a strong, Asian-style government. Indeed, apart from the democratic constitution with which Diem had endowed it, the government resembled nothing so much as an attenuated French colonial regime. In Saigon, the same ministries filled the same colonial office buildings. The civil servants shuffled the same papers their predecessors had shuffled. Many of the civil servants themselves remained the same. By 1959, more than a third of them dated their term of service from before the

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advent of the Bao Dai government. Though Diem disliked and mistrusted these older functionaries for their Francophilia, he made no great effort to replace them. The one civil-service academy, the National Institute of Administration, was much too small to meet the need, and, in any case, trained men better for law careers in France than for any local form of employment. What was most strange was that Diem, this proud nationalist, did not even symbolically dissociate his regime from the government he so despised as a "French puppet." The Republic of Vietnam had the same flag and the same anthem as the Bao Dai government, and Diem lived in the governor's palace.

As the Diem regime grew older, the administration began to take on more and more the property of a sponge. Money, plans, and programs poured into it and nothing came out. This situation was only to be expected, for under the colonial regime the French had exercised the only initiative, the only authority. With their departure, the old-line functionaries seemed to lose all power of forward motion. As one disenchanted Michigan State University observer noted, their goal seemed to be to put off all decisions until the day after their retirement. In the meantime, they guarded their positions by piling up mountains of red tape to bury any program they might have to take responsibility for. Under the French regime, the civil servants had looked upon the administration not as part of a nation-state working for the benefit of the Vietnamese people but as an exploitative, partly inscrutable, and, in any case, foreign concern. They had joined the administration in order to belong to what seemed the most powerful and interesting group in the country, and to get their share of French wealth—as it were, a perfectly reasonable tariff on the foreigners. Early on in his reign, Diem, the puritanical mandarin, issued a law against corruption which recommended the death penalty for all offenders. The difficulty was that few of his officials shared his moral indignation or understood that their long-term interests could best be served by civic probity; the President had not altered their view of the government or filled the vacuum of authority left by the French. For lack of central leadership, private and sectarian politics overwhelmed all national concerns, and corruption abounded in all its forms—from bribery to nepotism to graft to outright embezzlement. Fishel and his associates resolutely defended the corruption on the ground that all Asian governments were corrupt. Yet Diem had in fact inherited a relatively clean administration. Now the corruption was increasing, and at least partly as a result of his own efforts. Nepotism, certainly, began at home, and it might well have ended there if the Ngo family had been any bigger than it was.

Judith Shahn

FOR all Diem's talk of enlightened Confucian government, the President managed in five years to reduce his administration to a form far more primitive than any that a Confucian emperor would have countenanced: his own family. To his initial Cabinet, consisting of six men, Diem appointed three of his relatives; in addition, two in-laws served in the most important civil-service posts for most of his regime. Mme. Nhu's father acted as Ambassador to Washington, and Diem's youngest brother, Ngo Dinh Luyen, served as Ambassador to Great Britain and other European countries. Three of his other brothers were by far the most important people in the government, though they held no official posts. Archbishop Ngo Dinh Thuc took no specific authority for the state, but as the senior member of the family he remained close to Diem's councils. (This genial, worldly cleric no doubt found his ambitions best satisfied by the Church, which was, after all, a great deal larger than Vietnam.) More directly involved was Ngo Dinh Can. A *farouche* figure, and a bachelor like Diem, Can had lived all his life with his mother in the family home in Hué. Can had no Western education, and, indeed, very little education at all. With the founding of the Republic, he simply assumed power in central Vietnam, and without any official title ruled it as a warlord for the duration of the regime.

The most important of the brothers was, of course, Ngo Dinh Nhu. Brought to live in the Presidential Palace in 1956, he assumed the title of Political Counsellor and a power that perhaps exceeded Diem's, for Diem listened only to him. Nhu was a striking figure. In contrast to the rotund President, he was a lean man, with a pale complexion and piercing eyes. He had spent several years in France at the distinguished but archaic school of paleography, the École des Chartes, and was thought by Diem to be the intellectual of the family. He had not in fact the discipline of an intellectual—he merely liked to speak in sonorous abstractions. He craved power for its own sake and created a Byzantine labyrinth around Diem through which to pursue it. His wife, Tran Le Xuan, in no way moderated his craving. A relative of the Emperor, she was a woman of great beauty and even greater ambition. Living at the palace as the First Lady, she appropriated to herself much of the public spotlight and the authority over all matters touching upon women and the family. She was outspoken and fiercely competitive, even with her husband and even on the subject of Catholicism—a subject about which she knew nothing until she married Nhu. Possibly because she was less complicated, less involved in all the Confucian formalities and the intellectualizing, she was a stronger character than either of the two men. With her long red nails and her tight *ao dais*, she appeared as a physical force that quite overwhelmed the two pale, dry mandarins. Apart from her, there was a kind of sterility about the family, an empty fervor.

Ngo Dinh Nhu's main contribution to the regime was its governing philosophy—Personalism, or Nhan Vi, as the doctrine was known in Vietnamese. Ngo Dinh Nhu had lived in Paris in the nineteen-thirties, when French Catholic intellectuals were searching for a doctrine that held the appeal of Communism while remaining conservative—the era of Action Française and the philosophical slide into Fascism. After the war, Nhu had been impressed by the works of Emmanuel Mounier, the Catholic thinker who, equally preoccupied by Communism, had propounded a doctrine of the corporate state in which the alienated masses would find unity through participating in certain authoritarian social organizations, and through leaders of superior moral fibre. Always a highly abstract affair that lacked the rigorous analysis of Marxism, the doctrine in Nhu's hands became an incomprehensible hodgepodge having something to do with state power, the dignity of the "person" (as opposed to the individual), and the virtues of humility, renunciation, and sacrifice. Whether or not Nhu had any clear idea of what he meant by Personalism remained questionable, for once, when pursued by an American graduate student hot for dissertation material, he said that no written statement on the subject perfectly expressed the true philosophy of the regime. In the end, what remained

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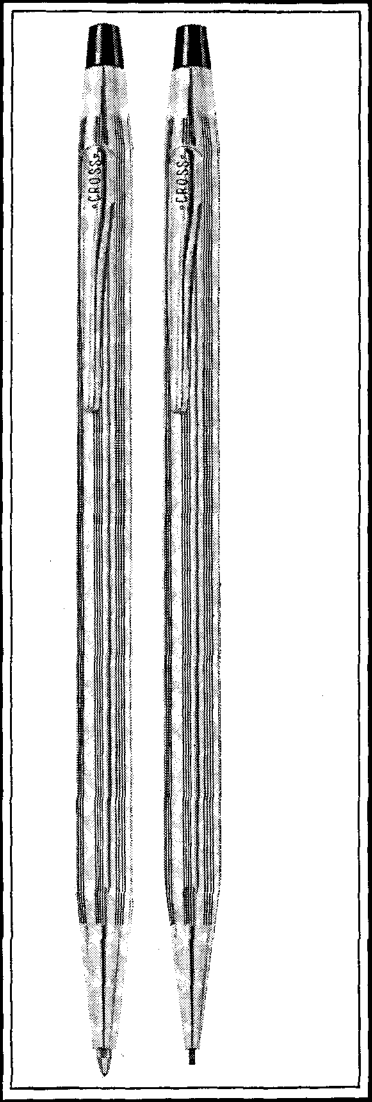

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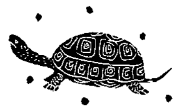
from all the abstractions was a certain tone of voice. As one British adviser noted, the term Nhan Vi is a "neologism of Chinese roots suggesting rank and thereby hinting that contentment with one's station might be the quality from the Personalist catalogue the new regime would prize most highly."

Taken together, the Ngos formed a royal family—a royal family that ruled by fits and starts, in a kind of vacuum. The American officials continued to hope that Diem would finally dispense with some of his relatives and rule through the structure of government. But Diem—much like Chiang Kai-shek—trusted no one else. Apart from those few whom he familiarly "adopted" into his patriarchal clan, he kept his distance from his officials, turning them away with a cold, aristocratic hauteur. Both Diem and Nhu hated to delegate authority. The President would usually work for some sixteen to eighteen hours a day. Each night, he would retire with a great stack of papers to sit up into the early hours of the morning in a pathetic attempt to oversee every detail of the administration, from the movement of spies to the placement of shrubs about the palace. He did not seem to be able to separate the important from the trivial. For a time, he signed all the exit visas for the country himself.



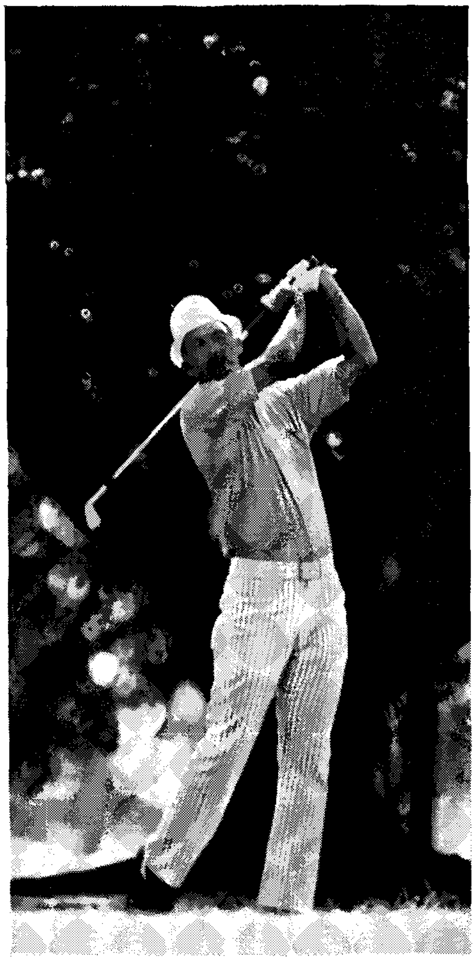
Physically unable to run the entire government, he and Nhu took the next-best course of attempting to insure that no coöperation could possibly exist between any two agencies or any two units of the Army. The brothers would interfere directly and without warning at all levels of the government, replacing a district chief here, cutting off a credit there, and sending a battalion on maneuvers without the knowledge of its divisional commander. In 1954, Nhu created a secret network of Catholic refugees, whom he placed at strategic points throughout the government to oversee all the rest of the government officials. The Can Lao Nhan Vi Cach Mang Dang, or Revolutionary Personalist Labor Party, as this organization came to be known, had immense power, if only because all the other government officials assumed it to be omnipotent. Under the aegis of his Can Lao chief, Dr. Tran Kim Tuyen, Nhu built up not one but ten separate secret intelligence agencies, all of which competed to bring him news of traitors, spies, and foreign plots. The Political Counsellor acted as though he knew what all of them were doing, but the amount of intelligence so produced and the necessity for self-protective fabrications on the part of all the agents prevented him from knowing anything of the sort. Officials would occasionally disappear or rise to sudden prominence, and that would be that. The inner ring of intelligence agencies, of course, quite neutralized the outer ring, whose job it was to catch Communists. The only consolation for the Diem regime was perhaps that the Communists, who eventually infiltrated both rings in large numbers, were quite as badly informed by the system as everybody else.

In formal speeches, the Ngos were as voluble as Ho Chi Minh was laconic. When Diem was interviewed by American journalists, he would often lecture from four to six hours at a time on his own philosophy of government and the congruence between his own family history and the history of Vietnam. And, unlike Ho Chi Minh, he had not a grain of humor. For his part, Ngo Dinh Nhu would spend hours of his working day composing high-flown sentences for his public speeches. At night, he would settle down to lecture American officials on the true nature of Vietnamese society, on the evils of Communism and capitalism, on the mysteries of guerrilla warfare, and on the differences between the spiritual East and the materialist West. Certain officials, such as the C.I.A. chief, John Richardson, would listen for hours, awed by the intellectualism, convinced that they were sounding the depths of unfathomable Asia. For others who wished to get something done or to obtain specific answers to specific questions, these sessions were an exquisite torture. On one celebrated occasion when the American Embassy forced the Ngos (for their own good) to entertain yet another United States congressman for dinner, the Ngos talked from 8 P.M. until four o'clock in the morning, at which point the congressman, felled by whiskey and jet lag, had to be carried out of the palace.

The alliance of the Ngo family and the United States was, quite obviously, an ill-matched one. The Americans wanted an able administrator, a strong leader, a man of the people—"another Magsaysay," as they put it—and Diem was none of these things. Though the American officials spoke significantly of his experience as an administrator, the President actually had very little experience, and that in the small, far-off Annamese protectorate. Born a mandarin, he had grown up under the tutelage of that older generation of Catholic mandarins who believed in the resurrection of the traditional state. His sense of patriotism came from the élitist tradition of the mandarinate and the Church, and he was, as the Vietnamese said, by temperament less a priest than a monk. In a time of intense anti-French activity, Diem neither formed nor joined a political party, where the real training for independence might be had. He saw himself as a man of destiny, responsible for the nation by right of birth and superior virtue. *Plus royal que le roi*, he held himself aloof from the conflict, waiting for that moment of destiny that God or Fate had already arranged in Heaven. And when that moment came, he felt himself justified by it, all his hopes and theories confirmed—never quite understanding that the moment came less as a result of his own virtue than as the result of intervention by a large and interested foreign power.

While the Ngo brothers were essentially pathetic figures, their regime was an indissoluble mixture of nightmare and farce. The farce was played out largely in the cities, among the people supported by the American aid program, for on this stage Mme. Nhu could whimsically enforce an anti-divorce law or a ban on dancing. The nightmare lay mostly in the countryside, among the rice farmers further impoverished by the American importation of food and the new influx of money to the cities, and where no laws held. The difference was, however, invisible to most Americans.

IN the period 1955-59, Diem issued a series of laws that many Americans liked to think were directed against Communist agents actively trying to overthrow the Diem regime. At the time, certain French journalists, including Jean Lacouture and Philippe Devillers, reported that the Diem regime was conducting a large-scale campaign of terror not only against the entire Vietminh but also against leaders of smaller political factions. Some American and British sources confirmed this report, but neither American officials nor journalists investigated the matter at the time. Only years later did the next generation of American social scientists designing the next series of counter-insurgency programs discover the cause and the full consequences of the campaign. According to the testimony of the victims—many of whom consequently joined the National Liberation Front—the Diemist officials arrested thousands of people whose only political sin was to have fought for independence against the French be-



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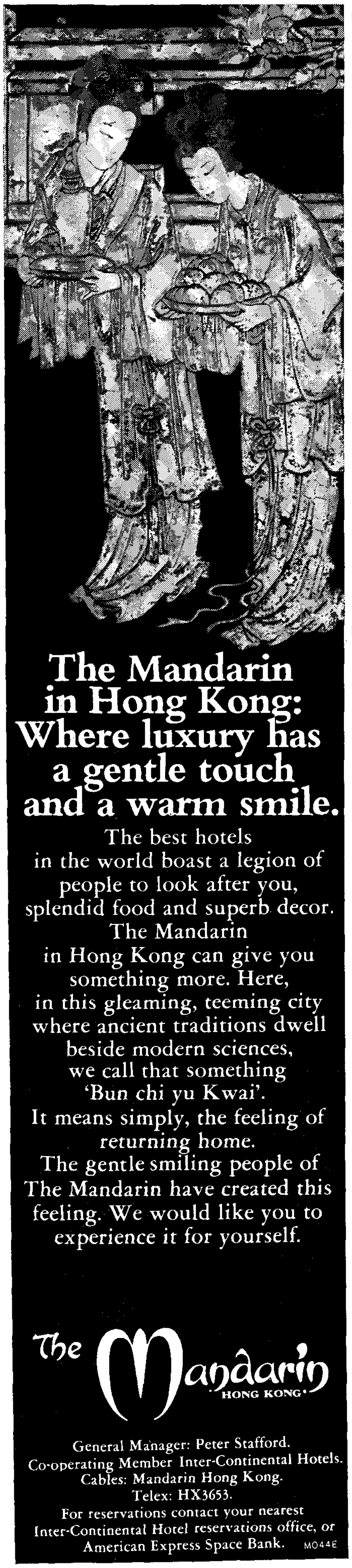
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fore Diem took power. Some of these people were killed on arrest; others were beaten and tortured; still others were held for indefinite periods under inhuman conditions for the purpose of extorting money from them or confiscating their land. In certain areas, whole hamlets were subjected to such treatment. What most surprised the American researchers was that few of these arrests were ever made in Saigon or in any of the larger cities, for this fact indicated that Diem did not directly order them. In most cases, the officials seemed to have acted on their own initiative and for their own personal or sectarian interests. Some of the officials were, after all, former colonial functionaries with blood scores to settle against the Vietminh. Others were former village notables and landlords who had been driven from their villages by the Vietminh during the war. Some of them were Catholics fighting old sectarian battles, and still others were adventurers who joined the new administration in order to make their fortunes. By issuing the anti-treason laws, Diem had, in other words, opened a Pandora's box of violence. Even if Diem had understood that the terror campaign worked against the long-term interests of his government, he could have done nothing to stop it. Apart from those people who could use his administration to their own private advantage, he had little support in the country.

The anti-Vietminh campaign was only one manifestation of the anarchy within the administration and the Army. Almost all the American reporters who came to Saigon in 1961-62 had tales to tell of Army officers gaining promotions through bribery or political influence, of generals running illicit traffic in rice or opium, of intelligence officers refusing to divulge information or lying to conceal a job undone, of officers stealing their men's pay, and of soldiers treating the peasants like the members of a conquered race. One experienced reporter wrote, "Of the thousands of Vietnamese officials I have known, I can think of none who does not more or less hold the Vietnamese people in contempt." There were exceptions, of course, but they remained exceptions. On the whole, the behavior of the officials had a curious uniformity to it. Their misdeeds formed a pattern that transcended the region or social class from which they came. From the tales of the Diem regime as told by the villagers, it would seem that the history of the South was but the history of one village repeated over and over again.

The story as told by villagers throughout the country had its stock characters: the government-appointed village chief; the "haughty" and "arrogant" official who took bribes from the local landlords and forced the villagers to work for him; the village security officer—a relative, perhaps, of the district chief—who used his position to take revenge on old enemies or to extort money from the villagers; the government soldiers who, like juvenile delinquents, drank too much, stole food, and raped the village girls; the village self-defense guards who huddled in their earthwork forts each night and fled when the National Liberation Front came in force to the village; the district and provincial officials who, like Kafka's bureaucrats, seemed to inhabit a world impossibly remote from the village. Finally, there were the villagers themselves, who complained so little that for years the Americans thought the insurgency would find no root among them. And there was a dénouement to the story shocking to Americans of the period: when the Front cadres moved into the village and assassinated one or two of the government officials, the villagers reacted with enthusiasm or indifference.

Dr. Fishel and his colleagues contended that the Diem regime was not the worst government in Asia, and possibly it was not. But the Vietnamese did not make such comparisons. The fact is that the failings of the Diemist officials arose not out of any one political system but out of the depths of the society. Ngo Dinh Diem did not create these failings; on the other hand, he could do nothing about them. He could not even analyze them, for although they were not "natural" or traditional, they stemmed from the disintegration of the old society, from a process that he himself did not recognize. And it was this disintegration, rather than the larger political or regional divisions, that defeated him.

As always, the crux of the matter was the village, the essential community of Vietnam. Traditionally, the villages stood almost isolated, hubs in the wheels of their paddy fields, surviving civil war upon civil war, protecting the cycle of the rice and the Way of the ancestors. But with the coming of the French the villages succumbed—first to the colonial bureaucrats, then to the merchants, then to the soldiers. Overwhelmed by the new power in Saigon, the Southern villages lost their internal structure and the bonds of their community. The strict patriarchy, the "natural order" of the Confucian universe, had disintegrated, leaving a vacuum of authority where no laws held.

Initially, Diem tried to pacify the South with moral instruction—it was that, he supposed, that had insured the harmonious working of society in the past. When instruction did not work—and perhaps he had always feared that it would not—he found himself at a loss. The idea that he might consult the people or attempt to win popular support did not occur to him as a possibility. "I know what is best for the people," he would repeat endlessly to his American advisers. Seeing himself as the patriarch, the father of his people, he could not cope with the social disintegration. He scarcely knew what had happened or why. When it became clear that the people would not respond to what many Americans were pleased to call the "traditional government" of the Vietnamese villages, Diem's reaction was to extend his own paternal rule down into the villages with the appointment of officials from the outside. But his administration could not function, and not surprisingly, for a Western-style bureaucracy could not function according to the traditional Way. By imposing his own administration upon the villages, Diem broke down the last barriers and exposed the villagers to intolerable pressure. In the end, the villagers would break away from him, as they broke away from the Nguyen emperors, leaving him helpless before the foreigners.

Like the majority of his people, Diem grew up in a very small world—Hué in the nineteen-thirties was hardly more cosmopolitan than a back-country village. Like them, he watched uncomprehending while his world gave way before the strange forces of the West. Suddenly made responsible for a country fashioned by others and altered beyond recognition, he could only react as he had been trained to in his childhood. Like his "haughty" officials, he was a man out of tune with his times, a sovereign of discord. Under other circumstances, Diem would simply have drifted into obscurity. It was the United States that gave him power over his people and encouraged him to adopt a policy based exclusively on the use of force.

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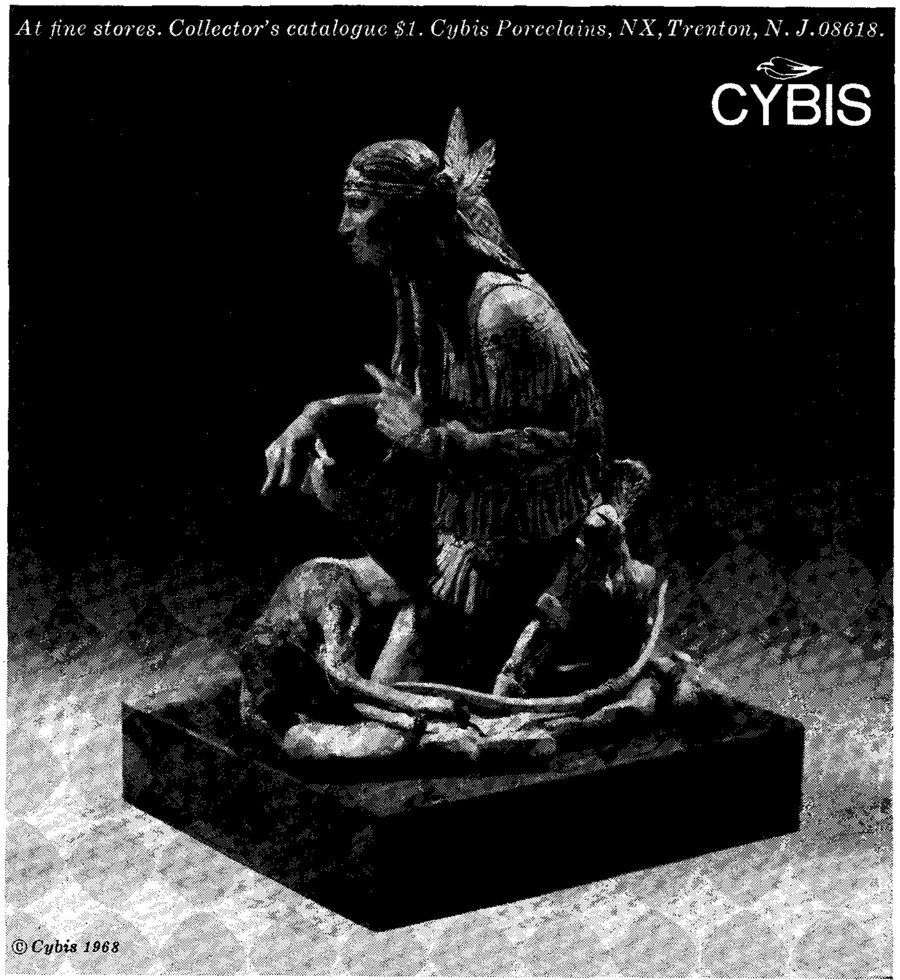

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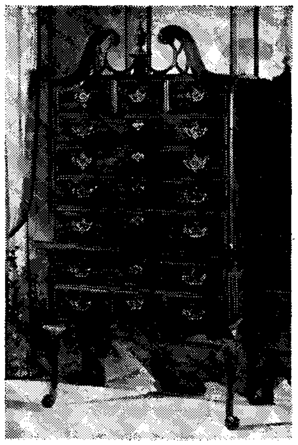

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official claims that the United States was at least making an effort to develop South Vietnam and to improve the well-being of the South Vietnamese people. But as a look at the aid budget would show, the claims were, and always had been, false. Even in the period between 1954 and 1960, before the guerrilla war began, the United States spent only a minute fraction of its aid on industrial or agricultural development—two sectors that required heavy investment if South Vietnam was to become an economically independent country. The land-reform program of 1956 failed in part because the United States did not allocate capital for the Diem regime or the peasants to buy the land the large proprietors had by law to relinquish. Throughout the Diem era, the United States spent approximately ninety per cent of its aid on the creation of an army and a military bureaucracy.

This distribution of aid was not arbitrary; nor was it the result of mere shortsightedness on the part of the local American officials. In Washington, United States officials conceived of their policy not as an attempt to help the Vietnamese but as an attempt to hold the line at the Seventeenth Parallel against the Communists. These officials justified the entire aid-and-assistance program on the basis of this essentially negative, military goal. When it appeared that the main source of trouble for the Diem regime would come from below the Seventeenth Parallel, they made no attempt to change their priorities. All the social scientists notwithstanding, the Americans had no real theory of development, no firm belief that development would reduce the insurgency. And they would make no large-scale appropriations for humanitarian purposes. For the United States government, "security"—or the attempt at a military occupation of the countryside—always came first. The final shape of the Diem regime reflected that concern.

Beginning in 1955, the United States Military Assistance Advisory Group, under the command of General Samuel T. Williams, dismantled the small, mobile units of the French-trained Army (the *groupes mobiles*) and replaced them with seven regular divisions armed with American weapons. The reorganization exemplified the usual military obsession with precedent—in this case the Korean war. The regular divisions were to prove utterly unsuitable for a domestic guerrilla conflict. But the American advisers, instead of correcting their

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initial error, merely added to it by forming a new group of units—Marine, Ranger, and paratrooper battalions—from their own repertoire, so that, with the addition of a Navy and an Air Force, the armed forces of the Saigon government became a complete scale model of the American armed forces, its soldiers all dressed in American uniforms labelled Combat, Asian, Men's, Large or Small. At the same time, the civilian side of the American Mission, with the help of the Michigan State University teams, built up territorial forces that more or less paralleled the Vietminh-N.L.F. formations: a self-defense guard (later called the Popular Forces) to patrol the villages, and a fifty-thousand-man civil guard (later called the Regional Forces) to provide provincial defense.

The very size of the American military commitment insured that the Vietnamese armed forces would eventually dominate the civil administration. By 1962, military officers were assigned to almost all the crucial territorial posts of province and district chief. The "security" and "control" system was then complete. Village chiefs reported to the military district and province chiefs, the province chiefs to the three (later four) corps commanders, and the corps commanders to the Presidential Palace. The whole system brooked no interference from any representative institutions, or, indeed, from any civilian body whatever. The United States had, in other words, made the Saigon government into a military machine whose sole raison d'être was to fight the Communists. The only difficulty was that the machine did not work. That the regular Army divisions could not effectively cope with the domestic guerrilla warfare was only the superficial aspect of the problem. The real problem was that these divisions bore no relation to Vietnamese politics. From the American point of view, the Army of the Republic of Vietnam appeared to be solid—a group of men in the same uniform trained and ready to do battle against the Communists. But within the Vietnamese context the ARVN was more like a collection of individuals who all happened to be carrying weapons.

In 1961, it became clear to the inner circle of the Kennedy Administration that the N.L.F. was threatening the very life of the Diem regime. New measures were required if the regime was to survive for long. After a trip to South Vietnam to survey the military situation, General Maxwell D. Taylor recommended to President Kennedy that the United States send eight thousand regular troops to Vietnam for the purpose of raising the morale of the Saigon government and showing the Communists the seriousness of the American intention to defend South Vietnam. Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara questioned the value of a token force, on the ground that "we would be almost certain to get increasingly mired down in an inconclusive struggle." He recommended that the United States make a clear commitment to the defense of South Vietnam and support that commitment with the introduction of American forces on the "substantial scale" that would be necessary to achieve military victory. President Kennedy did not accept either McNamara's recommendation or Taylor's proposal as it stood. Instead, over the next two years he doubled the number of troops Taylor requested, posting sixteen thousand American soldiers as advisers to the ARVN, and at the same time he increased military aid to the Saigon government, reinforced the Vietnamese units with squadrons of American helicopters and airplanes, and undertook a C.I.A.-sponsored program of clandestine sabotage operations in Laos and North and South Vietnam, all directed against the Democratic Republic of Vietnam.

As McNamara had predicted, these new measures did not deter the N.L.F. The success of American policy thus continued to rest on the capabilities of the Saigon government. In 1961, American officials presented the Diem regime with a new list of demands for political, economic, and military reform. Possibly they thought that the Diem regime would now meet these demands, for with the increase of military aid the Americans took steps to transform their "advisory" relationship into one of "limited partnership" with the Saigon government, in which American troops as well as matériel could be committed to combat. Presumably, the new system would assure more effective American control over Diem's regime. In February, 1962, the Military Assistance Advisory Group (M.A.A.G.) became the Military Assistance Command, Vietnam (M.A.C.V.), "something nearer—but not quite—an operational headquarters in a theatre of war," as Taylor described it. Foreign advisers—British as well as American—were inserted in every part of the bureaucracy, with the authority not

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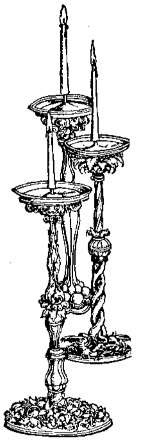

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only to advise but to insist on the adoption of new programs. Within this new arrangement, the Diem regime undertook a new pacification plan. Designed by Diem's British advisory team, it was called the Strategic Hamlet program.

For the next two years, the Strategic Hamlet program was by far the most ambitious of the Diemist land programs, and by far the most destructive. In its very conception, the program was a study in misplaced analogy. Sir Robert Thompson, the head of the British team of advisers to Ngo Dinh Diem, proposed to build up a system of fortified villages such as the British had used against the Communist insurgency in Malaya. The difficulty was that while in Malaya the British had fortified Malay villages against Chinese insurgents, in Vietnam the Vietnamese would have to fortify Vietnamese hamlets against other Vietnamese who had grown up in those hamlets. The plan purported not to involve the displacement of the villagers from their homes and fields, as the other unsuccessful resettlement programs had done. But it involved precisely that in most regions of the Mekong Delta. Anyone who took an airplane trip across the Delta could have seen that the villagers did not live in concentrated settlements but in farmhouses scattered through the rice fields and along the edges of the dikes. Because the new program made no provision for the allotment of new land to the villagers, many of the peasants who moved into the strategic hamlets ended up with no land at all—five miles being the same as five hundred to those who had to walk to their fields and back each day. The American and British advisers overlooked this basic economic difficulty. The strategic hamlets offered them the military advantage of concentrating people into small, fortified settlements that the armed forces could actually surround. And by 1962 the military situation appeared to be desperate.

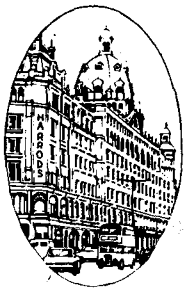
The Ngo brothers had from the beginning favored the new program in the expectation that it would give them more direct control over the villages. Once they learned how much money the Americans were willing to commit to the new plan, and of the possibility of direct American intervention if they did not concur, they rushed ahead with it. Ngo Dinh Nhu took charge of the program himself, and insisted that two-thirds of the sixteen thousand hamlets in South Vietnam be fortified within fourteen months. His theory—or, rather, the theory he expounded to the Americans—was that with the help of proper indoctrination the peasants would be all too glad to defend their own villages against the Communists, without any military or financial support. Sir Robert Thompson argued that the program had to proceed more slowly, so that at every stage the government could protect the hamlets from large-scale attacks. But Nhu went ahead with his own plan, whereby the Americans shipped in vast quantities of commodities to enable the villagers both to construct their own defenses and, as the press releases had it, to build new and better communities for themselves.

By the end of 1962, Diemist officials reported that, though they had not quite reached their objective, about half of the country's hamlets had been fortified and provided with some means of self-defense. The figure reflected no real achievement but, rather, the amount of American aid that had gone to the various province chiefs for such a purpose. As one American study later showed, only fifteen hundred, or less than ten per cent, of the hamlets possessed any military security. And even that figure might not have been achieved without the new American commitment of firepower. With artillery, helicopters, and tactical bombers at its disposal, the Allied command declared whole areas outside the strategic-hamlet belt "free-fire zones," where anything moving might be shot. Inside the belt, it permitted the artillery to fire almost at random every night on suspected Vietcong concentrations, trails, and staging areas—a tactic known as "harassment and interdiction." All this unguided firing naturally dissuaded many peasants from following what would have been their normal course of slipping away from the crowded, squalid enclosures. At least one American official at the time admitted that the N.L.F. was not far wrong in calling these settlements concentration camps.

In those areas where it was actually applied, the Strategic Hamlet program did give the Saigon government a short-term military advantage. Politically, it proved a disaster. If the American and British officials really envisioned happy and prosperous peasants standing up to defend their villages against the insurgents, their wishful thinking was vast indeed. Except for the Catholics, the peasants had no possible reason for doing anything of the sort. The amount of American aid that trickled down to the villages hardly gave them a motive to support the government—in the Delta, it barely permitted them to survive. Armed with slogans on the virtues of self-sufficiency and self-sacrifice, officials took the peasants away from their fields and forced them to construct mud and barbed-wire fences that made them liable to N.L.F. attacks and thus put them in some jeopardy. Even those officials who conducted themselves in an exemplary manner induced anxiety among the villagers by their very physical presence. Under constant surveillance and in constant fear of attack, many of the hamlets lost even such unity as they possessed. One village lawyer said of his hamlet not far from Saigon, "We have no solidarity here, no coöperation. And so if the Vietcong come, no matter where we are, they can take advantage of us." In his hamlet, as in so many others, the circle of artillery and barbed wire enclosed a political void that waited for the N.L.F.

And, from the Plain of Reeds, from the Ca Mau peninsula, and from the Central Highlands, the N.L.F. slowly moved in to fill the void. It drove the government forces completely out of many areas. In other places, near heavy troop concentrations, it simply drained away government authority and acted as the government of the nighttime. To the American command, the Vietcong seemed to have arisen by spontaneous generation. The Americans had not perceived the anarchy of the villages, for in their view the first sign of anarchy was unorganized violence, and there was no violence inside the villages until the N.L.F. began to mobilize them in the most methodical manner. Not until their military offensive of 1962-63 did the Front persuade at least some Americans that it had extended its influence to about eighty per cent of the rural population.

THE new American aid commitment bought time for the Saigon regime, but it increased the dangers confronting the Ngo family. The larger the military bureaucracy grew, the more it came to resemble the country itself—its officers no more "pacified," and no more loyal to the Diem regime, than the peasants inside the strategic hamlets. Ngo Dinh Diem knew this perfectly well. He as much as told his American advisers that he feared his ministers and generals. But the Americans did not understand his situation. From the very beginning, Diem's aim had been not to run the administration but to render it helpless—to bypass it, with the help of his brothers. As time went on, his attempt



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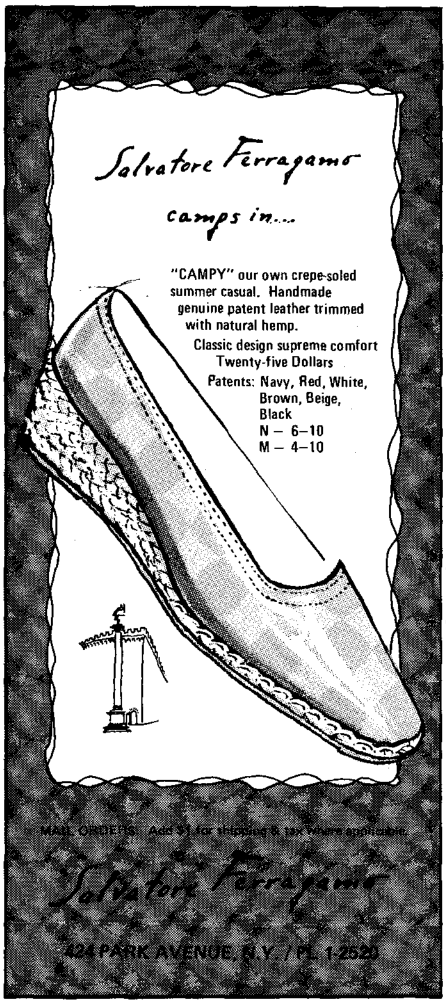
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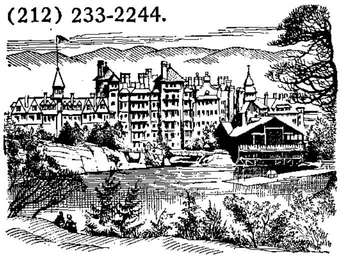

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to divide and rule required more and more extreme measures: the sabotaging of military operations, replacement of the most competent officers by the most venal. The Ngos were not so much running a government as running an opposition within it. They managed to create an underworld of warlords, secret societies, and bandit groups such as had existed in the periods of greatest anarchy between Confucian governments. In order to finance the Can Lao party and his other subversive intelligence agencies, Ngo Dinh Nhu engaged in activities similar to those of his old enemy the bandit Bay Vien: waterfront piracy, extortion rackets, illicit trading in opium, exchange manipulation. Ngo Dinh Can ran central Vietnam as his own private business venture: he controlled the local shipping and the cinnamon trade, and with Diem's tacit consent ruled the local officials through adroit manipulation, graft, and extortion. Each of the brothers jealously guarded his own sources of revenue from the other—their agents occasionally killing one another off in an access of zeal. Mme. Nhu had the foresight to amass a fortune in goods that could be quickly converted into European assets.

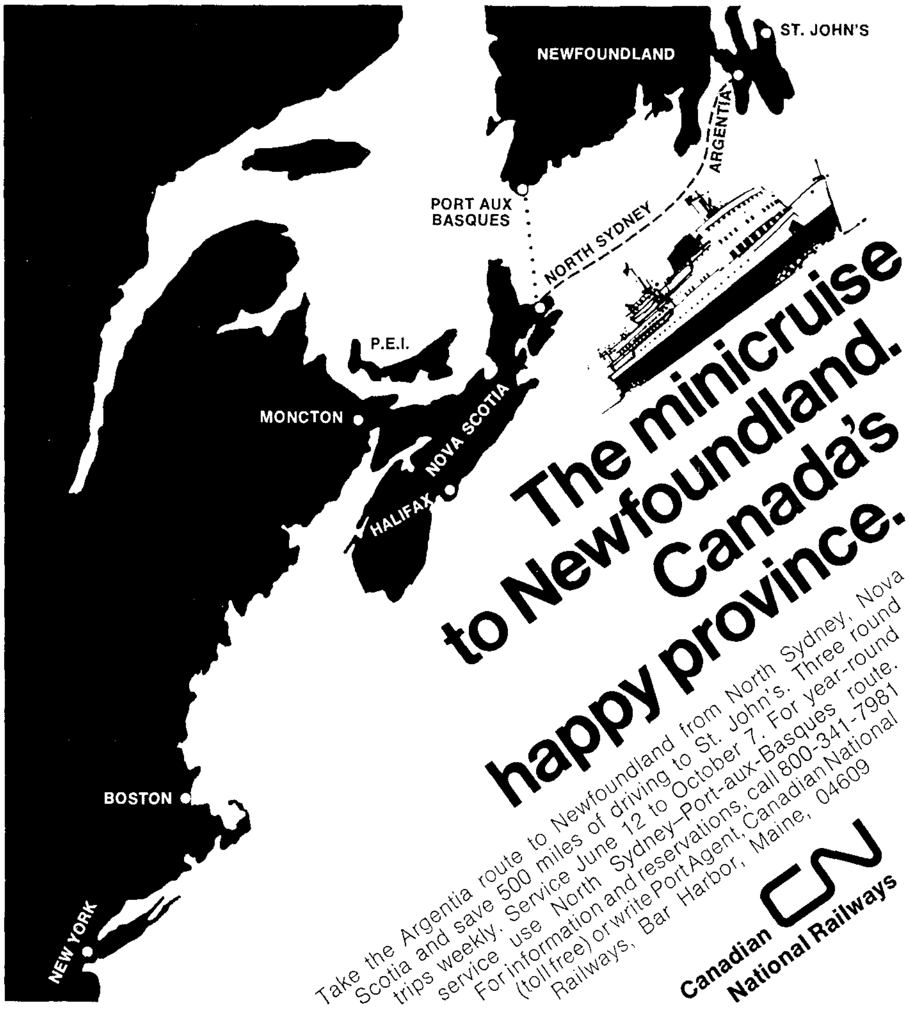
Amazingly, despite all this illicit traffic, the Ngos maintained an impenetrable façade of self-righteous hauteur. The world, they seemed to be saying, was not good or pure enough for them. After an abortive military coup in 1960, Diem declared that "the hand of God" had sustained him against the rebels. And yet the attempted coup had a demonstrable effect on the Ngo family. Ngo Dinh Diem had at one time trusted his relatives, but after 1960 even his family members began to drop away: some were fired, others resigned, still others remained at their posts but no longer had any influence on Diem or Nhu. The extended family narrowed down to the nuclear family of Diem, Can, Thuc, and the Nhus. And even within this inner ring there were fights for power and prestige, with Nhu claiming the protocol arrangements of a head of state and Mme. Nhu claiming responsibility for her husband's ideas. Only Can remained constant.

After the attempted coup of 1960, Diem began to withdraw more and more into himself. He had long been something of a recluse. He was always, as Graham Greene so brilliantly pictured him in 1955, "separated from the people by cardinals and police cars with wailing sirens and foreign advisers droning of global strategy . . . sitting with his blank brown gaze, incorruptible, obstinate, ill-advised, going to his weekly confession, bolstered up by his belief that God is always on the Catholic side, waiting for a miracle." But in the past he had travelled a great deal around the country, visiting villages where his officials had taken pains to produce elaborate pageants of a thriving, moral, and deeply respectful peasantry. Now he travelled less and less, and appeared at fewer and fewer public ceremonies. Each year, he celebrated his election as chief of state with a day of parades and speeches. On the 1962 anniversary, David Halberstam reported in the *Times* that there were no Vietnamese crowds to be seen anywhere near the route of the parade. The police, on Diem's orders, had erected great barricades to keep the people away, and the parades were held in a vacuum, for Diem and his foreign advisers. Now, too, Diem began to talk more and more. In the last year of his life, he would lecture for six and sometimes ten hours at a stretch, refusing to be interrupted by questions. Some of the American reporters saw this incessant talking as a sign of defensiveness. The Vietnamese understood it to have a very precise meaning: his talking was a sign that he could no longer exercise the self-control of a true "father," a Confucian gentleman. Diem was frightened of his subordinates, but he had no recourse except to insist on his authority.

As Diem withdrew into himself, the influence of Ngo Dinh Nhu began to displace his, as the dark the light of the waning moon. If Diem possessed many of the puritanical virtues of the true Confucian monarch, Nhu possessed, and to some degree personified, the complementary vices—arrogance, indiscipline, brutality. As Diem represented the first sovereign of a dynasty, Nhu represented the last. Perhaps anticipating Diem's failure in moral instruction, Nhu had quite early begun to bully. It was Nhu who defended special military courts on the ground that those found guilty must be "wicked people." It was Nhu who organized the internal spy system and who encouraged corruption and factionalism in order to control the bureaucracy. It was Nhu who so divided and demoralized the officer corps that it provided small resistance to the N.L.F. In the end, Diem displayed some of the classical anxieties of an unsuccessful Confucian ruler, but Nhu showed signs of insanity. It was Nhu's intransigence and use of terror that precipitated the coup of 1963 against his family.

After a period of quiescence following the failure of the 1960 coup, the Army officers once again began to plot against the regime. This time, their victory appeared assured. Military reverses persuaded most of the top generals and much of the Saigon bourgeoisie that the continued existence of the Republic required the removal of the Ngo family. Besides, there were few officers to whom the Ngos had not given reason for a private vendetta. But the officers vacillated. Most of them were afraid of Nhu. For eight years, he had almost singlehandedly prevented them from taking that share of power they had always felt was rightly theirs. He had bribed many of them, blackmailed some of them, and manipulated all of them so successfully that not one trusted another. The officers feared that any one among them might inform on them or lead a counter-coup to place himself in the Ngos' favor. They feared that in the event of a successful coup against the Ngos one of their number might seize power and oust the rest. Dr. Tran Kim Tuyen, Nhu's own security chief, now turned against the Ngos and organized a plot that brought several officers to the point of counting battalions. But still the officers could not bring themselves to act. The Americans controlled the purse strings of the government, and the officers knew they could not count on the support of the rest of the Army until they obtained a firm commitment from the Embassy. In the spring of 1963, this commitment seemed impossible to come by. Despite the disintegration of the ARVN, Ambassador Frederick Nolting and General Paul Harkins, the M.A.C.V. commander, remained optimistic about the war and about the ability of the Ngo family to reform the government under their tutelage. The heads of the Mission appeared unable to comprehend the seriousness of the situation inside or outside the government. Given their faith in the Ngos' own military estimates and their obliviousness of the silent defections within the government, they might, it seemed, have remained ignorant of the situation up to the moment when the N.L.F. took over the government—and perhaps a little beyond. Contemplating that end, the officers waited, as if paralyzed.

But then something surprising happened. On May 8, 1963, large crowds of Buddhist priests and laymen surrounded the radio station in Hué to protest an order by Archbishop Ngo



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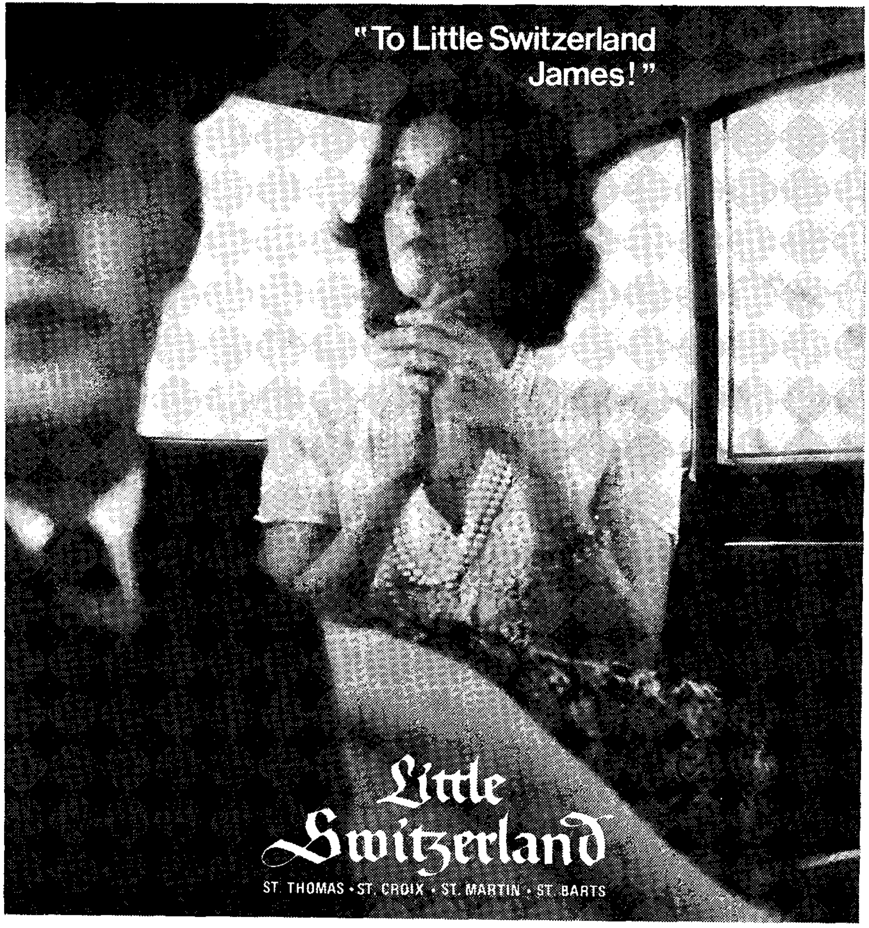
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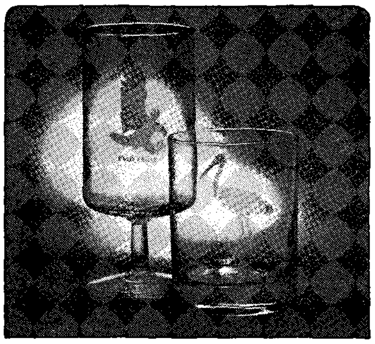

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Dinh Thuc forbidding them to carry the Buddhist flags on the birthday of the Buddha. When the crowds would not retreat before fire hoses, blank shells, and tear gas, the deputy province chief, a Catholic, ordered his troops to fire live ammunition into the crowd, and nine people were killed. The next day, the government claimed that the Vietcong had set off plastic charges in the midst of the crowd—a lie that further antagonized the Buddhists. After weeks of argument, the Americans finally persuaded Diem to meet with the Buddhist leaders and to give in to some of their demands. But the regime never admitted responsibility for the killings, and Nhu ordered the Republican Youth to protest Diem's signing of an agreement with the Buddhists. The bonzes demonstrated before the National Assembly building and embarked upon a hunger strike in Hué.

In the second week of June, the bonze Thich Quang Duc died by fire, seated in the lotus position in the middle of a busy intersection in Saigon. From that moment on, the bonzes went into determined, organized opposition to the Diem regime. Travelling from city to city, the leaders in Hué and Saigon held mass meetings of prayer and political protest; their spokesmen held almost daily conferences for the American press. From that moment on, it became increasingly clear that the days of the Diem regime were numbered. Only the details and the timing of their demise remained to be settled. The regime had fallen in all but title, and, as the Ngos perhaps recognized, the Vietnamese would commit their regime to that absolute death which comes to a family when it has no heirs, and comes to a dynasty when the will of Heaven turns against it.

—FRANCES FITZGERALD

(*This is the second of a series of articles on Vietnam.*)

•

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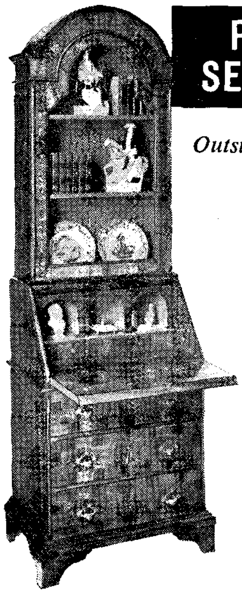

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Self-Colloquy About a Subcontinent

Louis Malle's megalithic documentary "Phantom India," which runs close to seven hours, has a peculiar effect of being a conversation with himself.

"I want to go to India."

"Why do I want to go to India?"

"To find out if there really is no real India."

"Forster did that and said there wasn't."

"But Western people thought he was pretending to know more than he did. Or that he knew more than he said."

"I couldn't do any better."

"No, I couldn't do nearly as well."

"I could try."

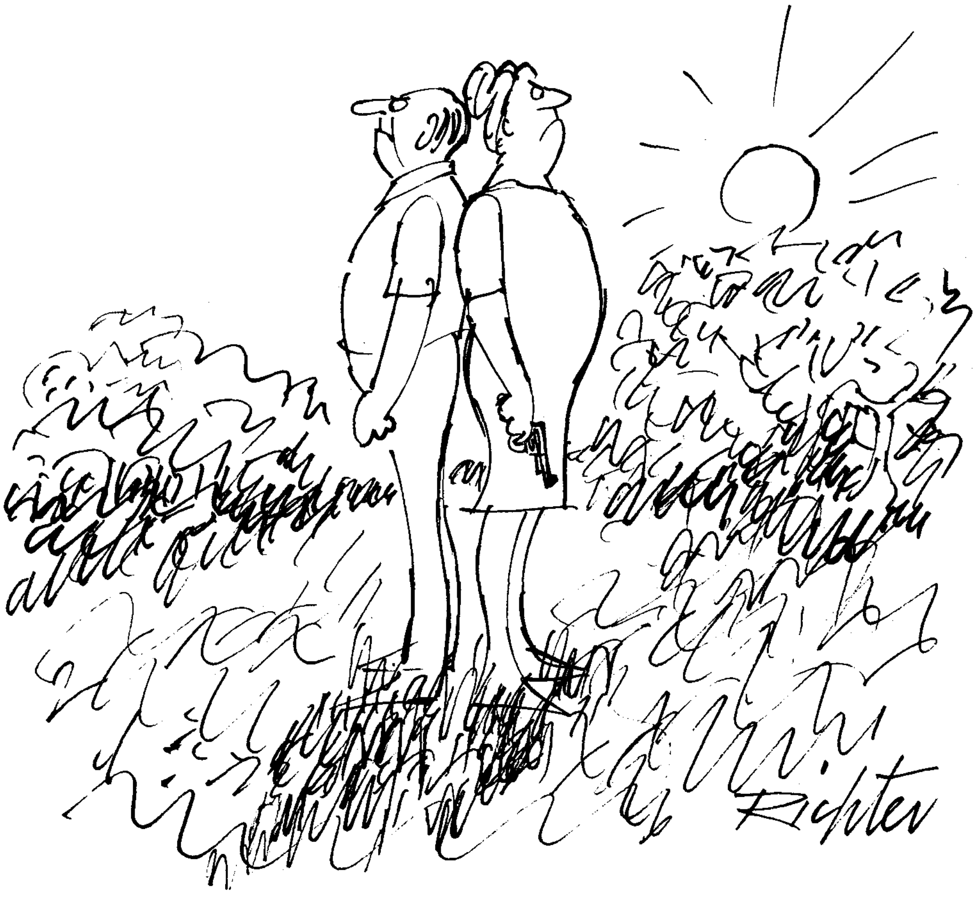
"I don't know how."

"That might be a possible place to begin."

The film that resulted, a sort of oblique masterpiece in not-knowing, is being shown in seven segments, along with successive feature films, at the New Yorker Theatre. When it was first screened, on B.B.C. TV, it caused a terrific rumpus in India by proxy. (It had not yet been seen there.) As far as its beauty, poetry, and dedication to comprehending are describable, it can be said that it does none of the things it was accused of. It does not patronize India, or show a fabricated India, or market downright Western statements about poverty or sericulture or birth control. It has an engulfing affection for India; the India it shows is partial but actual; and it practices a positively Hindu ambiguity. The bitter fight has lately vanished into thin air, as difficulties in India often do. I was once trying to cross a river in South India. The head priest of the village temple, who owned the only boat, shook his head and said that the time was not auspicious. The next day was not the auspicious time, either. I waited a week. The week turned out to be both impossible and mysteriously harmonious. As things often do in India, again. It also contained a particularly Indian and aerial element of farce. On the seventh day, the priest and I conferred for the fourteenth time. Nothing had changed in his look of forlorn spirituality. No money passed. He rowed me across the river, with great courtesy. It was as if the week had never occurred. Nothing was said. Reality is more complicated than vocabulary.

This last fact is probably one of the reasons Malle's film takes nearly seven hours. He will stub his toe on a near-truth and then find that the rock has turned into pure air. For instance, he sees the Indian temperament as full of drowsiness, puts some of that down to hunger, and then finds how spirited the temperament is in worship. He sees the cruelty of Hinduism to a poor nation, and then can't take his eyes off the gentleness and consolement in the faces of people at prayer. He films a sacred juggernaut that is as thickly encrusted with the living faithful as a Hindu temple is with carvings—a godly colossus liable to kill quite a few of the crowd as it is pulled to a halt with the help of wedges—and reflects on the exploitation of credulity, and then finds that five hours has passed for his crew in a quite metamorphosed fashion and that time has rolled away. He photographs enormous religious festivals out-of-doors but knows that the essence of Hinduism is in family life. He sees things that make Westerners sink into their usual commonplace that the heart of Indianness is muddle, and then records a very young dancer in South India stating a technical fact that is the core of coherence: "We can't express ourselves unless we think it."

Louis Malle has always been absorbed by ideas of solitude. The heroine of "Zazie dans le Métro" is on her own, a gutter-tongued innocent going on twelve in a film full of satanic fun that finds visual equivalents of word-play. The plagued hero of "The Fire Within" is terribly on his own. (The picture is called in French "Le Feu Follet," and it is one of Malle's most considerable films.) Malle takes it for granted in "The Fire Within"—as he does in every other film of his, and especially in "Les Amants," "The Thief of Paris," and now "Phantom India"—that appearances delude. Zazie is a succulent, equably scornful infant with a morality aged before her time, and she has an uncle who is a female impersonator. Maurice Ronet, who plays the hero of "The Fire Within," is a scorched playboy who has set his suicide date for forty-eight hours hence, but his mildly benign friends notice nothing. These sideline characters are very well done, precisely and recognizably. They belong mostly to a spiky lot not much documented in films: the caustic intellectuals of around forty or fifty who remember the Second World War and look with envy on the nerveless generation that has displaced them. The hero's sense of reality has been erased at the same time as his need for booze, while the other people's upper-bohemian lives go on undisturbed. No heed is paid. Everyone is welcoming enough, up to a point. The hero goes back to the alcoholics' sanitarium where



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he has been dried out, tidies his room, and then collectedly shoots himself in his uncommitted heart. Always waiting for something to happen, he now believes that nothing ever will, and it is more than his very Western spirit can take.

In the Indian film, Malle is interested in another sort of solitariness. The movie constantly seems to be making the observation that privacy is more possible on this overcrowded subcontinent than in emptier places. He sees the religions as a form of it, and the minutiae of caste as another. The notion of privacy itself has an altered meaning. In the West, a man's person rests in his walled individuality; in India, it rests in his relation to other people. Indian arts are essentially convivial, though self-addressed and spiritual. To dance is to forge a link between the moment and eternity. At its best, Indian dance entails an oblivion of the body that is taxing because of the immense difficulty; it asks for intricate physical control and an infallible memory. As far as Malle can see, dancing is the supreme expression of Hinduism, an aspect of a metaphysical system that baffles most of the West, for Hinduism is a way of thought and charity leading to an economy we call cruel, and it is a dialogue with gods unavailable to us. In parts of the film, you feel Malle himself heavy-hearted, obsessed with something that he fears to be evanescent and that five hundred and fifty million people find eternal.

A guide says that being mortal is a duty. You can practically see Malle drowning in this alien world where the cardinal point of living is to escape reincarnation—to escape poverty, we have always said to ourselves, but perhaps it is not that clear. Each new life on earth counts as a penalty for the one you have lived before, and this is the basis for the apparently passive and apparently politically expedient acceptance of the caste system—an acceptance that is actually also both urgent and meditative. The film sees that Hinduism is serene and fanatical at the same time. It watches a completely immobile woman who has been sitting at prayer all day, and a hermit striding along a road with a black umbrella under his arm and never a look for the camera, but it also watches a yogi with skewers of steel stuck into his flesh. Every day, though, Malle finds something in Indian life that revives his feeling for the place and lifts the weight: a face thinking, a child sitting with an umbrella against the sun, a mixture of simplicity and obscurity which appeals to him, a new interpretation of something tremendous. If the capacity for being interested is a sort of genius, this film has it.

The cliché is that Indians don't care about sanitation. Yet their religion makes a ritual of daily bathing. Yet again, the bathing is not for the sake of hygiene, because the water is often filthy. But hygiene is not hygiene as we practice it. It consists in purification, in cutting yourself off from the concrete and familiar, in being on your own. To pray is a unique moment of being alone. Malle could easily have made Hindu prayer look funny and full of antics, but he hadn't the wish.

As the film goes on, it seems that being in India is no longer a question of trying to explain things but one of being a part of them.

"Are you American?" a little boy asked Malle.

"No," said Malle.

"Then what caste *do* you belong to?" said the little boy, revealing that nationalities are castes for him, and giving the lie to the widespread Indian affirmation that there is no such thing as caste; words like "pariah," "caste," and "untouchable" are firmly said to be terms invented by Europeans.

And yet. Castes are a question of whom you drink and eat with, whom you marry, what well you use. In places, they have become solid blocks of economic oppression. But it is hard to find an Indian who wholly wants to do away with the system. Even some Communists in the film get round the point by holding that the country is already industrialized; they sound unlike any other Communists you have ever heard. Perhaps the caste system and its repercussions seem the least of things in the lifetime of a Hindu of *any* political sort, since death itself is not an end, or even a break; and to be an untouchable is to be serving a life sentence for deeds put in the balance from birth to birth. Hinduism is the perfect example of the ironic quest in which the hero's voyage is part of an inevitable cycle, meaning that everything that has been done has to be done again and again. The supreme religious aim is never to recur but to merge with the absolute. Westerners find this repugnant, and will feel parts of the film to be as mysteriously desolate as the sight of the first groping boot of the first moon man, because the individually known and controlled has a monopoly of our respect. Malle's film sometimes indicates that he feels a barbarian among the devout, and as out of place as an American soldier among the Vietnamese. The Westerner's choice is to make choices; the Hindu's is to lose his choosing self in the flux. Malle loves the country, finds himself drawn into it, revolts against his intrusiveness, and despairs here and there of doing anything to show us what he is devoted to.

But he does. He catches, with great plastic grace and intellectual insight, a lot of the wonder of the place. As with all his work, the film is like something drawn from memory. It seems to be happening in the head. The looks and sounds of India are there by the multitude. There is the look of water buffalo on dusty roads at dawn before the heat comes, the sound of tight-lipped private litanies, the sound of the marvellous Tamil laugh, the sight of enormously long and frail-looking ribbons of cotton for turbans cracking in a breeze like pennants. The yard-wide wingstretch of shrieking bats. The fish nets of South India, stretched out and photographed so that they look like leaf membranes after a blight, and pitifully empty of fish, because Indians don't seem to like going far from the shore. The thwack of washing being banged on rocks for lack of soap. The subcontinent's way of absorbing surreal sights: there is a solemnly funny shot of a man in a dhoti wheeling a very old treadle sewing machine down an endless country road. The fat, squat archetype whom Indians idealize in their five-hour color films that mix soap opera and mythology: we see a male star doing a scene in white makeup—our bequest, heaven help us, along with the trains, and the vile British wisdom in not tampering with Hinduism, because that would have ended in an increase in wages and the standard of living. There is a synoptic shot of a blind camel dragging a millstone round and round to grind cement. Cement to hold what fixed? Who is going to make changes? Not the Maoists: Indian Communists are out of key with them by nature, on the evidence of the film. Not the Congress Party, which strikes Malle as having a lot in common with the Gaullists. Not the fringe minorities that he photographs, and that the awesome shambles of India uniquely and creditably enfolds. For the moment, there is a stalemate. Given that India proceeds in its immortal style, the stalemate will dissolve one day as if it had never existed. If one thinks of China before it changed, it seems a dreadful pity that there is no such film record of it. Wonderful that "Phantom India" exists.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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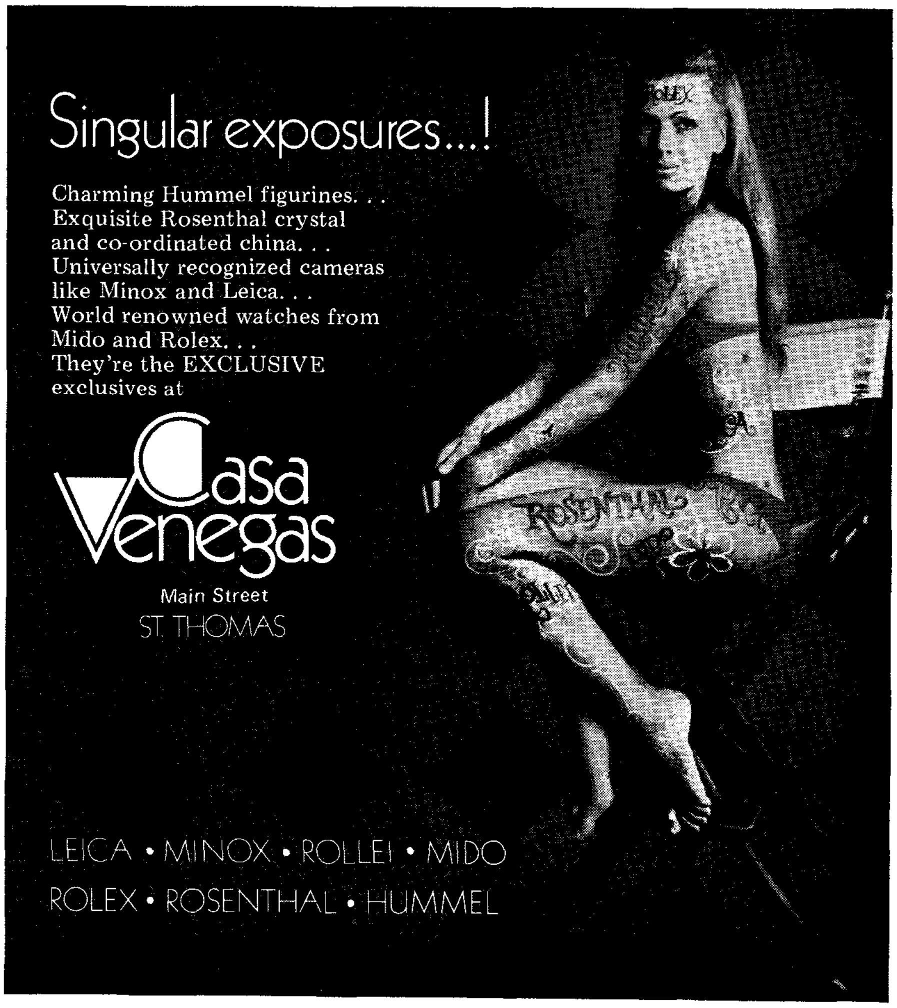

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Missa cum Laude

Leonard Bernstein's "Mass," which opened last Wednesday night for a run of several weeks at the Metropolitan Opera House, is not a Mass, properly speaking, nor does it pretend to be, and I cannot understand the hostility of some of the clergy toward it. It is a religious parable containing a commentary on religion as it stands today, especially in the minds of the young, and the commentary is wide and deep, including much that bothers right-minded people in the fields of politics and war as well as religion. True, it uses the words of the Latin Catholic Mass as a sort of skeleton to string these matters on. But this is by no means the first time a composer has used them in this manner, and the result is extremely eloquent and never irreverent. As a friend remarked to me, anybody who had never heard a real Mass would get an odd idea of what a Mass is. But that is merely by the way, and serves only to confirm that Mr. Bernstein's idea had very little to do with what happens in church. "Mass" is a theatre piece, and it is no secret that Mr. Bernstein has a genius for the theatrical. It is, in fact, an amazingly effective theatre piece, employing a hundred and seventy-five people—dancers, singers, choruses, a rock band (which hasn't much to do), a couple of marching bands (one mostly brass, the other mostly woodwind), solo instrumentalists, who appear in costume on the stage, and a remarkable solo role for baritone, called the Celebrant. This large assortment of performers is seen before a simple, stepped background devised by Oliver Smith; the heterogeneous costumes, which blend beautifully, are by Frank Thompson; the ingenious lighting is by Gilbert Hemsley, Jr.; the choreography is by Alvin Ailey; the staging is by Gordon Davidson and Mr. Ailey together.

As a spectacle, "Mass" is imposing—an affair of many striking details and of many grand effects. It has a plot of sorts—a simple one, which depicts the decline of religion, the suffering of an alienated clergy amid pagan and atheistic behavior, and, finally, a spontaneous revival among the people. The message seems to be that religion may go into eclipse in a materialistic age but that it never dies. As for the music Mr. Bernstein has written for this spectacle, I find it sincere, moving, and often subtle. It is always the easiest thing in the world to look for influences of this or that composer (in this case, Mahler and Carl Orff come to mind), but detections of influences are not important. In fact, I was surprised by the real originality of the score. Mr. Bernstein appears to have reached maturity as a composer and to have evolved a style that is very much his own. His long experience with orchestras has given him a special sensitivity to orchestral combinations and effects, and he uses them with complete mastery. Moreover, in the manner of most important composers, he utilizes the whole array of musical resources available in his time. It was interesting to see microphone singers combined with operatic-type singers in a perfectly adjusted blend of sound. And if Mr. Bernstein has been influenced by Mahler, the result is far from being imitation Mahler. He merely uses certain of Mahler's methods, such as combining folk melodies with larger structures and placing instruments against each other in unexpected ways. It is, I think, quite a feat for a contemporary composer to evolve a style that is both a personal medium of expression and a wholly communicative one for the audience. Mr. Bernstein has performed this feat admirably. Extreme radicals will pronounce his score academic and traditional. But it is not academic, and if it is in any way traditional, that is entirely to its benefit. I must say that, in spite of my pessimism about the state of contemporary music, this work had given me hope. "Mass" is a rare thing—a stunning and absorbing modern composition that can reach the heart of any musical audience.

The principal figure of the drama is the Celebrant, at first a young guitar player and singer, who starts things off by singing a "simple song." Then the curtain rises, one sees a crowd of people dressed in a wide variety of costumes, and the music becomes more complex. The Celebrant puts on priestly robes and presides over a religious ceremony, which involves passages of solo and passages of choral singing. Then, after a considerable period, the congregation becomes uneasy, doubting and satirical voices are heard, the Celebrant is approached with hostility and pushed around, and a kind of orgy takes place. The Celebrant comes to doubt his own beliefs, and finally goes mad, smashing the symbols of his religion and ultimately descending into the orchestra pit and the region below the stage. He appears again, at the end, merely as a spectator, and this, I think, is a stroke of dramatic genius. The revival of religion is not his task. There is an episode based on the line "A little child shall lead them," and gradually, one by one, the actors, dancers, and singers on the stage, who have been lying down for some time in a state of depression, rise, hug and kiss each other, and begin to believe again.

Of the vast number of elements in this work, I shall pick out only a few for comment. Alan Titus, a splendid baritone in his mid-twenties, performed the role of the Celebrant—one that requires not only fine singing agility but an extraordinary talent for projecting religious sincerity and a remarkable sensitivity to many moods, from simple hillbilly song through powerful affirmations of faith to final madness. "Mass" will make Mr. Titus a star. Among the varied types of song, "Thank You," sung by Lee Hooper, is particularly moving, and the satirical "God Said," sung by Larry Marshall and others, is done with enormous spirit. There were many other outstanding performances, by Gary Lipps, Neva Small, Ed Dixon, Eugene Edwards, Linda Lloyd, David Spangler, David Cryer, Gina Penn, Mary Bracken Phillips, Thom Ellis, Margaret Cowie, John D. Anthony, Leigh Dodson, and Michael Miller, the last-named a boy soprano. The Berkshire Boy Choir, the Norman Scribner Choir, and the Alvin Ailey Dance Theatre performed important functions, and such outstanding soloists as Betty Allen, Karen Altman, Dominic Cossa, and Raymond DeVoll were heard in fairly modest roles. The problem of marshalling the huge stage forces and keeping everything together (no small achievement) was solved expertly by Maurice Peress, the conductor.

—Winthrop Sargeant

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The annual charges in the Treasurer's bill are,—for instruction, $33.00; for rent of chamber in college, from 6 to 12 dollars—average $9.00; for ordinary repairs and contingencies, $2.40; for general damages, sweeping &c., about $3.30; for wood for recitation rooms, about $1.30: total, $49.00.—*From "Annals of Yale College," by Ebenezer Baldwin, 1831.*

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*Googol: The largest number of things that has a name. Webster
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There are googols of little creatures squiggling and burrowing, flitting and squishing under the mud, through the swamps and over the sandy marshes. Sea squirts, copepods, lugworm larvae and the babies of little fish. Each with a kind of a brain, each with the breath of life. But their life is ebbing. And as they start to go—you do, too.

You are standing on the threshold of time in as sacred a place as any in the world. It's where the life of the water and the life of the land converge in biological blur. These are the wetlands—the swamps and the mudflats that sometimes smell like rotten eggs. These are the marshes, clogged with weeds, swarming with bugs, teeming with beautiful life. This is where the moon moves the water in shallow ebbs and floods; where the sun pierces down to the ooze and the nutrients flow in a strange and marvelous way. Nowhere else except here in these sopping grounds is there so much life in so much concentration. But the life is dwindling. And as these lands start to go—you do, too.

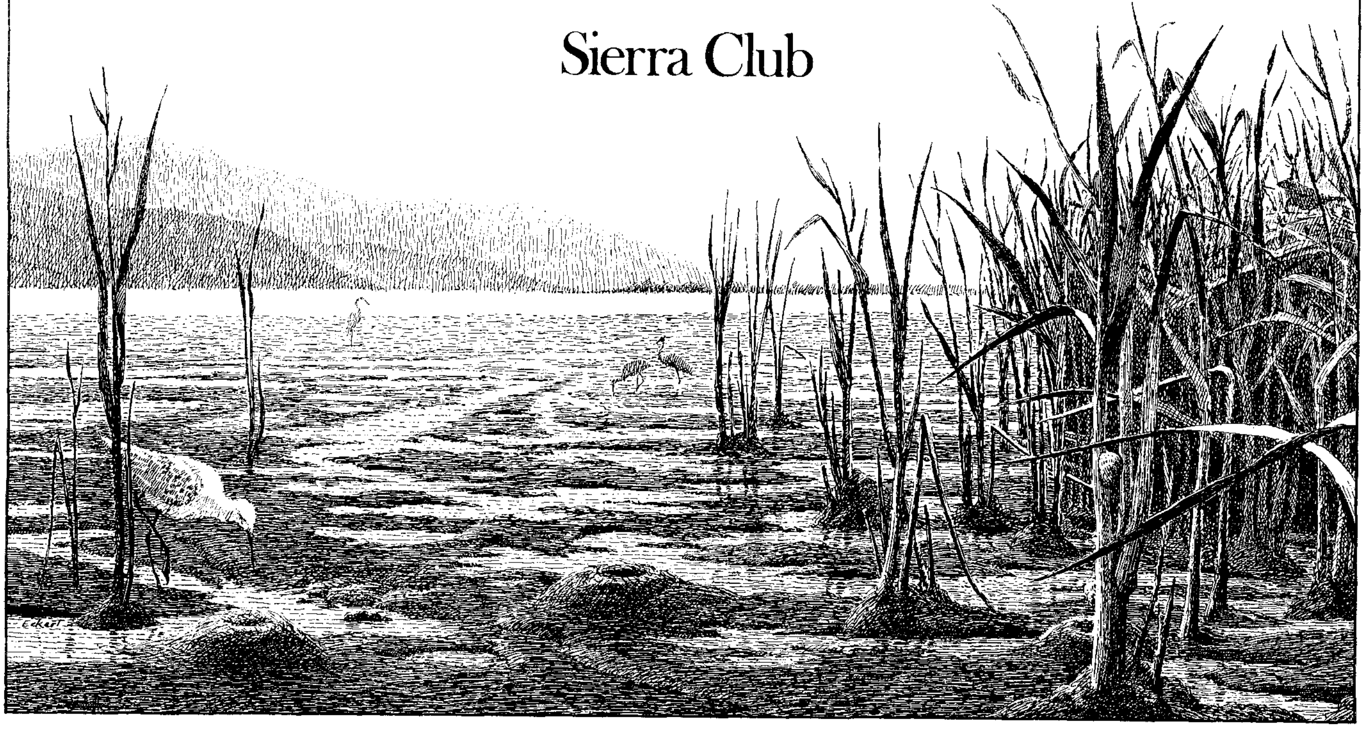
These squishy, mushy lands are where most of our fish are born, the fish that feed the fish that feed the fish that fill the sea. These narrow strips of estuarine land are where the birds come to rest and nest and feed; and they are tied inexorably to the life support for the raccoons and the bears and the deer a hundred miles away. And to you.

In California, most of the wetlands are already gone. In Florida, they're going fast. Once there were 127 million acres of interior and coastal wetlands. Now forty per cent are gone, the precious specks of life in these treasured lands exchanged for yacht clubs and marinas and industrial growth. As we dredge the bays and fill the marshes and cover the mud with asphalt; as we spray our poisons and scatter our waste and spew oil upon the waters—we destroy forever the great forces of life that began millennia ago.

But now we have gone too far. Because this planet belongs not only to us but to them as well. To the umpteen zillion other things that fly in the sky and roam on the land and swim in the sea and burrow beneath our feet.

Now, especially now, if we will only stop to think—perhaps we will think to stop.

Sierra Club



THE SPORTING SCENE

PEBBLE BEACH

JUST fifty years ago, Walter Hagen became the first American golfer to win the British Open, at that time the game's premier championship. Over the next eight years, Hagen won the British Open three more times (in 1924, 1928, and 1929), and Bobby Jones won it three times (in 1926, 1927, and 1930). Their joint conquest, besides making it clear to everyone that Americans had become the world's best golfers, had the effect of establishing our own national championship, the United States Open, as the game's most important event, which it remains. Since the United States Golf Association, which conducts our Open, has always made a practice of holding it on the country's outstanding courses, it is odd that this June marked the first time the championship—which was won so brilliantly by Jack Nicklaus—has been played at Pebble Beach, the famed seaside course on the Monterey Peninsula, eighty miles south of San Francisco. For decades now, practically every golf authority has ranked Pebble Beach among our top five courses, if not higher. Nicklaus, for instance, has long considered it one of the two best, the other being Merion, outside Philadelphia. In addition, Pebble Beach, which was opened for play shortly after the First World War, is probably the most spectacularly sited golf course in the world. Eight of its eighteen holes follow closely along the twisting, cliff-edged shore of Carmel Bay, a number of them on craggy headlands that rise as high as eighty feet above the churning blue water. To round out the picture, across the narrow bay, beyond Point Lobos (which some people believe was the prototype of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Treasure Island"), loom the dark-green Santa Lucia mountains, often shrouded in the coastal mist.

In all golf, there is nothing else quite like Pebble Beach. A few holes on the old North Berwick links, on the east coast of Scotland, are set along a mild cliff above the North Sea; on the west coast of Scotland, several holes on the Ailsa course at Turnberry perch above the Clyde estuary; and on the west coast of Ireland there is a stunning stretch of holes at Ballybunion on the steep south bank of the Shannon estuary; but none of these courses come close to Pebble Beach in scale, grandeur, and golfing values. By the way, the official name of the course is the Pebble Beach Golf Links, but technically it is not a links, since it is built on a rocky upthrust of land and not on true linksland—the sandy deposits that the ocean leaves behind as it recedes and that the wind whips into dunes.

If Pebble Beach is all this special, why, then, did the U.S.G.A. wait so long before taking the Open there? Well, it was simply a matter of finances. Putting on an Open requires a lot of money; this year, for example, counting the prize money of two hundred thousand dollars, the U.S.G.A. and Pebble Beach between them spent well over half a million to stage the event. Since Pebble Beach is situated a long way from any sizable center of population, there was always the fear that the galleries would be sparse and that the sponsoring parties, consequently, would take a terrific bath. Add to this a strong supporting reason: The Del Monte Properties Company, which owns a good deal of the Monterey Peninsula, operates Pebble Beach as a resort course, open to the patrons of the Del Monte Lodge and to the public in general. (Indeed, Pebble Beach is the first public course on which the Open has been played in its seventy-seven years.) As a result, unlike most private clubs, Pebble Beach lacks a membership that is experienced in holding big tournaments. Despite these obstacles, P. J. Boatwright, Jr., the new executive director of the U.S.G.A. (he succeeded Joseph C. Dey, Jr., in 1969), felt that the Open should go to Pebble Beach, simply because it is such a great course, and the executive committee voted to accept his recommendation. The way it turned out, over fourteen thousand season tickets for the 1972 Open, at thirty-one dollars a head, had been sold as early as February,

THE SERVICE THIS MORNING HAS BEEN CANCELLED DUE TO A TEMPORARY LOSS OF FAITH

and, fiscally, the championship was already off the hook.

While it had never before been host to the Open, Pebble Beach has been well known to the sports public for decades—as the venue of the annual Bing Crosby tournament, a fixture on the winter pro tour, and as the scene of two United States Women's Amateur Championships and three United States Amateur Championships. The first of these five tournaments was the 1929 Amateur—incidentally, the first national championship held west of the Great Divide—and it was that event that made the golf world aware of the course's extraordinary scenic glories. One photograph above all imprinted itself on the minds of golfers everywhere. It showed the eventual winner, Harrison R. (Jimmy) Johnston, hitting his third shot from the edge of the ocean on the long eighteenth in the morning round of the thirty-six-hole final, in which he met Dr. O. F. Willing. The tide was on the way out when Johnston hooked his second onto the pebbled beach, and the camera caught him when, after waiting until an ebbing wave had washed over his ball, he played a splendid recovery with a spade mashie—the equivalent of a 6-iron—onto the fringe of the green. He got his par 5 and gained a half on the hole and a big psychological lift. Later, some excellent photographs in the *American Golfer* gave everybody a chance to study in more detail the course's exceptional holes, such as the bow-shaped eighteenth, 540 yards long, which is bordered from tee to green by the ocean on the left and by out-of-bounds on the right, and the seventh, only 120 yards long but full of intimidation, the tee high above the small green, which is set at the water's edge, festooned with bunkers and framed on stormy days by the leaping spray sent up by the ocean as it pounds against the rocky shore. For some unfathomable reason, though, no one ever seemed to photograph the eighth at Pebble Beach, so when I finally got to play the course, at the end of the Second World War, I was entirely unprepared for its awesome qualities. The tee on this 425-yard par 4 is situated at the base of a gradual upslope of rough and rubble that hides most of the hole from view. You trudge up the slope after your blind tee shot, and, suddenly, spread before you is what may well be the most dramatic par 4 in all the world. If you've hit a good drive, your ball will have ended up on a strip of fairway safely short of the brink of a precipice that drops straight down into the bay. Then all

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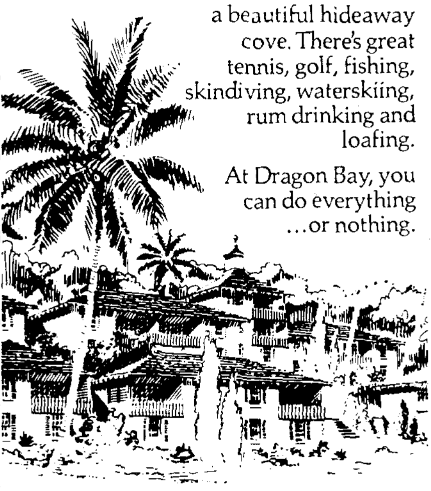

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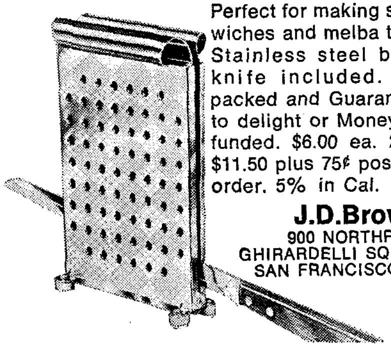

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you have to do is to take a long iron or a fairway wood, depending on the wind and weather, and crack the ball a hundred and ninety yards across an inlet and onto a smallish green at the edge of the escarpment on the far shore. Of course, if you hit the faintest slice—goodbye, Charlie. The eighth, like every great golf hole, provides an alternate route to the green: the golfer who isn't in the mood to go for broke on his second can play conservatively down the fairway, which swings out to the left and traces the curve of the inlet. The eighth is followed by two more *bravura* holes, the 450-yard ninth and the 436-yard tenth, both of which hug the cliffs along the bay. I very much doubt whether there are three consecutive par 4s anywhere in the world that can compare for natural beauty and golf beauty with these three.

ORDINARILY, a golf architect who has designed an acknowledged masterpiece comes to enjoy an international reputation, but, strangely, few people have ever heard of Jack Neville, the man who created Pebble Beach. Today, at eighty-one, he lives on the Monterey Peninsula, some three miles from the course, and still works as a real-estate salesman for the Del Monte Properties Company, as he has most of his life. The story of how he came to build Pebble Beach—for which, incidentally, he received no fee—is an unusual and fascinating one. It really begins in 1906, when Neville, then fifteen, started to play golf at the club his father belonged to—the Claremont Country Club, which lies in the hills between Oakland and Berkeley. The greenkeeper at Claremont then was Jim Smith, from Carnoustie, in Scotland, and he was the father of five sons—Willie, Alex, George, Jim, Jr., and Macdonald—all of whom became professional golfers. (Willie won our Open in 1899, and Alex won it in 1906 and again in 1910, when he defeated his brother Macdonald and Johnny McDermott in a playoff. Macdonald, the most accomplished player in the family, was also the unluckiest: he never won a major national championship, although there were at least a half-dozen times when he might well have taken the Open both here and in Britain.) In the days of Neville's youth, George Smith was the pro at Claremont and Macdonald was his assistant, and, as if this weren't enough talent to have congregated at one club, the assistant greenkeeper was a young Cornishman named Jim Barnes, who was

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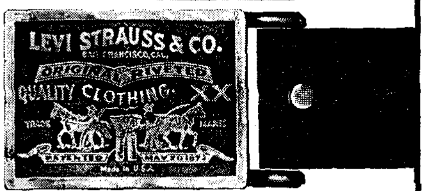
to win our Open in 1921 and the British Open in 1925. Neville used to play with the members of this improbable staff in the evenings, and with such models to copy he quickly developed into a very proficient golfer. He won the Pacific Northwest Amateur once and the California State Amateur five times, and in 1923 he and Dr. Willing were selected for the American Walker Cup team—the first golfers from the West Coast to be so honored. Neville was in his middle teens when he made his first trip to the Monterey Peninsula. He played some golf on the course attached to the old Hotel Del Monte, a Victorian pyramid, off Monterey Bay, that liked to consider itself "the Newport of the West," and, as most visitors did, he took the carriage ride over the Seventeen Mile Drive, which followed the perimeter of the peninsula. He was so impressed by the wild, untrammelled beauty of the land that he knew right then and there that this was where he wanted to live. He achieved this goal in 1915, when he went to work as a real-estate salesman for the Pacific Improvement Company, a subsidiary of the Southern Pacific Railroad. The company was headed up by Sam Morse, a rugged, energetic young man from Massachusetts who had captained the Yale football team in 1906. Morse's assignment, actually, was to liquidate the company's holdings on the Monterey Peninsula, but the more he saw of the peninsula the more firmly convinced he became that it had a tremendous future, and he ended up by forming his own firm, the Del Monte Properties Company, and buying Pacific Improvement's holdings there. In Morse's program to bring the resort's recreational facilities up to date, top priority was given to a new golf course—not just another new course but a course that would make the peninsula no less synonymous with golf than Pinehurst. It is Morse who deserves the credit for allocating the choicest land, the stretch called Pebble Beach, to be used for the golf course instead of for posh ocean-front estates. He selected Neville as his golf architect mainly because Neville was handy. Morse was aware that Neville had never built a tee or a green or a bunker, but, the way he figured it, a fellow who could play golf as well as Neville ought to be able to build a pretty fair golf course.

Neville spent three weeks walking his acreage and thinking out how he could utilize its magnificent features to maximum advantage. "It was all there in plain sight," he recalled recently. "Very little clearing was necessary. The big thing, naturally, was to get in as many holes as possible along the bay." He ended up by routing his course in a rough figure-eight design, beginning at the Del Monte Lodge, which overlooks the bay. The first three holes moved inland and then back toward the water; the next seven, with the exception of the short fifth, marched along the cliffs; the eleventh through the sixteenth looped inland and then back to the water; then the short seventeenth and the long eighteenth, which is quite possibly the best finishing hole in golf, edged home along the water. It was the vogue in golf at that time to build much smaller greens than we do today, but Neville's were even smaller than the norm. He had a good reason for this: he believed that the shots that require the greatest skill are the long irons, and he wanted to reward the golfer who had the ability to hit a tight target with those clubs. He sowed his greens with Northwest Bent and his fairways with a mixture of bluegrass, fescue, and redtop called Golden Gate. To check his rough layout of the course, he called in another former California Amateur champion, Douglas Grant, who had moved to England but was back on a visit. Grant's home in England was in Canterbury, close by the Royal St. George's Golf Club, in Sandwich, and he had brought with him a collection of photographs of that famous course and other British seaside courses, which he made available to his old friend. Grant's chief contribution, undoubtedly, was in helping Neville to give Pebble Beach a good linksland feel. The course was finished in 1919, and the total cost, as Neville remembers it, was a mere sixty-six thousand dollars, including the first semiautomatic sprinkler system installed on an American golf course. From the outset, it was a *succès fou*. It has remained practically unaltered through the years, except for some changes to punch up the greenside bunkering made by H. Chandler Egan, who was called in as a consultant when the course was being readied for the 1929 Amateur. (Neville, who was paired with Bob Jones in the qualifying rounds of the tournament, got entangled with a bunker on the sixteenth, and failed to qualify.) For the 1972 Open, apart from such standard U.S.G.A. ministrations for the championship as narrowing the fairways and letting the rough grow up high, only minor modifica-



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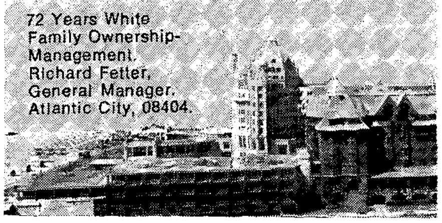

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tions were made: four new fairway bunkers and one new greenside bunker were installed, and thirty-eight yards were added to the course, bringing its over-all length to 6,812 yards.

One would think that after his triumph at Pebble Beach Neville would have been sought out by golf clubs all over the country eager to have him build a dazzling layout for them. That is how it usually goes, but it didn't this time. He returned to his old job of selling real estate, and was rarely interrupted by architectural clients beating a path to his door. Working with George Thomas III, he designed eighteen fine holes for the Bel Air Country Club, in West Los Angeles, and he supplied Del Monte Properties with plans for several other courses, which, somehow or other, never got built, but that was the extent of his activity. People never stopped raving about Pebble Beach, but the man who built it was soon forgotten. That is why everyone at the Open was so delighted that Neville was on hand to receive belated recognition, half a century after he completed his commission for Sam Morse. It is not going too far to say that Pebble Beach revolutionized golf-course design. It was the first course on which water—both as a treat for the eyes and as a penalizing hazard—was incorporated so insistently and so excitingly into the strategy of the holes. All the famous old championship courses in Scotland and England had been seaside links, but the ocean seldom, if ever, came into play, or even affected play, aside from the fact that the winds that blew in off it were unusually heavy, being laden with moisture. Take Prestwick and St. Andrews, the two courses most closely identified with the British Open in the nineteenth century. The most arresting hazards at Prestwick were the immense Cardinal bunker, on the third hole, and the huge sand hills that had to be carried to reach the green on the fifth hole, which was called the Himalayas, and on the seventeenth, called the Alps. Same thing with slight variations at St. Andrews: the most fearsome hazards were the bunkers, both visible and hidden, along with the severe undulations in the green area. Water hazards? At Prestwick, a brook called Pow Burn came into play on a couple of holes, and so did the Swilcan Burn at St. Andrews, but that was the beginning and end of it. As a matter of fact, Carnoustie is the one championship course in Britain where water is really a factor, thanks to the wonderfully serpentine way the Barry Burn coils across the fairways on the frequently crucial

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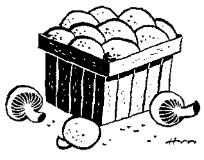
last two holes. In the United States, although we departed to some extent from the traditional British approach to golf architecture, because most of our courses were built inland and often on wooded tracts, we did not appreciate what an asset water could be made to be—saltwater coves and inlets, freshwater ponds and streams—until Pebble Beach demonstrated this inescapably. It is questionable, for example, whether the renowned par-3 sixteenth at Cypress Point, which is four miles away on the Monterey Peninsula and was built in the late nineteen-twenties, would have come into existence if there had been no Pebble Beach to show the way. In a word, it is probable that no other course in our time has influenced both seaside and inland golf architecture, here and abroad, as strongly as Pebble Beach, which still remains *the* criterion for a test of golf that is functionally sound and aesthetically stirring.



Jack Neville currently maintains his office at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club, a five-minute drive from Pebble Beach, and on the day before the Open began I met him at the club and we had a pleasant chat in the grillroom. A tall, spare man with hardly a trace of gray in his brown hair, Neville looks nothing like his age. He was in a conspicuously happy mood that morning as he talked about how he had worked on the recent changes at Pebble Beach hand in hand with Boatwright of the U.S.G.A. and with Frank D. (Sandy) Tatum, Jr., a member of the organization's executive committee, who lives in San Francisco and who superintended the preparation of the course over a two-year period. "I think the players will find Pebble Beach a very good challenge," Neville said. "It's a little different in structure from most courses. The first six holes are something of a come-on, you could say. There's nothing especially hard about them. Then watch out. From there on in, you've got to play absolutely first-class shots or you can go for a bundle." As I was leaving, I told Neville I'd be looking for him during the tournament. "I believe I'll do my watching on *that*," he said, pointing to the television set in the grillroom. "At my age, I'm a little too old to join up with Arnie's Army or the other players' galleries. I'll stay put."

NEVILLE'S prognosis of how the course would play proved to be eminently correct. For example, on Thursday, the day of the first round, a good many players were under par after the first six holes—Homero Blancas, in a mad dash, had already collected four birdies by that point—but over the last twelve holes just about everyone had to give back all the strokes he had picked up and quite a few more besides. In the end, only six men in the field of a hundred and fifty broke par (72), and they did it by only a single stroke—this despite the fact that conditions were relatively favorable for scoring: very little wind to contend with, the greens soft and holding. Nicklaus, the heavy favorite, was one of the six in at 71 after an impressively steady round made up of two birdies (on the second and fifth), one bogey (on the eighth, which he three-putted), and fifteen pars. He was hitting the ball much more solidly than he had in winning the Masters in April, keeping his tee shots in the narrow fairways and feathering his irons fairly close to the pins, but he made only one putt of any length. The field as a whole was having its troubles handling the tricky, sharply contoured greens, which have long been regarded as among the most difficult in the country to read accurately. For example, that old golfing rule of thumb that all putts on seaside courses break toward the sea doesn't always hold true at Pebble Beach—a number of putts seem to break *away* from the sea. For that matter, there are several putts that seem to break uphill. For the Open, the greens were mowed extremely close, to counteract the effect of a weedy invasion of *Poa annua*, and they were frighteningly fast, especially when a golfer was putting downhill, downwind, with the grain, and toward the sea.

The 1972 Open was one of those fortunate tournaments in which the game's best players—the men one always wants to see in contention—were in the thick of it. The second day, for instance, belonged to Arnold Palmer. This past winter, whenever he was in a position to win a tournament Palmer invariably found a way to lose it, and after a while these recurrent disappointments cut so deeply into his assurance that in recent months the old charger had gone about his golf as if he suspected some disaster might be lying in wait for him around the bend on the next dogleg hole. This was how he played on the first day of the Open, en route to a 77. However, there is far more stubbornness and pride and plain fight in Palmer than in most men, and on the second day, summoning every

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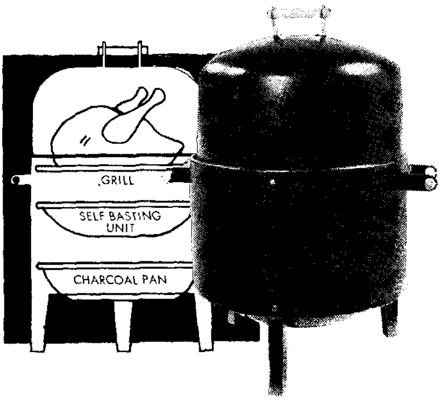

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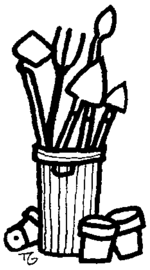
last ounce of concentration, he topped off a terrific turnabout round with birdies on the last two holes and brought in a 68, which put him right back into the tournament—only one stroke behind the six men, Nicklaus among them, who shared the lead at 144 at the halfway mark. (On that second day, Lanny Wadkins also had a 68, and these two rounds were to be the lowest in the tournament; the scores in general ran high, and 70 was broken only four times.) On the way to his 68, Palmer, who has now gone eight years since winning his last major championship, missed nine putts of under twenty feet; on the other hand, he made one thirty-footer and was stroking the ball with something of the authority that was his between 1958 and 1966, when he probably holed more good-sized putts under pressure than any other golfer in history, not excluding Hagen. Over that stretch, he had such confidence in his putting that he went boldly for the cup from any distance, certain that he could make the one coming back even if he had gone four or five feet past. Since 1966, it has been different, though, and if Palmer's bearing on the course nowadays glitters only fitfully with his old dash and abandon, this is attributable not so much to the fast passage of the years—he is now forty-two—as to the fact that, like you and me, he is constantly worried about what may go wrong on the greens.



On the third round, when a spurty west wind blew over the course, Lee Trevino, the defending champion, moved into the picture with a 71, which gave him a total of 217—just one stroke more than Nicklaus, the leader after fifty-four holes. Kermit Zarley and Bruce Crampton were tied with Trevino. Palmer was a stroke behind them after a 73—a triumph of persistence, since he had had one of those days when his putting was much too tentative and he holed practically nothing. As for Trevino, it is questionable whether he should even have been playing. The week before, he had been hospitalized for four days with a touch of pneumonia, and he was obviously far from well. With the aid of an assortment of pills, seventeen of which he popped into himself daily, he managed to get through each round, and, more than that, to put himself in a position to actually win the tournament. On his third round, sliding into the ball with his grooved lurch, he hit all but two fairways with that patented low-flying, left-to-right fade of his, and, for all his tiredness, he finished with two birdies. On the seventeenth, a 218-yard par 3, where the shallow green is not only heavily bunkered but further protected by rocks and water along the left and at the back, he had a great deuce. Playing dead into the wind, he took a driver, and, as he later described the shot, "I started it on the yacht club and sliced it back over the water and onto the green"—twenty-five feet from the pin. On the eighteenth, the 540-yard par 5, he got home with a driver, a 4-iron, and a pitching wedge, and then holed from five feet. No doubt about it, this unfazable, talkative, tough little Texan is some sort of genius when it comes to controlling the golf ball.

On the final day, Nicklaus and Trevino were paired together and were the last twosome out. Zarley and Crampton were directly in front of them, preceded by Palmer, who was paired with young John Miller. During a protracted press conference held on the practice putting green an hour before he teed off, Trevino, looking noticeably less drawn than he had earlier in the week, was full of cheer and his characteristic ebullience, but soon after the start of the round it was apparent that he was still not himself physically. He dropped a stroke to par on both the second and the third hole by driving into the thatchy rough. He dropped still another on the sixth when he missed a putt of a yard, which isn't at all like Trevino. After that, he was never in it, really. As a matter of fact, when Nicklaus completed the first nine even par for the round and even par for the tournament, he had pulled a good distance away from all his challengers. Palmer, Crampton, and Zarley were four strokes behind, and Blancas, the nearest man, a full three strokes.

At the same time, Nicklaus's golf on the final round had not been all that commanding. Far more skittish and fidgety than usual, he would play a run of holes magnificently, striking every shot sharply and well, and then, inexplicably, he would lose his grip on himself and make some very un-Nicklausian errors, both of tactics and of execution. He wavered first on the fourth, a drive-and-pitch 4, on which he had only a three-quarter sand wedge left for his second. Playing from the light rough at the edge of the fairway, he hit a pitch that was right on line and came down ten feet short of the pin, but the ball had no spin on it—

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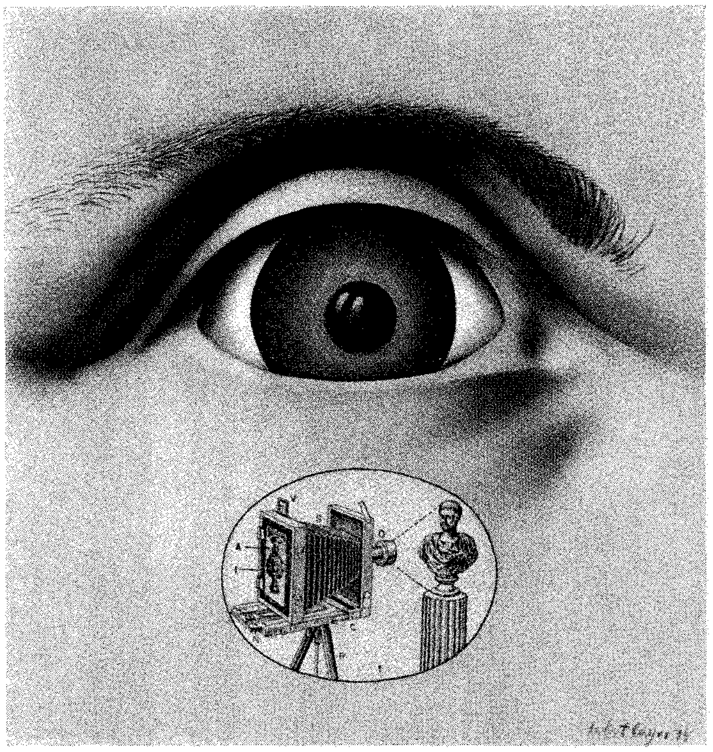

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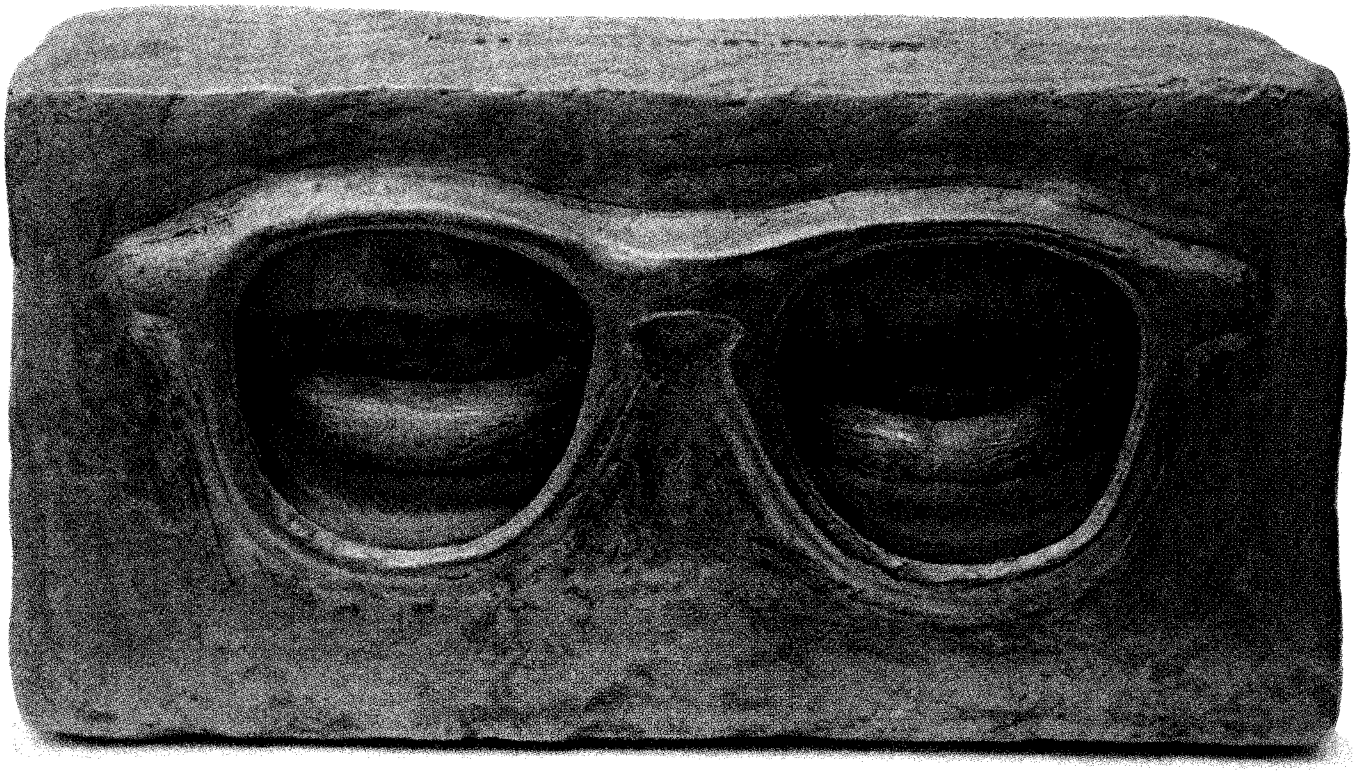

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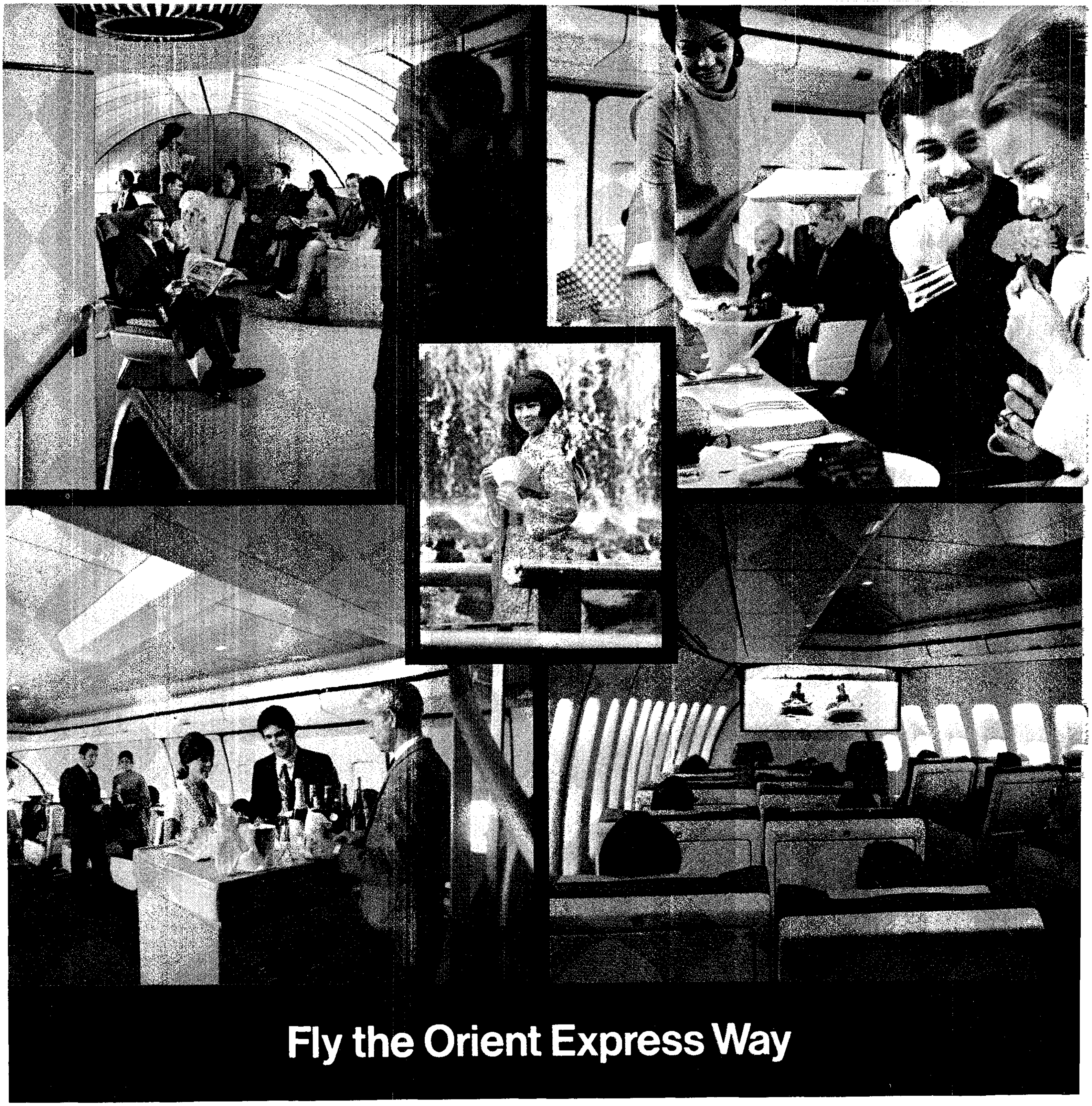

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shots hit from the rough usually don't, since the high grass gets between the club face and the ball—and it hopped twenty-five feet past the hole. (On the final day, for that matter, stopping an approach hit from a fairway lie was no easy thing, for the greens were extremely hard and fast. They had not been watered the previous evening, and early in the morning they had been rolled and triple-cut. Furthermore, whatever moisture they had absorbed from the morning mist was quickly dried up by a blustering wind that shifted around, blowing now out of the west, now out of the south.) Nicklaus was patently disconcerted by the way his pitch had behaved. He proceeded to three-putt the green, missing a three-footer on which, most untypically, he played his stroke before he was completely set to do so. On the fifth, a 180-yard par 3, he hit a fine 6-iron that covered the flag all the way. It had been struck a shade too firmly, though, and when he saw the ball hop up onto the fringe at the back of the green he could not conceal his disappointment and, unconsciously, let the club slip slowly from his fingers and fall to the ground. I cannot remember ever seeing Nicklaus react in quite this fashion before. When he went on to roll a poor wedge chip nearly a dozen feet past the cup, he had himself a second straight bogey. Then, on the long sixth, once again failing to allow for the hardness of the green, he ran a little pitch twenty feet past the pin and threw away his chance for a birdie. Very shaky stuff indeed.

When Nicklaus came to the seventh, the picturesque 120-yarder that drops from a high, exposed tee to a green set almost flush with the waters of the bay, the wind, blowing across from the right and against the players, was at its worst, gusting to thirty knots. On the tee, Nicklaus tossed a few blades of grass in the air to test the wind, and when they were whipped back into his face he laughed nervously. He selected a 7-iron finally, hooding the face of the club slightly and punching the ball to keep it low. Though he did not hit a particularly good shot, the ball did manage to hold its line sufficiently to finish on the left side of the green, twenty-five feet from the cup. Faced with an uphill putt into the wind, he banged it right into the center of the cup. That birdie, as birdies sometimes will, transformed him instantly from a worrying golfer into a confident one. He had a perfect par on the eighth, the formidable chasm hole, playing a 3-iron downwind off the tee and hitting the green with a 7-iron. On the ninth, he played another picture-postcard par. And then, just when he seemed to be rolling, the whole complexion of his round changed again. As he was starting into his backswing on the tee of the tenth, a par 4 that is 436 yards long, a gust of wind knocked him off balance, and he slapped his drive far out to the right—over the cliff and down onto the beach below. Deciding not to play the ball as it lay, he took a penalty stroke for being in a parallel water hazard and dropped a ball at the edge of the cliff. Playing three now, going with a 2-iron. Down by the green, the wind caught the shot and tossed it toward the bay. Here Nicklaus was lucky. The ball stayed up, coming to rest in sandy rough only a few yards down from the top of the cliff. From there he wedged his fourth onto the green and escaped with a 6 when he could easily have taken an 8. This double bogey, however, brought his challengers back into striking distance. It also pushed a few ruminations about Nicklaus to the front of one's mind. For all his prodigious talents, he has trouble these days holding on to a lead. On each of his last three rounds in the Masters this year, he was in a position to crack the tournament wide open but faltered badly on the second nine. Same thing at Pebble Beach on the second round, where he squandered a three-stroke lead with three straight bogeys. Furthermore, it is a long time since Nicklaus has played a really strong last round in a major championship when it counted—as long ago as 1967, when the Open was held at Baltusrol, in New Jersey.

Jarred by his misadventures on the tenth, Nicklaus on the next four holes produced a strange mixture of beautiful and bad shotmaking. He made his par on the eleventh, a short par 4, but he was so timorous with his wedge approach that he barely got it on the green. On the twelfth, a 205-yard par 3, he hit a 3-iron that landed only a few feet from the flagstick, but it was the wrong kind of shot for that hole. The only shot that has a chance of holding that thin, slightly plateaued green is one that flutters down softly, like a leaf; this one came in hot and driving, and it bounded well over the green and down into deep, snarled rough. The best Nicklaus could do from there was to chop the ball out to the edge of the rough. His third, a little wedge chip, ran eight feet beyond the

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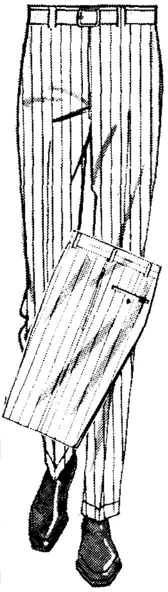

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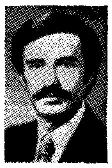
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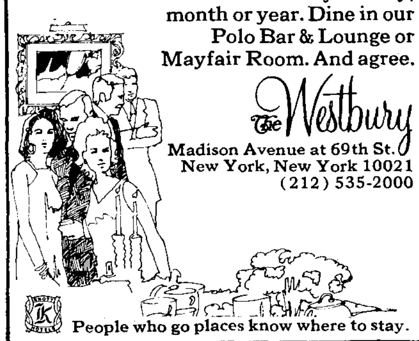

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cup. A critical putt coming up, to say the least. He worked hard on it and holed it for a 4—a great saving bogey. He was three over par now, however. At the same moment that Nicklaus was putting that eight-footer, Palmer, at that point the closest contender, was bending over a putt of the same length on the green of the par-5 fourteenth. He had it for a birdie, and if it fell it would put *him* three over par for the tournament and into a tie for the lead. He slid the putt by the corner of the cup, as he had so many other holable putts that day. The night before, when he was fiddling with his putter, making some adjustments, Palmer had snapped the shaft, and on this last round, though he did not mention it to anyone at the time, he was using a putter of similar design which he had borrowed from David Graham, an Australian who frequently plays on our professional golf tour.

A rescuing putt will usually settle a golfer down. Not this time. On the thirteenth, a tough par 4, Nicklaus hooked his tee shot badly. Here he got another good break. Headed for the bunkers off the ninth fairway, the ball bounced into some members of Nicklaus's gallery who were trooping toward the green up the dirt service road that runs between the ninth and thirteenth holes, and it ended up in a clean lie on the road. Nicklaus was on nicely with a crisp 9-iron and down in two for his par. *Now*, after that second close call, he would surely pull himself together. Hardly. On the long fourteenth, a 555-yarder that dog-legs to the right, Nicklaus, incomprehensibly—perhaps he was beguiled by the fact that on this hole the wind was at his back—elected to cut the corner with his tee shot and whaled a monstrous drive that finished only a couple of yards inside the out-of-bounds stakes. His next shot was equally mystifying, particularly for a golfer who is respected for his generalship. The green on the fourteenth is raised well above the fairway and protected in front by a bank of rough and a long bunker. The obvious play is to lay up in the fairway safely short of the trouble, unless, of course, you are going to try to reach the green in two. Nicklaus neither laid up nor went for the green—or maybe he had miscalculated his distances. Anyhow, he flew a 5-iron smack into the bank of rough, close to the left-hand corner of the bunker. Once again, he bailed himself out with a skillful recovery—a little wedge that dropped softly on the fringe of the green and trickled down the

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slope five feet from the hole. He missed the putt, but the important thing was that after two loose shots that could have cost him valuable strokes he had his par.

On the fifteenth, a medium-length par 4 downhill to a small green, Nicklaus at length collected himself. He was down the fairway with a 1-iron, punched an 8-iron ten feet from the flag, and made the putt. This birdie brought him back to two over par and virtually wrapped up the tournament, since Crampton, now the nearest man, was three strokes back and holes were running out fast. The rest of the way, serene and methodical again, Nicklaus made no mistakes until the last green, where he missed an inconsequential short putt. On the seventeenth, the 218-yard par 3, he played a shot that will probably be the one everyone remembers in future years when the 1972 Open is discussed, though, in truth, it had little, if any, bearing on the result. This was a slashing 1-iron, with draw on it, that fought its way through a heavy head wind and almost went into the cup on the fly for a hole in one; it came down a foot or so short of the hole, and after hitting the flagstick on the half volley, as it were, stopped only inches away. It is shots like this, I think, that explain why most of us tend to be overcritical of Nicklaus: with his vast power and superb technique, he is the only player who produces them on a fairly regular basis. And who else is as majestic as Nicklaus when he is at the top of his game? In any event, despite all his transgressions, he had a 74 on his final round—the lowest score turned in by any player in contention. It gave him a total of 290 (71, 73, 72, 74) and a three-shot margin over Crampton. Palmer was a shot further back. Trevino, worn and weary, finished in a tie for fourth with Blancas, a shot behind Palmer.

In the crush of the finish, I did not get over to the Monterey Peninsula Country Club to see Jack Neville. I should imagine, though, that he was quite pleased with how the Open had gone, not because no one in the field had matched par but because his course had shown itself to be a wonderful examination in golf and had evoked one of the finest championships in years.

NICKLAUS's triumph enabled him to equal Bobby Jones' record of thirteen victories in the major championships. Jones accomplished this over an eight-year span, between 1923 and 1930. Nicklaus has taken a little long-

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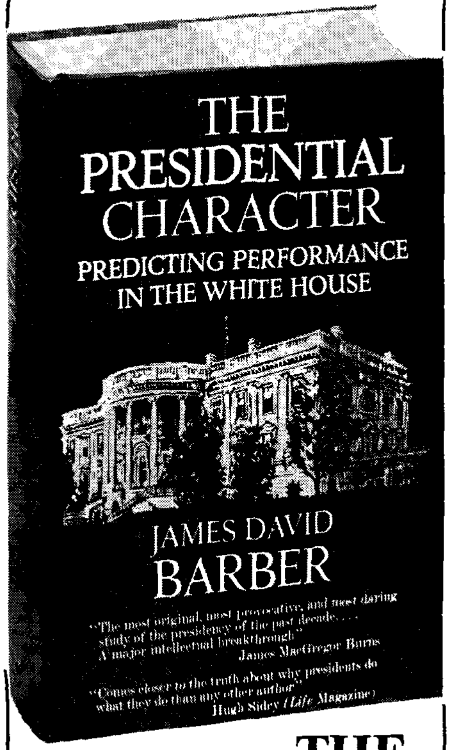
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er—fourteen years, beginning in 1959. Jones was twenty-eight when he retired from competition in 1930; Nicklaus is now thirty-two. In Jones' last year, he made his unforgettable Grand Slam, winning the British Amateur, the British Open, the U.S. Open, and the U.S. Amateur, in that order. Nicklaus is now halfway through the modern professional Grand Slam—the Masters, our Open, the British Open, and our P.G.A. Championship—and moves on next to Muirfield, in Scotland, where the British Open will be played next week. He is the second American professional to have a real crack at this Slam. In 1960, after winning the Masters and our Open, Palmer went over for the British Open, which was played at St. Andrews that year, but finished a stroke behind Kel Nagle, of Australia. (In 1953, Ben Hogan, after winning the Masters and our Open, won the British Open at Carnoustie, but he had no chance for a Slam, because that year the dates of the British Open and our P.G.A. tournament overlapped.) Nicklaus is fortunate in that Muirfield is a course he knows and likes. At nineteen, playing in the 1959 Walker Cup match there, he won both his singles and his foursome. At twenty-six, he won the 1966 British Open there. The key to his victory then was that, sacrificing length for accuracy (he used his driver only seventeen times over the seventy-two holes), Nicklaus kept the ball out of Muirfield's murderous rough. If he is able to find the fairways as frequently this year, he will probably win. And if he does, you had better write the following in your engagement book: P.G.A. Championship, Oakland Hills Country Club (outside Detroit), August 3-6.

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A. Coarse and ill-bred.—*San Jose (Calif.) Mercury.*

Next question.

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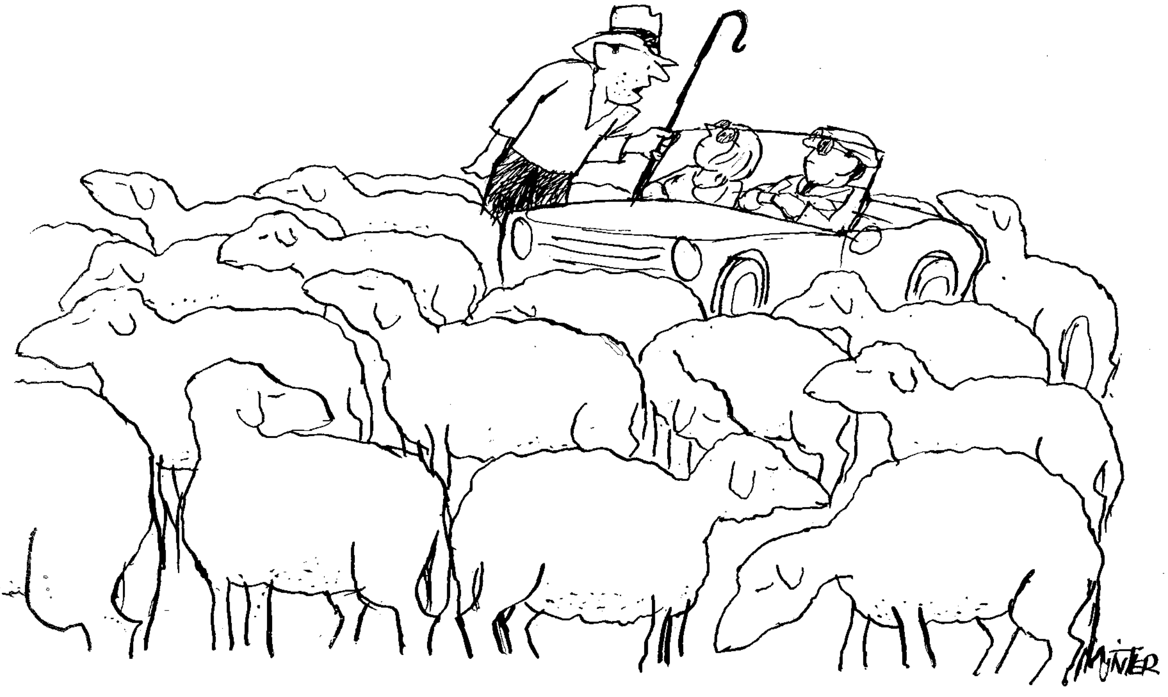
BOOKS

Danger: Businessmen at Work

IN "In the Name of Profit: Profiles in Corporate Irresponsibility" (Doubleday), six authors (one to a customer) tell us about the recent misdeeds of six large American business firms, and Robert Heilbroner, an economist on the staff of the New School for Social Research, delivers an exceptionally sensible essay on the task of making corporations behave themselves. The accounts have been assembled by a journalist named David Obst. The book suggests—though it cannot exhaust—the variety of ways in which big organizations can injure many individuals, and each account is particularly persuasive because its author knows enough to trust to his material, without preachment or rant. The authors just tell, and, when it is necessary (corporate crimes can be complex), explain.

Mr. Heilbroner begins his essay with a comparison of American military atrocities—specifically, My Lai—and what happens in this book (for example, the account by Sanford Ungar, a reporter on the Washington *Post*, of the slapdash testing and enthusiastic marketing of a very dangerous drug). He leaves the analogy right there, but his readers—whatever their feelings about atrocities inflicted upon foreigners—may recall that one argument on behalf of the nation-state is that within it a degree of mutual concern and responsibility is supposed to exist; poisoning your fellow-citizens is levying war on them in a jurisdiction in which war has, by both law and custom, been ruled out. Combat breeds a mood of urgency that can reach hysteria, but no corporate executive in any of these accounts shows that kind of stress. All the white-collar felons in this book finagled undisturbed by Redcoats or Vietcong; their steely determination to defend their serenity is plain to see in, for instance, the account by Colman McCarthy, another reporter on the Washington *Post*, of a school-bus operator who bought three brand-new buses from General Motors, found that every one was seriously defective, and—until McCarthy intervened—could not get anybody in the company to return his telephone calls.

Despite the horrible examples in this book, Heilbroner thinks that large corporations may really be behaving more responsibly than they once did. However, since we now know, he says, that modern technology requires large organizations to be "immovably embedded in society," we find their failures frightening and infuriating. He explores all sorts of ways of civilizing the business corporation, from anti-trust action to nationalization, and finds none of them wholly adequate, though some have worked in some countries and some cases and may be of some use here. It strikes me that, in spite of all our contemporary wailing about impersonality, we unrealistically continue to long for impersonal, self-regulating arrangements. In the history of economic thought, the perfectly free market was one such self-regulating arrangement. Nowadays, we see that that concept was the stylistic twin of Newton's universe, and have pretty much renounced our faith in it. Yet many of us imagine that there is another formula for another system—one which will run without the endless management, adjustment, and friction that ours entails. Heilbroner says that no such system is at hand, and I doubt whether there is any: all activities that deal with human beings are always unfinished; every arrangement comes unstuck and needs redoing. This book may in its entirety, in fact, be taken as an argument for constant critical thought and action—for reflection, publicity, and legal and political moves that will alter whatever schemes, setups, and systems permit corporate institutions to commit crime. The job is everybody's, I think, because one element in all these accounts is that the common, and by no means reprobate, desire for harmony with one's closest associates often makes corporate employees unwilling to quarrel with each other, even over bad policy. This is most noticeable in Kermit Vandivier's account (written from the point of view of a man involved in the operation) of the genesis of a defective airplane brake, but you find it, one way or another, in all these accounts. Loyalty may entail self-deception, but that is curable, though primarily, I would guess, by outside persuasion. After all, most European countries were, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, dotted with "closed corporations," ranging from universities to municipalities, and every country that "modernized" changed the jobs these corporations did and forced or persuaded them to serve and employ more kinds of people. The only exceptions I can think of were the officer corps in such "mod-



"We'll be stuck here awhile. There's a sick sheep ahead."

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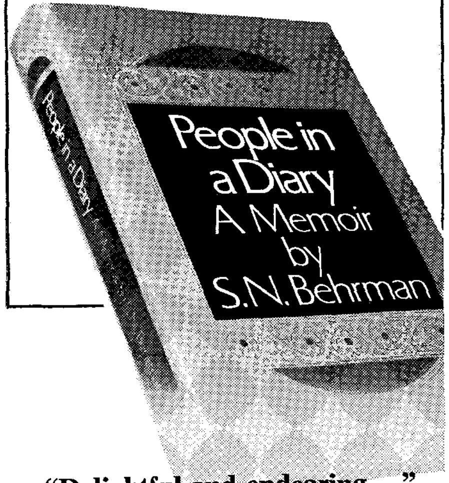

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ernized” states as England, France, and Germany, and these élites, remaining closed, managed to produce, in the First World War, a very large-scale professional and technical failure. The officer corps of our large corporations may not immediately admire the criticism of outsiders in books like this one, but they can benefit from it as much as the rest of us can.

NOWADAYS, the old-fashioned, small-scale felon, the artisan or petty entrepreneur of his own robbery, assault, or murder, does more harm to himself than to society—unlike the large-scale corporate criminal. The Texas prisoners whom Bruce Jackson visited to collect work songs for “Wake Up Dead Man” (Harvard) suffered much more for their simple crimes than the white-collar villains of Mr. Obst’s volume. Perhaps for that reason they are more understandable and even sympathetic human beings. Or perhaps the reason is that the Texas prisoners create art, which makes their humanity real, while the corporate criminals, insofar as they communicate at all with their fellow-citizens, talk the language of public relations, which obscures its speakers.

Jackson, who teaches English at the University of Buffalo, wanted to collect these work songs because they are disappearing: “The work song—the song used to pace work . . . has a long . . . history,” but “it is being made obsolete by machinery.” In Texas, between 1964 and 1966, when Jackson was collecting them, the only prisoners who still sang at work were black. He puts their music in the Afro-American tradition; West Africans still use work songs. His book tells about the prisons, the prisoners, and the kinds of work the songs not only pace but organize—cutting trees down and logs up, repairing roads—and the specific rhythms these tasks require when they are done with axes and hoes. (In Texas, now, they are more and more often done by machine.) Like most folk music, these work songs are recomposed or rearranged by their singers, and Jackson describes these men—their personalities, their musical gifts, their experiences in and out of jail—and reports their conversations and opinions. The songs themselves are set forth in the form of simple musical transcriptions (I played them on the piano), along with the lyrics. Jackson, who took them down on tape, warns that what is offered on the printed page is no more than a sample, but it does give an idea of how they sound—beautiful and affecting. Their source is not only the action of the human body but (musically) everything from hymns to old popular songs. Jackson also points out the appearance of long-lasting folk characters—for one, the marvellous and apocryphal Rattler, a dog who belongs to the singer of one song and once upon a time, Jackson tells us, belonged to Davy Crockett.

Jackson does not regret—who can?—the improvements in prison conditions that are depriving these songs of their function, which was to help men survive in very cruel circumstances. The memories of older prisoners, and some of the songs, suggest that Texas prison camps were a lot like Soviet ones. Perhaps the songs are valuable not only because of their artistic worth but because they remind us of something most important in society that no one can quantify—how much everybody owes to things people give each other for nothing, such as songs.

—Naomi Bliven

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Air Cage, by Per Wästberg, translated from the Swedish by Thomas Teal (Delacorte). This novel is an attempt to describe perfect love—guiltless, selfless, and unstrained love. At the Stockholm airport, an air-traffic controller named Jan meets a government ecologist named Jenny. They fall into a passionate affair, in which their sexual desires are matched only by their insistence on each other’s freedom. Jan continues to live with his half sister, Gertrude, who pretends to be his wife. Jenny, while valuing Gertrude’s love for Jan as much as her own, continues to see an Englishman, John, who, alone of the characters, displays such possessiveness as to want Jenny for himself. John is perhaps a more interesting person than the brief passages concerning him would allow. Most of the book dwells on the occasional meetings and selfless declarations of the other characters, producing a document as light and as vulnerable as its title suggests.

The Quiet End of Evening, by Honor Tracy (Random House). We are on Inishnamona, an island off the sleepy west coast of Ireland, where going nowhere is sometimes mistaken for movement. As evidence of this fact, the natives have blown up the causeway that connects the island with the mainland, thus cutting off what little tourism existed. However, they plan to make up the loss by holding a pageant in honor of St. Patrick, and this project receives the support of a leading resident, the young Miss Sabina Boxham, who, though Protestant, has always been a fervent Irish nationalist. Sabina is quite unlike her brother, Thomas, an Oxford graduate so dissolute that he intends to sell the old family house to his friend from university, Harry Buckle. Buckle, who has a "somewhat eighteenth-century face" and blond hair "brushed loosely back in the Shelley manner," likes the house, and he likes Inishnamona, and he likes Sabina, too. But Miss Tracy seems unable to decide where her story is; after such a strong start, she goes all over Inishnamona searching for laughter, which becomes harder and harder to find.

GENERAL

A POLITICAL EDUCATION, by Harry McPherson (Atlantic-Little, Brown). In Texas in the early fifties, a number of bright, liberal young men formed a political circle of sorts around a sprightly magazine, the *Texas Observer*, and a rapidly rising politician named Lyndon Johnson, who saw many uses for the gifts of this lively and energetic crew. One of their number was Harry McPherson, a lawyer, who, like many of the others, descended on Washington in the middle of the decade to lend a hand in advancing the fortunes of both Johnson, who had become Majority Leader in the Senate, and the Democratic Party. Over the next dozen years, McPherson worked in the Senate, the Pentagon, the State Department, and the White House, where—always a loyalist—he remained to the end as Special Counsel to Johnson. He was, like all the rest, more and more disturbed by Vietnam, but he had complete confidence in Johnson as a man who wanted to reconstruct the country (the Great Society, he writes, "would make of Kafka's despairing 'K' Whitman's robust 'I' "), and he seemed sure that the day would come when the damned war would be over and Johnson or Hubert Humphrey would resume the grand adventure. This exceedingly readable and humane testament is the story of how an honest and increasingly sophisticated young member of the second echelon saw Washington in those years of min-

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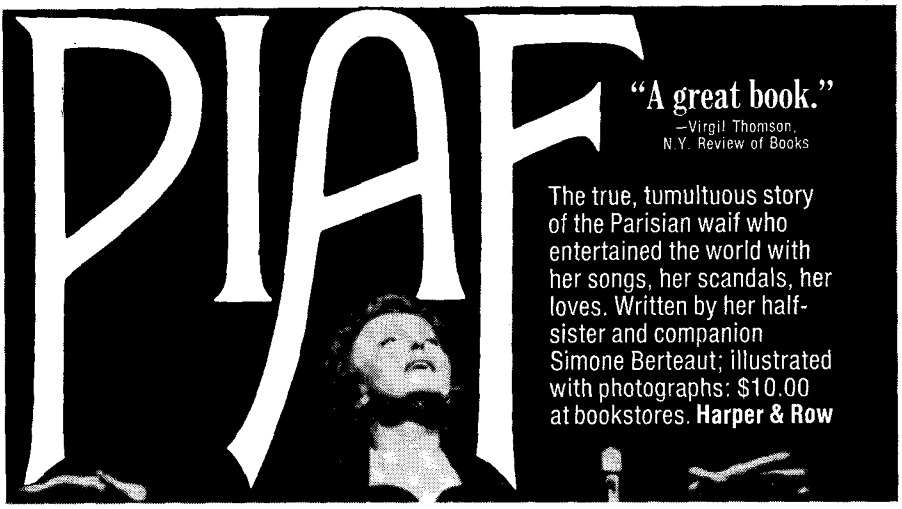

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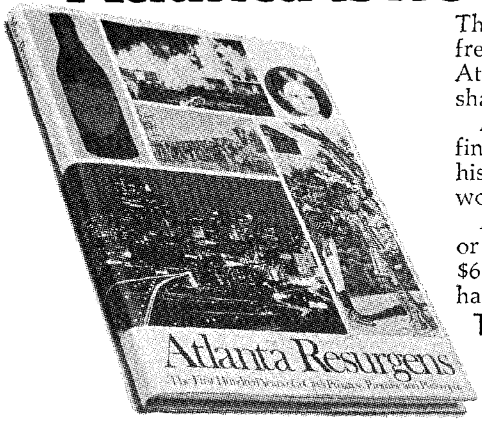

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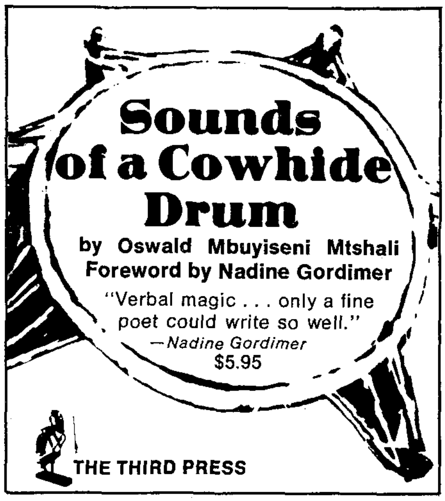

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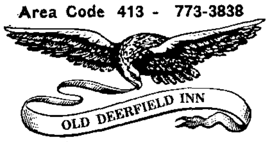

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gled hope and squalor. It is nowhere polemical or self-serving, and it is one of the best books on life in Washington to have been published in this century.

PIAF, by Simone Berteaut (Harper & Row). The author is the late singer's young half sister, whose life from adolescence on was spent in adoring, if stormy, intimacy with the star. The girls knew each other only slightly before their teens, because the author lived in Paris while young Edith was raised in a brothel in Normandy owned by distant relatives. Edith (she was named for Nurse Cavell) was blind; she recovered her sight at the age of six, and the local priest decided a house was not a suitable home for a sighted child. She was sent back to Paris, where the girls' father, a street acrobat, trailed her around with him until she discovered her vocal talent, became a street singer, and earned enough to support the author, who, at twelve, was bored with her job in a factory. These early pages—indeed, the whole story of Edith's rise to worldwide fame—are unbeatable; the girls' matter-of-fact acceptance of their squalid and disorganized existence is reflected in Mme. Berteaut's practical account, as is her nostalgia for what was, however seedy, her own and her dead sister's youth. Piaf's later years make less enthralling reading, possibly because her love affairs were so well publicized that the reader may have the feeling of *déjà vu* and *vu* and *vu*.

NOTE: Little, Brown has published "People in a Diary," the diary being S. N. Behrman's, spanning sixty years, and the people in it being practically everybody you've ever heard of. Much of this chronicle originally appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . . "Medina," Mary McCarthy's account of the trial of Captain Ernest L. Medina, has been published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. Again, much of the contents of the book first appeared in this magazine.

•

So what if Nancy doesn't remember. I remember those countless evenings stretched out in a comfortable chair, my shoes off, the lights low, a drink in my hand with Nancy Wilson spinning around on the record player.

After awhile she seemed to spin right out of the box and into the room, dancing around, lymph like, while she sang, "The Nearness of You."—*Warren Jackson in the Nyack (N.Y.) Rockland County Journal News.*

Nancy's the glandular type.

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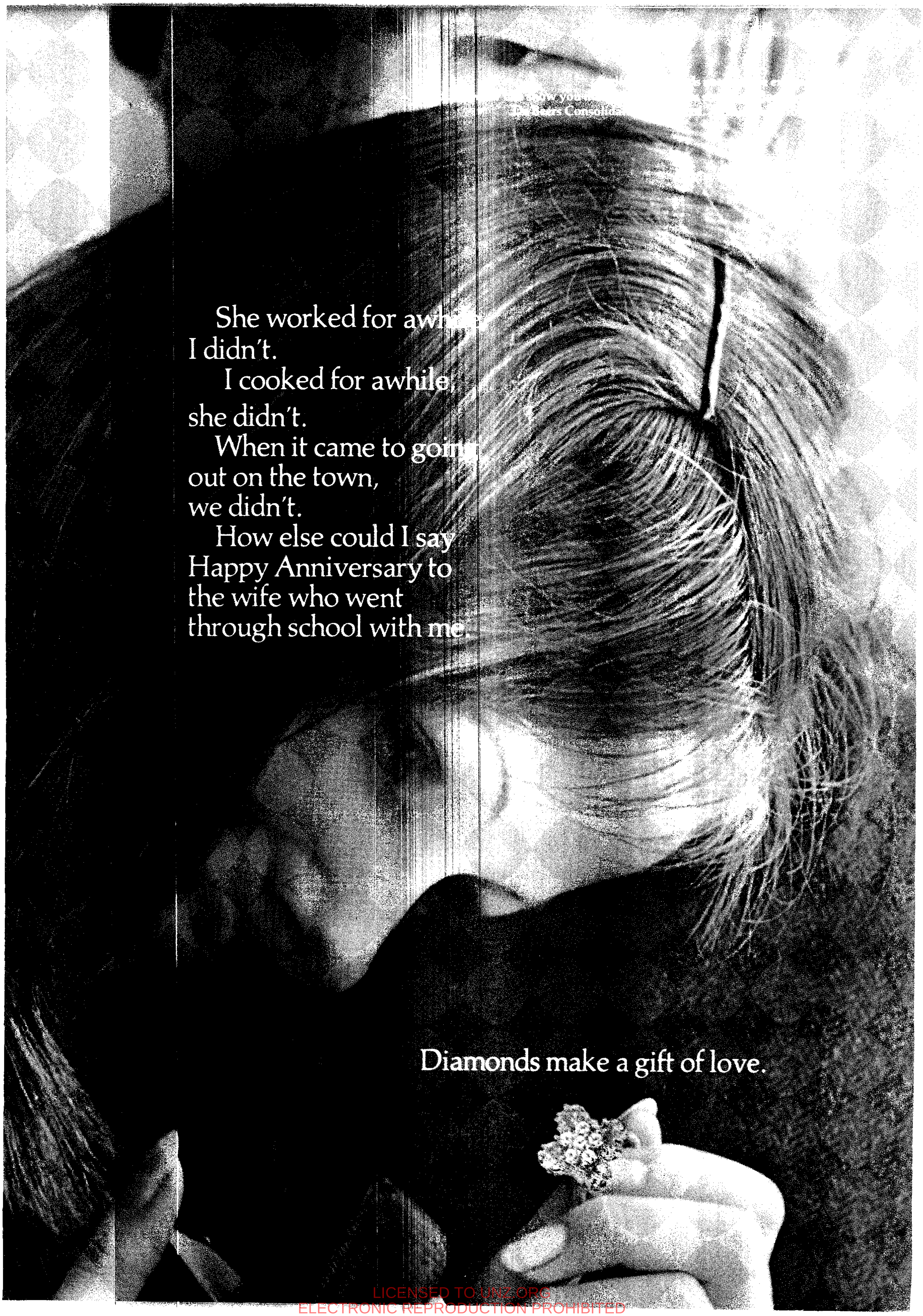

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I didn't.
I cooked for awhile,
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